WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

The Ace of Hearts

ARLEN ~ TULLY ~ GRIMSHAW ~ FULLERTON ~ IRWIN

AKRON
The Rubber City
prefers Miller Tires

AKRON, OHIO, is famous as the rubber center of the world. In this city the bulk of the world's tires are built.

Akron people know rubber. They *build* tires. Thus—they are the most critical of all tire purchasers.

Akron's largest tire dealer is the Miller dealer. More Miller tires, we believe, are sold at retail in Akron than any other kind.

The great success of Miller Tires in Akron, firmly established by the famous *"Geared-to-the-Road"* line, has become even more phenomenal since the announcement of Miller's super-tire—the Deluxe Balloon.

When *you* need tires, remember, that in Akron, the most exacting tire market in the world, motorists *prefer* Miller Tires.

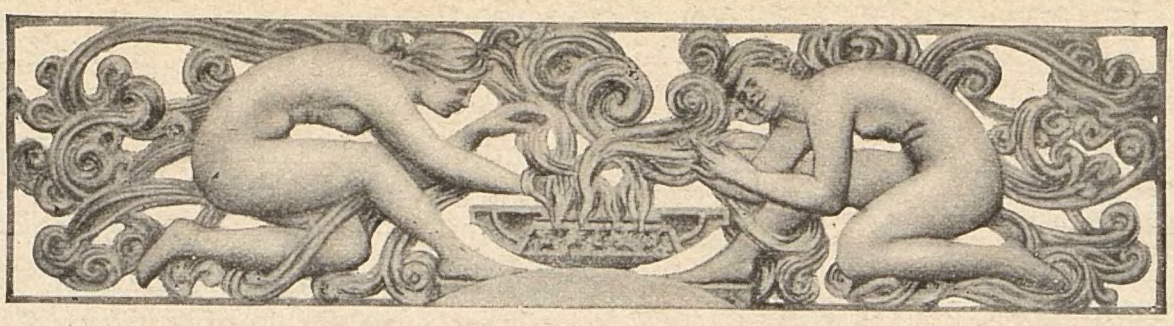
THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller

The new Miller Deluxe 6-ply Balloon pictured here is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

MILLER

TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR · SHUGLOVS · RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS · MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

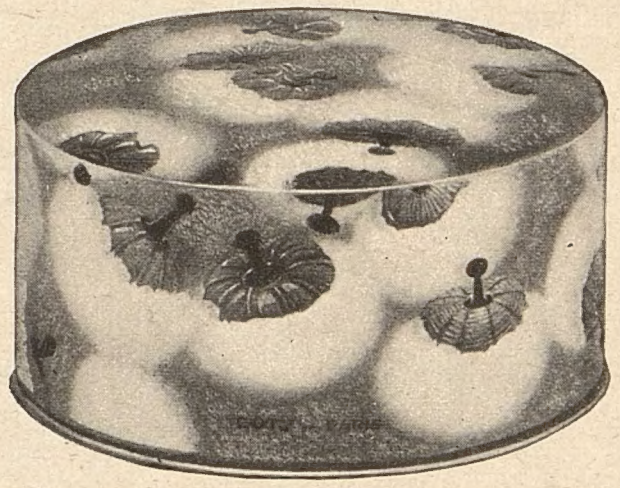


COTY

BEAUTY ENSEMBLE

THE COMPLETE CYCLE OF LOVELINESS

These five exquisite creations are all you need to fulfill the rule of modern beauty and smart make-up. Fresh satin skin — the subtle magic of Powder *and* Rouge *in your individual shades — climaxed with the vivid dash of a perfect* Lipstick



LES POUDRES COTY
IN NINE TRUE SHADES
AND ALL COTY ODEURS
$1.00 — Double Size $1.50

COLCREME, COTY
CLEANSING, NOURISHING
AND BEAUTIFYING IN
ONE CREAM — $1.00

CRÈME COTY
VANISHING CREAM — AN
IDEAL MAKE-UP BASE
$1.00

COTY ROUGE
FIVE GLORIOUS SHADES
OF ARTISTIC PERFECTION
$1.00 Refills 50c

OLYMPIC LIPSTICK
IN FIVE RADIANT TONES THAT
COMPLETE THE EFFECT
$1.50 — Refills 50c

"FINESSE OF BEAUTY"
A guide to greater loveliness with Coty creations, on request

COTY INC.
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
CANADA — 55 McGill College Ave., Montreal

APRIL 20, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 15

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

FOCH

While a great man lives, or when he dies, it is often difficult for his own age to appreciate him at his true value. Frequently we overestimate. Sometimes we underestimate.

Ferdinand Foch

Although Washington was the first American of his time, his true eminence was not realized until long after he died. The same is true of Lincoln.

On the other hand, Andrew Jackson probably is not as highly regarded by the eye of history as he was by his contemporaries. As to Roosevelt, we don't know. It is too early to tell.

When you come to the relative rank of great soldiers, you start the argument usually by mentioning Hannibal, Alexander, and Cæsar.

And there, usually, you stop. The conditions of war have changed so greatly since they lived that it is hard to compare their military virtues and strategy with those of modern times; though probably the essentials of good strategy remain the same—first, to create an army well disciplined and ready to fight to the death when ordered, and second, to "get there fustest with the mostest men," whether with swords, javelins, or planes.

In modern times you find two celebrated soldiers, Frederick the Great of Germany and Washington. Both were often defeated; both made many mistakes, but they retrieved them. In the end their countries were victorious and achieved their aims.

Also, there is the first Duke of Marlborough, who, heading a confederation of jealous, suspicious allies, never made a mistake and never lost a war. His reputation has been dimmed by reflections on his moral character. He is supposed to have stolen supplies that were meant to feed his troops—probably the lowest form of military obloquy. Nevertheless he won his fights.

Napoleon of course was a brilliant comet that flashed across the sky and sank into the waters of oblivion, we are often told, at Waterloo. But Waterloo was not his first defeat. He had failed also in 1814, when the allies entered his capital and caused his abdication; in 1813 at the Battle of Leipsic, and in 1812 in Russia.

Though Napoleon's early efforts were most brilliant, he was not elastic. His defeat was not a matter of Grouchy's not coming up; he had been steadily defeated for four years.

Since Napoleon there has been a succession of eminent captains—von Moltke, for example, the animating spirit of the military machine that crushed France in 1870, and our own Grant and Lee. Lee is usually considered the more brilliant soldier, but Grant was the victorious one. Grant was not showy, but he was a terrific fighter and always succeeded in the end.

And now we have Foch. Where will he rank among all these great captains?

It is possible he will be placed first of all. If so, it is an arresting thought that many of our young men served under the greatest captain of all times. If not, we don't know who will rank above him.

In any event, he was the mightiest leader of hosts, the greatest general of generals.

His were the most lethal of weapons. His foes were the most highly trained, resolute, and skillful in history.

The battles into which he sent his men covered greater areas and dragged themselves out into longer periods of time than any that had been dreamed of in the past.

Once he got his combination in working order it went with the precision of a machine and resulted in the overthrow of the Kaiser's hosts and of his throne.

No man ever wielded such power as the slight, frail, mild gentleman who died last month. No man ever wrought so effectively with such colossal materials.

He stands unique in the annals of war.

It may be said of course, with some degree of plausibility, that with so complete a machine, backed by the resources of the world, a man would have to be inferior *not* to win. Nevertheless it is a fact that the allies did not win until he took charge.

Well, it is an interesting topic for conjecture and speculation, but we cannot prove anything now.

We cannot tell where Foch will be placed in history. Even a century from now history may still hesitate whether to place him among the greatest or among the near-great.

Table of Contents on Page 8

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by LIBERTY WEEKLY. Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Allow four weeks for change of address.

Protecting the buyer of USED CARS from over-valuation of trade-ins

MEN and women are constantly coming to the conclusion that in order to enjoy the finest type of motoring they must own a Cadillac or La Salle.

This means that thousands every year graduate from lesser price classifications to Cadillac and La Salle in order to realize their supreme ambition.

Consequently all Cadillac-La Salle dealers are able to offer good used cars of lower price groups as well as Cadillacs and La Salles that have passed from the hands of their first owners.

All these cars, of whatever make, offer excellent buying opportunities because they are properly priced and in condition to deliver many thousands of miles of reliable service.

In no instance is there an excess in price to be passed on to the used car buyer because it is never the policy of Cadillac and La Salle dealers to offer an unjustifiable allowance for a trade-in as a bait to force the sale of a new car.

In every instance cars are handled on their merits and a fair deal is assured whatever the transaction may be.

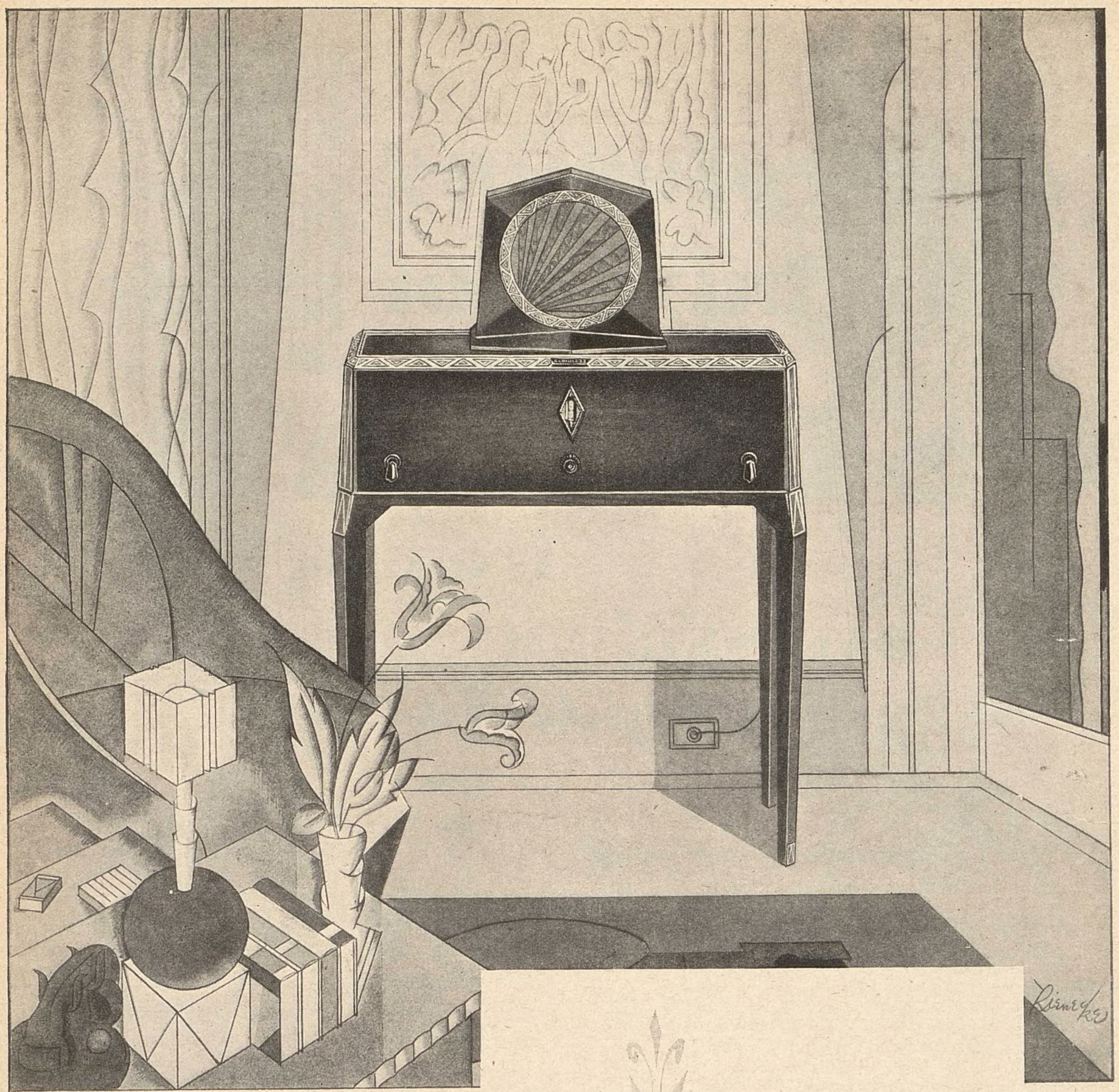
This is the universal policy of Cadillac-La Salle dealers because they want, above all, to secure the customer's good will and they know that they can gain it and keep it with nothing less than his realization of complete satisfaction.

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Division of General Motors Corporation

DETROIT, MICHIGAN Dealers Conveniently Located OSHAWA, CANADA



RCA RADIOLA 33—Expertly built broadcast receiver for simplified A. C. house-current operation. Very compact—no table required. Console cabinet of special design. Reproduces music and voice with amazing realism. $77.50 (less Radiotrons)

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100B—Specially designed reproducer to match the new RCA Radiola 33. Rich, mellow tone — remarkable range and capacity. $22.

RCA

Announces the new

RADIOLA 33

AND RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100B

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

Radiola Dealer RCA

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO

STOOL PIGEONS

A Real-Life Detective Speaks His Mind About SHERLOCK HOLMES

As Told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by GERARD DELANO

The jumping in for the arrest — guns drawn and a short fight— was the kind of detective yarn my banker friend expected.

HE took a good look around, gazed with a sparkling eye at bare, discolored walls, battered desk and chairs and dented cuspidors, typewritten pages of official orders tacked to the wall, and rogues' gallery pictures lying in the basket. My office at Police Headquarters was a lot different from his own downtown banking sanctum with deep, soft rugs and a spread of paintings on the walls. And I suppose that I, leaning back in my squeaky swivel chair, did not look the part of any dignified cashier or sleek teller. He was in novel surroundings, and it hit him right. He adjusted his dark-rimmed spectacles on his thin nose, handed me an expensive cigar from a leather case, and settled back with his dead white hands over the head of his walking stick. He was set to listen to something snappy.

"And now, Mr. Fiaschetti," he smiled like a school principal beaming on a pupil who has got off the class oration without balling it up entirely. "And now, Mr. Fiaschetti, tell me how you did it. How did you manage it?"

A couple of weeks previously his expensive apartment had been turned off and a lot of gilt-edged junk started on its way to the fences. The usual story—no clues, up against a blank wall, a mysterious case. It was in the papers a lot, a couple of arrests on suspicion, no evidence, prisoners released. But it was all over now. That morning I had collared the mob and locked them up in the Tombs. You couldn't blame the old gent for wondering how the seemingly insoluble case had been broken.

Michael Fiaschetti.

"Oh," I replied, "I got a little information and grabbed those guys."

I slurred over the word "information," passed it quickly and negligently. You often hear that same word "information" in police circles. Sometimes it is called the "tip." You find it constantly cropping up at critical places in stories of detective cases—in actual, real-life cases and not the kind you read in books. Ask any reporter who has covered Headquarters. I've never analyzed cigar ashes, but have often got a little information, often given attentive ear to a tip.

My million-dollar visitor did not notice the information part of it. His soul was not attuned to such prosy things, anyway. Detective meant to him something of the Sherlock Holmes order. He was bent on hearing a tale of ingenious unraveling, of subtle and brilliant sleuthing; a classic of how the detective gets his man. It beguiled him that so romantic a thing, as he supposed, had come within the placid circle of his existence.

"But," he persisted, "tell me all about it. What was the real detective work in the case?"

I chewed on the cigar he had given me—and a good stick of Havana it was—and then reeled off a few things that had happened in the hunt for the burglars.

"It was like this," I said. "I picked one of the mob and tailed him. Then my men covered the place where he lived. A couple of guys came to see him. We shadowed them. Pretty soon the three of them went to dicker with a fence, and we grabbed them."

I amused him with full details of this part of the case,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

What's *in a* Name?

MARK TWAIN was famous for many years before anyone knew who Samuel L. Clemens was—or that Clemens and Twain were the same. It used to be a pleasant and provocative pastime, this inventing of pseudonyms, and it seems rather a pity that it has gone into a decline. There hasn't been much of it in this country since a young man took to writing under the name of his college dormitory, calling himself Holworthy Hall; unless you count the S. S. Van Dine hoax, which didn't manage to keep itself a secret long. However,,they still do it in England, and it was quite in the nature of things there that the gentleman at the left should have shrunk from signing his pieces Dikran Kouyoumdjian. He cast this monicker aside completely, invented MICHAEL ARLEN to take its place, and adopted the new name by law. He was born in Bulgaria of Armenian parentage; became a naturalized British subject at about the time his best known novel, The Green Hat, appeared, and is the author of the story which you will find beginning on page 13, in this issue.

© Pirie MacDonald
Michael Arlen

Hugh Fullerton

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI is sufficiently autobiographical in his revelations about Stool Pigeons on an adjacent page to indicate who he is. Modesty, however, keeps him from mentioning that he has had a notable career in New York as a solver of criminal mysteries and a catcher of elusive crooks . . . JIM TULLY, novelist and playwright, points with pride to a past in which he was a hobo, a circus roustabout, a prize fighter, and various other quaint things too numerous to mention. He has been haunting Hollywood in recent years, writing about the people there in a vein which hasn't always pleased them. In fact—but we won't go into that . . . HUGH FULLERTON comes near being the dean of American sports writers. He began newspaper work in 1888 and was reporting baseball in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair; not many go back farther than that. For several years he was a member of LIBERTY'S writing staff. Then a yearning for his native Ohio overtook him and he went back, to become editor of the Columbus Dispatch. His forecasts of the baseball season are a national institution . . . INEZ HAYNES IRWIN was born in Brazil but educated in Boston, which seems to make a difference. She has traveled extensively, written many books, and found time for suffrage, politics, and marriage to the author named Will Irwin.

Jim Tully

Inez Haynes Irwin

IN THIS ISSUE

Stool Pigeons—*A detective spoils an illusion or two* . . . MICHAEL FIASCHETTI 7
First Love—*A story for romantic young men* . . . MICHAEL ARLEN 13
The Great Dane—*A portrait of James Cruze, movie director* . . . JIM TULLY 23
All the Epics in One—*The week's review of picture plays and players* . . . FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 27
The Red Napoleon (Part III)—*A chronicle of the next world war* . . . FLOYD GIBBONS 28
When the Air Mail Began—*Some memories of the sky pioneers* . . . PAUL F. COLLINS 38
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator—*Whoopee in Old Algiers* . . . BERT GREEN 47
Carry Me Out to Sea—*A story of lovers and paradise* . . . BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 49
The Greatest Game of Baseball—*A record of thrills on the diamond* . . . HUGH FULLERTON 57
Street Episode—*The story of a trapped woman* . . . INEZ HAYNES IRWIN 63
Fool Errant (Part IV)—*A serial of dangerous men and a girl's devotion* . . . PATRICIA WENTWORTH 71

Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (22); Bright Sayings of Children (37); Vox Pop (44-45)
For the Love o' Lil (46); Cross Word Puzzles (60-61); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (62)
Fashions (68); Food (70) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Bungalow in the Glen, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 56.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

an important part, but by no means the heart of the matter. It had taken sharp work and made an interesting story. The trailings and shadowings, the figuring things out, and the quick jumping in for the arrest—guns drawn and a short fight—were the kind of yarn my banker friend expected. He was satisfied.

"A fine piece of detective work, Mr. Fiaschetti," he put the O. K. on me. And later, when he arose to go, he repeated, patting me on the shoulder patronizingly, "A fine piece of detective work—you are quite a Sherlock Holmes."

I did not disclaim the praise, nor tell him to take his thanks to a certain vagued-eyed, loose-jawed hanger-on of an East Side pool room. That was the kind of thing you keep to yourself as a professional secret when you are a member of the detective staff of a police organization. You pass it off with a casual, indirect reference. The detective doesn't tell the public how he gets his man. But it was that vague-eyed, loose-jawed gangster who had given me the information, the tip. He was the stool pigeon.

I've got a grudge against Sherlock Holmes. Most actual, workaday detectives have. Conan Doyle's stories are all right as literature, I suppose, but then the John Laws, as a general thing, are not literary, and it's enough to knock you flat to see how much can be printed on a page that won't work out on the job.

We stood in a shadowed doorway and talked.

IN some ways Watson's needle-jabbing friend has done us a good turn. He has made our line of business quite a romance, made detectives romantic gents, like movie actors or daredevil heroes of war, almost as romantic as the crooks. Boys dream of becoming sleuths, and you often see a gleam in a girl's eye as she glances at some plain-clothes dick. I don't say anything against that. But Sherlock Holmes has made people expect weird, wall-eyed stunts of the real coppers.

You are stumped on a case.

"What's the matter?" somebody says. "Why doesn't he read the history of the crime by studying a footprint with a magnifying glass, or follow the criminals with the cigar ashes as a clue?"

Well, sometimes we do—but not often. The public blames us if we don't, and makes us out a lot of simps—which sometimes we are. All these later-day detective story writers follow the Sherlock Holmes tradition. It makes me tired to read how those bulls in books solve mysteries with their deductions—although deductions in their place are all right. Why doesn't somebody write a detective story with a stool pigeon in it? Why didn't Conan Doyle tell about Sherlock Holmes' stool pigeons? Holmes had stool pigeons? Of course he did. How could he break a case if he didn't?

In the honest-to-God story of how the detective gets his man, stool pigeon's the word. Clues, deductions, and even the green whiskers have their place, but nearly always as mere embroidery around a central theme. Take away information, the tip, the secret whisper of the stool pigeon, and the detection of crime would be paralyzed. The police organization of every city of the country, and of the world as well, would stand helpless and gaping.

I learned my lesson early, the A B Cs of the business. I should like to recommend it for the curricula of some of these detective schools you see advertising in the papers. It would go well in a correspondence course in the noble art of sleuthing.

I was a cop, a harness bull pounding the beat and swinging a night stick out in Williamsburg. I had got on the New York police force through Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, the famous head of the Italian Squad, who was later killed by the Black Hand while on a mission in Naples. Petrosino was devoted to music—we Italians all are. He used to be a familiar figure around the Metropolitan Opera House, listening to Rigoletto or Butterfly. My father was a Roman bandmaster who came to America and toured the states at the head of a band. Petrosino was a friend of his. He was a regular visitor at our house, where my father was forever playing the piano or the guitar or clarinet—he could play anything. Petrosino used to sit for hours listening, the strength and shrewdness of his face softened and made dreamy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[STOOL PIGEONS
Continued from page nine]

by the old, well remembered tunes of the operas. In those hours of music he could forget all about the deadly woven web of the Black Hand, which was eventually to snare him.

I was just growing up, and naturally the great detective was a great hero in my eyes. I decided that I wanted to become a detective. Petrosino looked me over. I was big and strong. He encouraged me, and, when I became old enough, advised me to join the force. I would have to do my bit as a patrolman, but if I worked hard for the Detective Division I could make it. He would help me. I took his counsel, and presently found myself patrolling a beat out in the wilds of Williamsburg.

It was tiresome week after week. It's no fun flattening your feet on the pavements, especially in Williamsburg. How long would I have to endure this drudgery before I got a promotion to the Detective Division? I was getting sick of it. If only I could pick up a chance to distinguish myself, to pull something, to crash in on a holdup or stumble upon a trail that would lead to the solving of a crime—anything that would help me to get advancement. I wore out my shoe leather as diligently as a cop with a conscience should and got nearsighted looking for things, but never a holdup or a cunning trail did I spy.

In those days—twenty years ago—one of the favorite activities in Williamsburg was stealing horses. At the station house I saw a notice of a robbery: twenty horses had been stolen. It had occurred in our precinct. The animals were described, and patrolmen were told to be on the lookout for them.

I studied the descriptions carefully, and for the next day or so, as I pounded my beat, I kept my eyes going right and left. If I could only catch sight of one of those horses and grab it, a good mark, A-1, would be chalked down on my record. I thought my conscientious vigilance should surely be rewarded, but never a horse did I see that looked like one of those described.

ONE afternoon I sat in a little hole-in-the-wall grocery store, resting and talking with the proprietor. I had struck up a small acquaintance with him. He happened to pull the drawer of his cash register out rather far, and there, in the back, I saw a big .45 looking at me. He caught my glance, and seemed frightened, and I knew right off that he had no permit to have that chunk of artillery around.

"What are you doing with the gat?" I demanded.

"Oh, it ain't nothin'," he stuttered. "There's lots of robberies. I may need protection, I don't want nobody to rob me."

I knew him to be what is described as a law-abiding citizen, but it was my duty, strictly speaking, to place him under arrest for unlawful possession of firearms. It would have caused him trouble. Having weapons around was not so common then as now. I didn't want to haul him around to the station house, but thought a small lesson about keeping strictly within the law wouldn't hurt him. Being a new cop I felt exceedingly conscientious, and was, I suppose, a bit overimportant and officious.

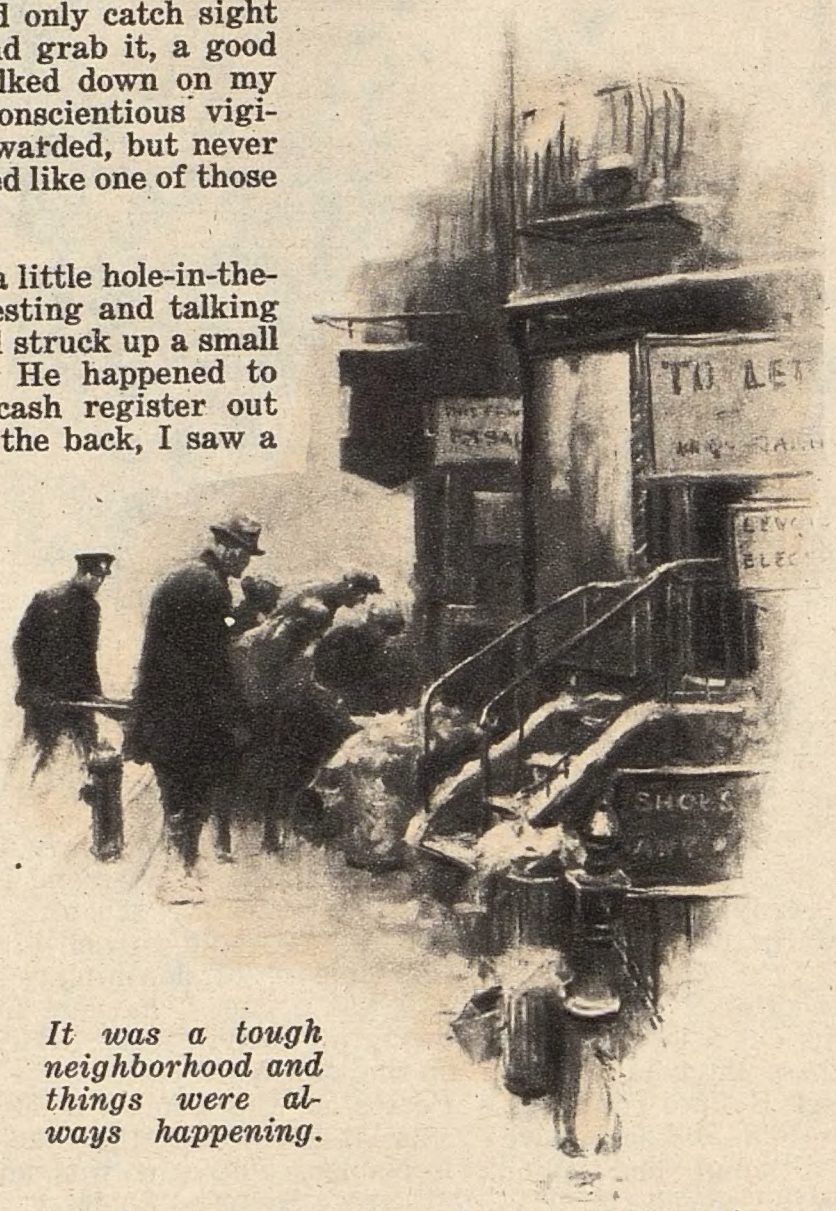
I told that grocer that it was my business to lock him up, and he begged me not to. I explained to him that he was liable to fine and imprisonment, and he vowed he wouldn't do it again. I protested that I might get into trouble if I didn't make a pinch then and there, and he offered me money. I bawled him out for that. Briefly, I had him scared.

"But," I concluded, "I don't want to get you into trouble. You are a good fellow, and I am a friend of yours. I won't say anything about that gun, but get it out of the way or take out a permit to have it around, or somebody else will pick you up—and he won't be a friend of yours."

That took a load off the grocer's mind, and he was full of gratitude. In spite of what philosophers may say, I have found plenty of gratitude in men—and stool pigeons. And the majesty of the law is such that when a copper does you a good turn you appreciate it.

"Mr. Fiaschetti," the grocer cried eagerly, "if I can ever do anything for you, you just let me know!"

"Well," I responded, "I wish somebody would tell me a thing or two about those stolen horses."



It was a tough neighborhood and things were always happening.

I HADN'T any particular purpose in starting out on that subject. It was just naturally on my mind. The grocer, though, thought I was hinting that he knew something about the nags—as he easily might, if I had thought about it. His shop was a meeting place for the neighborhood, a headquarters for gossip.

"If I could pick up those horses," I was thinking out loud, "it would mean a lot to me."

He seemed debating with himself. Squealing, in certain nooks and corners of this wide country, is not a healthy pastime. But he was grateful, and, besides, I had something on him. He must have known I didn't mean to lock him up for that gun, but when the cops have got something on you, there is a subtlety in it, a blind, reasonless compulsion. It holds you, and twists your thoughts and feelings around, and is liable to make you do things that would surprise you. It is a better persuader than a lawyer.

"I don't know who done the job," the grocer said thoughtfully. Then he came over to me and sat down on the chair beside me. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Mike." He spoke in a low voice. "I heard where those horses are." And he gave me the address of a stable.

I hot-footed it out of the place. Pretty soon I was at the stable. In the stalls were the twenty horses. I strutted around, a proud rookie, for the next few days.

My acquaintance with the grocer did not end there. It became considerably closer, in fact. I had more than ever on him now—the fact that he had given me the tip. It's a law of science: once a stool pigeon always a stool pigeon—with a few exceptions. The grocer was a regular source of information about all kinds of things, usually petty ones: about which kid it was that knocked the baseball through the plate glass window, or about the young fellow down the street who was running around with a bad mob in New York. I was enabled to make more than my share of arrests. In a very short time, at Petrosino's recommendation, I was transferred from the uniformed force to the Detective Division.

"So that's the way you do things," said I to myself. And the more I saw of the business, the more I found it was the way.

Lesson No. 2—some more of the A B Cs. I was attached to a precinct over on New York's East Side. It was a tough neighborhood and things were always hap-

pening. You needed information all the time. I had my little stool pigeon net rigged up, and it worked pretty well. One night I walked up to a street corner far outside of the district. A man was waiting there.

"What's new?" I asked him.

"A couple of things."

We stood in a shadowed doorway and talked. He gave me a fact or two about an important case I was working on, and then went on to other things.

"There's going to be some trouble," he volunteered, "in that pool room upstairs at Grand and Mulberry."

"Yes?" I responded absently. I was thinking about the big case.

"Going to bump off a guy there," he went on as if discussing some matter-of-fact detail. "Dopey Joe's in wrong with the Orchard Street gang. Running a crap game with a couple of them, and he gypped them. They're all set to get him in that pool room Saturday night."

Somehow or other I didn't pay much attention to this. He talked a lot, and was likely to come around with exaggerated tales. And I suppose I was all taken up with the big case. Anyway, I didn't follow the lead or think about it afterward. I forgot it.

It happened that on the following Saturday night I was at dinner in a restaurant just down the street from the pool room at Grand and Mulberry. It was a warm summer evening. The door was open, and a pleasant breeze blew in. I was in the middle of a plate of ravioli, when —bang, bang, bang! —three shots!

"There it is!" I yelled. The telltale sound of shots, which came from up the street, brought back into my mind in a blazing flash the story the stool pigeon had told me. I nearly knocked the table over, getting out of the door. Up the street and up the stairs to the pool room, and I dashed in, pistol in hand. Too late. Dopey Joe lay dead on the floor, and the murderers had got away by the side entrance.

A citizen of a small burg in Iowa got a bad case of jealousy.

I felt like kicking myself all over the place. As I looked at the dead man, with his cocaine-haunted face white beneath the lights, it almost seemed as if I had killed him. I could have saved his life, although it was not much of a life, as lives go. I could have laid in wait and grabbed those guys as they came in on their vengeful mission. As it was, Dopey Joe was dead, and it turned out that we never did get the murderers right, could not build up a court case against them.

THAT small happening makes Lesson No. 2 read as follows: Take in everything a stool pigeon has to say, and look up every lead. You may think it mere vaporous gossip, but it may mean the difference between a pinch and a get-away. What's the use of having stool pigeons if you won't listen to a squeal? I listened after that experience.

For twelve years I was head of the Italian Squad, to which post I succeeded after Petrosino was killed. In addition to holding that special job, I did general detective work all over New York and the surrounding districts. In the course of this I built up one of the biggest stool pigeon organizations on record, a system that had its ramifications high and low, far and wide. You could learn more from it than from any library of books, and sometimes you could make those fiction detectives look cheap.

I'd like Sherlock Holmes to get out his magnifying glass and take a look at this one. Watson should have been around to mutter "Wonderful!" There wasn't any Watson, but there was a good crowd just the same, and what a crowd!

Talk about astonishing the natives —well, there weren't only natives to be astonished. In addition to half the neighborhood looking on, the gang from Headquarters was assembled in force. You never saw such an array of wise, hard-boiled handcuff snappers. That was what I liked especially. Nothing like startling the professional talent.

IN an olive oil, cheese, and macaroni store on Central Avenue, Brooklyn, two brothers, Salvaggio by name, who lived in the rear of the shop, were found shot to death in their beds. It was a weird-looking affair, and made quite a bit of stir—drama, grim mystery, and all that. There had been several prominent unsolved murders of late. The evening papers put the Central Avenue case in banners on their front pages, and orders from up above were to break the case at any cost. Men from Headquarters were rushed over, and the investigation was made in a big way.

I was busy with some other matters, and did not get over to the Central Avenue grocery store until mid-afternoon. A crowd was on the street and in the shop —lookers-on, reporters, photographers; and there must have been twenty plain-clothes men questioning people. They were in charge of Deputy Inspector Lahey. He was standing outside near the curb. I reported to him. He told me that nothing had been discovered, no clue or sign or anything to work on.

"It's a tough case, Mike," he said, "but we've got to break it."

I started through the rubbernecking mob to the store. In the crowd I saw a stool pigeon of mine. When he spotted me he began edging toward me. I gave him the eye and went into the store. He followed. I pretended to be busy examining something—as if snooping around for a clue, footprints or the cigar ashes. He came alongside, and managed to get a few words to me.

"Go to the municipal baths. You will find a big six-footer, Lillo Grillino. He's bathing there now. At his house you will find the gun and counterfeit money. It was a

[CONC'D ON NEXT PAGE]

Crooks' and Cops' Talk

Break a case—To discover who are guilty; especially, to learn their identity, arrest them, and get evidence for convicting them.
Bull—A policeman or a police detective.
Cover—To watch a place, for someone to emerge or go in, or for something to happen.
Dick—A detective.
Fence—A receiver of stolen goods.
Handcuff snappers—Detectives.
Harness bull—A uniformed policeman.
John Law—Any officer of the law.
Tail—To shadow, to keep under surveillance.
Turn off—To rob, to burglarize (a house, apartment, or building).

[STOOL PIGEONS
Continued from page eleven]

counterfeiting job. Those two who were killed gypped the others."

I went out and told the Deputy Inspector I thought I had something, and was going to follow it up.

A quick trip to the municipal baths, and sure enough I found the long, lank Lillo Grillino. He nearly fainted when I put him under arrest. I took him to his house, and there found a pistol and a stock of counterfeit money. I had him right, and he came through. Later he took a plea and got twenty years.

When I returned to the grocery store with the prisoner and his confession, the boys there opened their eyes. Those rhinoceros-hided dicks weren't usually astonished at anything, but in this case it certainly looked as if some of Sherlock Holmes' lightning deductions had been pulled.

"How did you do it, Mike?" they demanded, wondering.

I gave them a chance to guess a while, puffed at my cigar, and made a remark or two that might indicate I had solved the mystery by some masterpiece of intellect beyond their comprehension. It's fun to swell around once in a while.

"How did you do it?" Inspector Lahey asked.

You don't try any monkey business or witty comedy with your superior officer.

"Inspector," I replied, "as I came in I saw a stool pigeon of mine in the crowd."

"Oh, yes, I see." He smiled. He didn't ask me another. There are things that even your superior officer doesn't pry into, and one of these is who your stool pigeons are.

I looked good in that case, I'll admit it. I wish I was as good as I looked.

It isn't pretty or elevating, that term "stool pigeon," but then, neither is crime. You've got to do it. That statement excuses a lot of things in this world, especially in police departments. You can't tie yourself up with delicate scruples in your dealings with the underworld, and if you aren't any rougher with the boys than getting tips from stool pigeons—they're lucky.

Take this as an axiom of the science of crime detection: a detective is as good as he is able to cultivate sources of information, as successful as he is able to line up stool pigeons.

I'LL tell you how Sherlock Holmes really broke his cases. Being a great detective, Holmes was a master hand at making stool pigeons—that's a special art—and at keeping them on the job—and that's another special art. No, he didn't have any little black book with names, addresses, and telephone numbers. Suppose he lost it or somebody grabbed it on him or somehow the dope got around and got to the boys who were being squealed on—there might be a bit of bumping off in those neighborhoods.

Sherlock Holmes kept his sources of information deep inside of his noodle, and he never let them slip. You could not drag the name of a stool pigeon from him if you beat him to death or gave him ten thousand dollars.

The ordinary detective works for the most part in the limited world of his own precinct. There he organizes his little stool pigeon system. It is a small revolving part of a great whole, and the local detective is the cog that connects it with the general machine covering the entire underworld—and some parts that are not underworld. He drags his pond day in and day out, sifts out his catch. His net may not be large, but it snares strange fishes.

You know the old story of the needle in the haystack; well, Chicago is a pretty big haystack, and one man is a mighty small needle. Picking out a lone individual in a huge, crowded city is always one of the classical pieces of detective work. Suppose the man hunted is a stranger in the town, with no criminal connections. You might think the stool pigeon system would be unable to function in such a case.

A citizen of a small burg in Iowa became involved in some marital tangle. He got a bad case of jealousy aboard, hauled out a gun, and knocked off his best friend. He escaped, and, remembering that the best place to hide is in a crowd, went to Chicago, leaving no trail behind him, and lost himself in teeming multitudes.

He kept his peace, and did not babble. He did not wander to any place where criminals might ordinarily be found. Yet the Chicago police picked him out. They had nothing more to go on than the usual circular, sent far and wide, asking for his arrest and giving a picture of him.

THE fugitive overplayed his hand just a trifle. Wanting to get as far away as possible from parts where he might be sought, he reasoned that nobody would think of looking for him, a native American, in some foreign quarter. He picked a Polish neighborhood, and took a furnished room there. He stuck close to his retreat, and associated only with the Polish people of the vicinity.

The detectives of the local precinct had their sources of information, their stool pigeons. One of these, in the course of reporting desultory facts and fancies, told of the American who for no apparent reason had taken up residence among the Poles.

Lillo Grillino, a murderer whom a stool pigeon's tip betrayed to the author, Detective Fiaschetti.

The tip didn't seem important, but the detective, an efficient worker, wasn't overlooking any tricks, however insignificant they might seem.

He gave his man the once-over, and compared him with pictures of sundry malefactors who were wanted all over the country. Sure enough, here was the fellow who had done the shooting in Iowa. Soon the culprit was on his way back to his native town to stand trial.

Moral: if the cops are looking for you, don't hide in a foreign quarter. Likewise, no matter where you go, you are exceedingly likely to be tipped off. The stool pigeons will get you sooner or later. Don't do anything to have the cops looking for you.

Did I say you were likely to be tipped off? You bet you are! You'd be surprised—knocked off your feet—to find who the stool pigeon may be.

He is very likely the last person you would suspect. Don't imagine that he is always the slinking sneak of the gang who has turned snitcher—although he often is. Maybe it isn't a *he* at all, but a *she*. That's one of the nifty phases of the game. And perhaps the information comes from someone who hasn't any idea it is going to the police.

There are complicated and unexpected channels through which the tip may circulate and finally slide into Headquarters.

Many a lad would think twice before starting something if he were at all wise to the stool pigeons' net into which he is sticking his head.

Another "stool pigeon" story by Mr. Fiaschetti will appear in an early issue.

First Love

Pictures by
KENNETH CAMP

"So you're the girl," he said, "who is getting married, are you?"

A Story of the Way of a Maid with a Man

By

MICHAEL ARLEN

NOW the heroines of most stories have fair hair, or shall we say their hair is shot with gold or copper or russet or what not, while now and then in the writings of young men there walks a fatal lady with hair as tawny as a tiger burning bright in the forests of the night. But what we should do is to ask ourselves if such partiality is just; if it is fair; if it is even reasonable. And it is in answer to such questions that, after careful thought, I exclaim: "What beauty goes with dark hair! What delicacy! What depth! Nay, what intelligence! What generosity!"

Fearful of seeming credulous, you will no doubt think to yourselves that these are merely the idle statements of a misguided youth who wishes to attract attention by whatever means that come to his hand. But there, if I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

may say so, you will be wrong. For the moment, I say no more.

Now, this dark-haired lady was among the loveliest I have ever seen. I wish to avoid exaggeration, but the truth is imperious. Her loveliness was such that she, like Jean Jacques Rousseau, made it possible for men to dream new dreams. It is true, of course, that dreaming new dreams doesn't do anyone much good, but all the same there is something fine about them.

As for her hair, who shall describe it? Black as a raven's wing, black as black silver, it contained the lustrous blue depth of a moonless night south of Madeira, staring up into which a man's soul seems to leave him and be joined to lovely images of a more exquisite and more lasting life.

Trained, however, by modern business methods into looking for what is "inspirational," let us pass on from her hair to her character. How remarkable were her delicacy of feeling, her honourableness of behaviour, her generous understanding! How remarkable and how imprudent, in a world where it is unwise to be too generous, and very unwise, indeed, for a woman to be too generous. For it gives a wrong impression; and the end of all her hopes is sorrow.

It goes without saying that I loved her, that I was her slave, that she could do with me what she wished. Unfortunately, she did not wish to do very much, and so in the story of this beautiful lady there will be no dots of the kind that, with the speechlessness of shame, end too many paragraphs in modern novels thus . . . .

Naturally, she was older than I, for I was very young, and the very young do not love children. How I loved her! She was married, of course. She had been long married, for a woman so generous would have had it on her conscience had she remained single for longer than the briefest space allotted to maidenhood. Alas, had she but known that she was going out into a world made by men with a view to enjoying themselves craftily while keeping an eagle eye on the innocent pleasures of their wives! In short, her generosity was misplaced and became a sword to wound her.

Her husband was a lieutenant commander in the navy. Now, although I never heard her say a word against the gallant gentleman, and although I yield to no one in my admiration of the navy, a study of the facts does not help us to form an agreeable picture of him. For what did he do after they had been married some years; how did he reward a wife who had so sweetly endured his marine wit and nautical heartiness; how did he show his appreciation of her devotion in accompanying him to every revue and musical comedy in town?

SCARCELY credible though it is, he lodged an ungentlemanly complaint against his charming wife in a court of law which had less than no sympathy with her generous instinct, and therefore listened to her defense with ill-concealed skepticism. In short, her generosity gave the wrong impression, and she suffered.

But let us have done with the gallant but suspicious gentleman, adding merely that he is now a rear admiral on the retired list, and no doubt for a very good reason. *Sic semper tyrannis!* Thus the navy, discarding its sound but sour seniors, becomes daily a brighter profession for midshipmen, who are, after all, the chaps that count in the end.

To return to my dark-haired lady; one day—and what a lovely day it was—I went to see her, for she was much in my mind, and to be with her was to be, with all due respect, in heaven. Her flat added to that illusion too, for it was very high up in a London square, so that the sun sat on her window boxes from 3 to 5:30 every afternoon; and the moon, as it rolled up over Bond Street and down Bruton Street into Berkeley Square, looked into her bathroom. I know that because she was proud of her spacious bathroom and would show it to her friends; and there was a drawing by Mr. Max Beerbohm in there which she was proud of too.

How well I recall that afternoon! Very thoughtful she was, and I wondered if she was sad maybe. And I longed to serve her in some knightly fashion.

We sat in a Louis XV salon, paneled in light unpolished oak. The elegance of that small high room, now that I try to recapture it, must have lain in the refinement of its simplicity and the sobriety of its decorations. I remember particularly the marble Louis XV mantelpiece, the colour of dead roses, and the curtains that hung down the tall windows, of old lampas, pale blue and cream, with Chinese motives after Boucher. An old Frenchman, long dead, had left my lady this room, begging her to live in it for the good of her soul.

So there we had tea; she in a Louis XV marquise covered in silk—*brochée de Philippe de Lassalle*—and I on a fauteuil which she told me was signed by Cresson, covered in old velvet, *bleu de roi*. But I, looking down at the rustling trees in the square below us, reflected that I could be happy in this eyrie with nothing but a camp bed and a kitchen table. The tales I could write up here—a young man with London at his feet and all life and literature to minister to him! Oh, the dreams of twenty! The certainties! How sad it is to think that as we grow up we must all be disenchanted with ourselves; that we never can attain to the stature of our early dreams.

BUT here I go meandering on about myself whilst my dear hostess is giving me tea at the open window high above the trees. Yes, she was thoughtful that afternoon, but when I asked her if something was bothering her, she smiled and said no; and when I asked her if something was on her mind, she smiled and said no; "It is merely that I am thinking of the past and isn't that enough to make anyone sad?"

"But surely you don't regret anything?" I cried, bitterly wishing that I too had something to regret, for I would not only regret it, but write a book about it and thus become famous in a day. For are there any literary triumphs like to those that are wrung out of tears? But the point is that one must have something to cry about, some deep unhappiness, and one does not come across deep unhappiness every day.

But she did not answer me, and whilst she sat looking into the past I ate a cucumber sandwich and longed to prove adequate to the occasion. How intangible women are unless they love one; how helpless a man feels when his vanity is not appeased with a woman's love! And it seems to him that all other men are better than he, which may very well be true, but is scarcely comforting to a young man who wishes to behave in a knightly fashion. And so I ate all the cucumber sandwiches.

"You are young," she said at last, "and have much to learn."

"If you are going to advise me against loving you," I said, "please spare yourself. Until I met you I didn't know anything at all, but now I know enough to keep me busy all my life, for I know I shall always love you."

"Always!" she echoed, smiling with her eyes. Now, her eyes were gray and all the world knows that when gray eyes smile they become violet, to the infinite confusion of spectators.

"Well, you needn't laugh at me!" I said, confused, and I longed to have the right to kiss her then, or more truthfully, to kiss her with or without rights. But as it was, not knowing what to do with my hands, for there were no cucumber sandwiches left, I lit a cigarette.

"Why, what an idea! Of course I wasn't laughing at you," she said. And there was a shadow in her musing eyes, the same mysterious shadow which you sometimes

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Marguerite Sooper
Port Chester
New York
Saturday
Dancing
Kindly response to
Larchmont Country Club
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
For Dance enjoymint
It's "Always good taste"
to use
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
"THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY"

SPARTON RADIO

"Radio's Richest Voice"

Model 930

COMPLETE WITH TUBES
$189.50

(Western and Canadian prices slightly higher.)

TONE FIDELITY!

Even the full, round reverberations of the bass drum are caught by the amazing Sparton *EQUASONNE*, instead of the flat "rap-rap" so commonly heard. You feel as well as hear the stirring musical effects in "Radio's Richest Voice". The new, modern radio circuit that has astonished the world with its tone truth is now available in a wide range of models and prices.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., *(Est. 1900)* JACKSON, MICH., U.S.A.
Pioneers of Electric Radio without batteries of any kind

The EQUASONNE

"First love!" she mused. "Do you know, my friend, that it is the most delicate flower you can conceive and needs very careful tending?"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

see in the fixed eyes of captive birds and animals, "that gaze at us, yet seem not to see us, but to look through and beyond us."

Yes, she reminded me of W. H. Hudson's prose, and although there are many women who remind us of this or that gushing writer, it is not every day we meet with a woman who can remind us of the late W. H. Hudson. And when you have met such an one you will wish to cling to her, but the point is, alas, will she let you? Will she not gaze at you with eyes that seem not to see you, but to look through and beyond you? And so you, my friend, will have to do what I did—pass on, pass on, keep moving, and appease your loneliness with what imperfect companions you can find, until at last you come to rest on your ultimate island with someone who loves you in spite of all your foolishness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIRST LOVE
Continued from page seventeen]

"No, I wasn't laughing at you," she said.

"I know what you are thinking," I said bitterly. "You are going to send me away; telling me I am wasting my time loving you."

But she said she was not thinking of that, but of first love, the most beautiful of all loves. "For it is the love," she said, "that flowers from a yearning for the perfect companion. But it can be terrible, too; terrible and cruel. Yes, it can spoil a man's or woman's character, sowing disenchantment and bitterness, or it can remain as fresh as a flower, forever bright on the hillside of our memories. Dear first love!"

"Then why are you sad for me?" I asked. "Aren't I storing up a lovely memory?"

"Are you?" she smiled. "Are you? My dear, you will know me better and better, and presently you will find out that there is nothing in me to idealize, and after a time you will go to your next love—she will be a little younger than me, but not much—with a little something rubbed off your illusions, a little paint rubbed off your freshness."

"You will make me weep," I laughed, "with your sad story!"

"You'll see," she said. "You'll see."

"Oh, will I! Why, I shall love you always!"

"That is what you say now," she said. "But thank you all the same."

"Why *won't* you understand me?" I cried. "Why won't you see that mine isn't just the usual first love, but something indescribably deep, deeper than my youth and stronger than myself; which tells me that I'd rather be wretched here with you, as I am now, than happy in some other woman's arms?"

"You are very positive," she smiled, "aren't you?"

"I know what I feel," I said sulkily, for what I did know was that the adventure of life was crumbling in my incapable hands at the very beginning; that I was of no account, a man unworthy of being loved. So I fed my self-pity, convinced that I was especially singled out for a miserable destiny. For I did not know that all men are the same; that we all seek beauty; that we are all poets, but in the very husk of us is a bird with broken wings; and so our souls can never reach to the stars, but must always remain captive to this sorrowful earth.

THAT is the worst of being young, for young people lavish enormous care on their disappointments, thinking those disappointments are peculiar to them and brought about by their own incapacities, whereas disappointment is man's heritage and therefore nothing for a young man to worry about unduly.

"First love!" she mused. "Do you know, my friend, that it is the most delicate flower you can conceive and needs *very* careful tending?"

"And aren't I tending it," I put to her, "*most* carefully?"

She turned to me then, and the beauty of her dear familiar face awoke in me a sense of the supernatural. For, as a poet has told us, it is not the awesome beauty of the strange and marvelous, but the familiar beauties of a blossoming apple tree or of an old gray wall in sunlight and shadow that awake in us a sense of the supernatural. "How can so simple and natural a thing," we feel, "be so beautiful!" And it makes us proud to recognize the awesome beauty in familiar things, for it puts us apart from other men.

"Then why are you here with me?" she asked me, smiling into my brooding face. "We should run away from first love—don't you know that? We should run away from it as fast as ever we can, for that is the only way we can keep it a lasting memory."

Now, when we are in love we bring everything that is said to us back to ourselves, no matter if it is about a book or a potato, we apply it sharply to ourselves, and so we suffer.

"What you are really telling me," I said at last, "is to go away and not see you any more. That *is* it, isn't it?"

"First of all," she said, "I shall tell you a story, and then you must do what you think best. But you promise me you will always think well of me?"

"I shan't be able to help it," I said.

"Oh, the things one can help," she laughed, "in time! But first let me tell you this story. It is about myself, of course, as you could guess if you would only glance at my twitching, nervous fingers instead of confusing me by gazing into my eyes, which aren't really anything out of the way.

Everyone roundabout was very excited, and there were great preparations and a lot of la-de-da about me in the local newspapers.

I WAS married, as you know [she said], when I was very young. Marriage was a great thing for me, you see, a wonderful blossoming-out, for I hadn't had anything of a life until then. My father was what is called a gentleman-farmer, though what that means I am not quite sure, unless it means a farmer whose intentions are very much in advance of his knowledge of farming. So we weren't at all rich, but my father was the nicest man in the world; and when it came to his only daughter getting married he just let himself go and prepared to give her a grand marriage. Yes, he wasn't the sort of man you meet every day, especially in England and Turkey, where daughters aren't of much account. Besides, it was a great match for a poor country-gentleman's daughter; something to wonder at, for my lover was a man of wealth and a certain position. So everyone roundabout was very excited, and there were great preparations and a lot of la-de-da about me in the local newspapers. You know the kind of thing.

Now, if you are going to ask me if I was happy or not throughout that time, all I can say is that I don't know, but I suppose I must have been—quite. I enjoyed being made such a fuss of, of course, but it's difficult to tell you what I felt toward my future husband. I fancy I must have been like most other young girls who don't *know* anything—that I was flattered by the love of an older man into thinking I loved him in return. I fancy a great many young girls must get married to quite unsuitable men out of—well, gratefulness. And if, out of the many sorts of love that exist between women and men, there is one that is the shallowest and insincerest of all, it is the love that springs from gratefulness.

Anyhow, I didn't think of him very much. I just sat

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

THE ONLY TRUE LEADERSHIP IS LEADERSHIP THAT LASTS

Continuous
and *continuing* leadership

The group of craftsmen who have lifted Buick to its present position of leadership dedicate themselves anew to the policy of progress which has enabled Buick to win more than twice as many buyers as any other automobile priced above $1200.

If anyone had predicted, twenty-five years ago, that the tiny Buick factory in Flint would become a world institution, and its product the standard-bearer of a matchless industry, the words would have been dismissed as an empty dream.

But if anyone were to predict, today, that Buick would attain even greater success in the future, few would venture to challenge that statement . . . *for Buick is armed with the almost limitless strength of achievement.*

Twenty-five years of leadership in fine car manufacture have brought to Buick a corps of engineers and craftsmen who have won worldwide recognition as master builders.

Twenty-five years of leadership have endowed Buick with plants, machine equipment and material resources unequaled in the entire realm of fine car manufacture.

Twenty-five years of leadership have broadened Buick powers—heightened Buick skill—given Buick an unrivaled capacity for continued service and advancement.

The builders of Buick will use these gifts of years to the utmost degree to make Buick cars better and better, in return for that other finest gift which the years have brought—

—the steadily increasing confidence and good will of the motorists of the world, who purchase more than twice as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

IF YOU WERE THERE YOU SAW THEM

Palm Beach or any other mecca of the fashionable. Sport shoes with PLYTEX soles were there in goodly numbers. And they will be with you again this spring and summer at Southampton, Newport—and all the other playgrounds of the smart fraternity. For Plytex is the vogue! Its looks and color and quality beat with the rapid pulse of style. Such shops as those sponsoring the famous Johnston & Murphy Shoes for men; such style establishments for women as Saks-Fifth Avenue — everywhere — sport shoes PLYTEX soled are being featured. In attractive combinations of black, tan, white or natural shades. Shall we tell you the names of stores nearest you now showing shoes with this fashionable Plytex Sole? Essex Rubber Co., Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

PLYTEX
Sport Soles

[FIRST LOVE
Continued from page eighteen]

quiet and let things happen to me and felt important. And so, everything was going on beautifully until—bang!—a real thing happened and upset the apple cart.

Yes, the real things of life always find us out in the end. They may bide their time, but they are always there waiting for us in the long grass to give us the surprise of our lives. And so I fell in love for the first time. Yes, that was what happened. First love, dear first love!

And two weeks before my marriage, too, at the village church! It was a devil and all of a mixup, as you can see, but how could I have stopped it; what could I have done? He came so suddenly, out of nowhere—bang!—and there he was!

I had been out one afternoon calling on friends, and I walked home through the fields thinking of nothing and wanting everything, as young people will. I was making for a gate that led into the fields at the back of our place, but when I came to it I was surprised to see a young man leaning against it with a pipe between his teeth. And the first thing I noticed about him were his teeth, how white and determined they looked. And he had a dog with him too, a greyhound with the face of a silly nobleman; but I never saw the dog again, and I suppose it must have belonged to the people he was staying with.

Now, I want to make it quite clear here and now that never did I see that young man without a pipe between his teeth; and never did I see him but in an old tweed suit that looked as though he had walked from Scotland in it and walked the long way round and slept in it on the way. No, he wasn't what you could call a tidy man, but I don't think I like tidy men very much—and that reminds me, my dear, that you wouldn't look worse if your tie was just a little awry now and then.

WELL, there he was in a cloud of smoke, but of course I didn't do more than glance at him and wonder who he could be, strangers being rare in our parts. And I was passing through the gate when I got the surprise of my life.

"So you're the girl," he said, "who is getting married, are you?" Now you must admit that it was a strange thing to have happen to one! Of course I should have gone on with my nose in the air, but you can see for yourself how my nose is arranged; it is nice as far as it goes, but it goes downward all the way, doesn't it? And besides, I was so surprised that I had answered "yes" before I knew what I was doing.

"Hmm!" said the young man with the pipe, looking at me as though I was a funny sort of animal.

I thought of smacking him, wishing I had the courage, but at the same time I couldn't help noticing that he couldn't be so young after all, about thirty-five or so. And did I tell you that his eyes had that staring, washed-out blue look of a man who lives a lot in the open and doesn't care what happens to him? Well, they had—and he smelled of smoke and soap too.

He certainly didn't seem to care what happened to him at the moment, for he went on looking at me in a ruminating, half-pitying, exasperating way as though to say: "Poor kid—*poor* kid!"

Can you imagine such a thing, and a complete stranger too!

"I think you're very rude to speak to me," I said, and I felt my cheeks burning—and he laughed! He first took his pipe out of his mouth—and he laughed.

"Yes, I've got no manners," he said, grinning at me cheerfully. "I just thought I'd talk to you and see what kind of a girl you were."

"Oh!" I said, and I'd like to ask you as man to man if there was anything else I *could* have said.

"Curiosity," he said thoughtfully. "It drives a man."

Now, did I tell you that his face was very brown and lean and his mouth curled upward at the corners in a funny scornful way? Well, it did, and for all his cheek and self-confidence he looked unhappy about something too.

"Curiosity," he said thoughtfully, "will be the death of me yet. I'm always wondering why people do things.

Now you, for instance." He looked at me with that funny scornful twist of his lips. "I'm staying with friends near by, you see, and there's been a lot of talk about the grand marriage you're making, and I was just wondering if . . ."

"Yes?" I said eagerly, for, although I thought him perfectly horrible, I wanted to hear what he had to say for himself being so scornful.

"Well, I'm dashed sorry for you," he said, looking me thoughtfully full in the face.

"Sorry for me?" I gasped. "Sorry for *me?*"

"Well, doesn't it stand to reason?" he said scornfully. "Selling yourself. See what I mean? Nice girl, too."

I can tell you I left him quickly enough then. Sobbing with temper I was. What a brute, what a perfectly awful man!

I looked back just once, longing to pull a face at him, and there he was with his beastly pipe between his teeth and that scornful look on his lean brown face.

But can you imagine such a man, talking like that to a girl he didn't know and upsetting her so that she couldn't sleep a wink all that night? And all next day I was in a haze and a maze and Heaven knows what, until the evening came and I thought I would just go and have a peep at that gate again to see if the awful man was there.

Now, that was a mistake, of course, but don't we all make them, and aren't we all sorry afterward? But does that stop us making them again and again?

There he was again, pipe and tweeds and scornful smile and all, and there he was every evening after that, though the scornful smile presently faded away, until . . .

AND she fell to silence, leaving her sentence to die of its own regrets, those far-off regrets of love unfulfilled, of first love repressed.

Oh, the pity of things! And I was silent too, thinking how different the beautiful lady's life might have been had she not sent away her dear first love, the man with the pipe and the scornful smile; had she eloped with him and left the naval officer to marry some other girl. But what she had done was to turn her back on her own happiness. She had betrayed her own instincts. For the instincts of first love, I told myself, are always right and—

"You see, dear?" she murmured. "That is why I am telling you that you should run away from first love, for that is the only way to keep the memory beautiful."

"But I don't agree with you at all!" I cried. "And everything you say points to the contrary, for you were quite wrong to send away the man with the pipe. You should have eloped with him and—"

But I could not go on, for she was looking at me in such a strange way that I asked myself if the shadow in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Why you should start the day with a

LINIT Beauty Bath

EVERY woman who wants to start the day with the invigorating and refreshing feeling of a soft, smooth skin should start the day with a Linit Beauty Bath.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

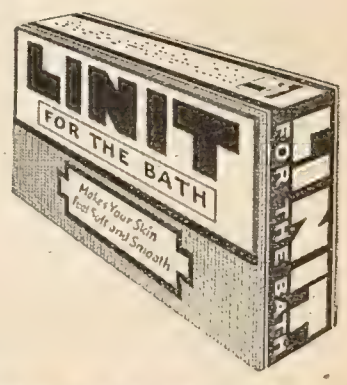
After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Merely dissolve in your bath half a package of Linit (the scientific starch discovery sold by grocers)—enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath—then feel your skin. It is like rare velvet.

After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking, eliminates "shine" on body, hands and face, prevents chafing and affords protection against wind and sun.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit and, being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most delicate skin. White is the natural color of Linit—it is not disguised by color or odor.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.



THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Gastrogen defeats indigestion—and it does it without hiccups—without gas

"My business requires me to attend a great many dinners and banquets," writes Alton Hamilton of 2849 Fourth Ave., Astoria, N. Y. *"As a result I suffer occasionally from indigestion. After trying remedy after remedy, I chanced upon Gastrogen Tablets. They relieve indigestion promptly, yet with none of the embarrassments of gas and rumbling brought on by preparations containing soda. I never attend a banquet without slipping a box of Gastrogen Tablets in my pocket."*

Relieving indigestion with a dose of soda is often like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. You exchange the distress of indigestion for the discomfort and embarrassment of gas and hiccups brought on by a preparation containing soda.

For by its chemical composition, soda is an alkali. It releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

But Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctor's term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.

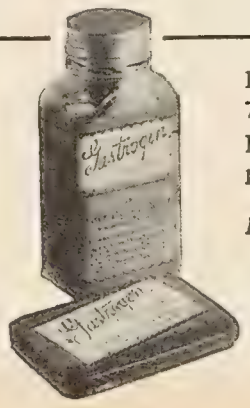
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets:

$$HCl+\tfrac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\tfrac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\tfrac{1}{2}CO_2+\tfrac{1}{2}H_2O$$



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-49
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1929

[FIRST LOVE Continued from page twenty-one]

her eyes was cast by tears or laughter.

"Elope with him!" she murmured. "But that is just what I did. Instead of running away from my first love and thinking of him beautifully ever after—what did I do but throw over my nice solid *fiancé* and marry him, and look at the result! And that is why I have told you this tiresome story, but it has taken me longer than I thought and now you must go away, for I must dress for dinner."

"Can I see you tomorrow?" I pleaded, and of course she made the helpless sort of answer that kind women make to that most exasperating of all questions.

NOW, as I walked away through the quiet streets I thought to myself that there was more in her story than met the eye, but what it was I could not think. And it was some time before I realized that I was bothering her nigh to tears with my attentions and that she, gentle beyond other women who would have sent me about my business with a good dressing-down, had hit on the idea of telling me that story as a way of getting rid of me painlessly.

And that, if I may say so, just shows you the sort of woman she was, and that I wasn't such a fool as all that to be in love with her, anyhow.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page fifty-nine)

1—What is the capital of Massachusetts; Michigan; Minnesota?

2—What is said to be the sincerest flattery?

3—How many degrees in a right angle?

4—What is a parvenu?

5—Where was Mohammed born?

6—In theatrical parlance who is called "the heavy"?

7—What is Popocatepetl and where is it?

8—What is a razorback?

9—What is the singular form of insignia?

10—What is the American equivalent of the English word petrol?

11—What is a mandamus?

12—What is an impresario?

13—Who said that the report of his death was greatly exaggerated?

14—What American city is called the Monumental City?

15—What is the name of a garment sometimes used for restraining the violently insane?

16—What is the Southern Cross?

17—What is circus employees' name for the main tent?

18—What is the ancient name for Scotland, now used poetically?

19—Who was Sappho?

20—On what continent is Palestine?

The Great Dane

A Portrait of a Self-Made Man

By Jim Tully

James Cruze in action. No other motion picture director has ever approached his speed.

JAMES CRUZE fought his way out of the most primitive background in the nation. His parents were illiterate peasants who heard the call of Brigham Young and who settled in Utah as Mormons. He is one of twenty-three children. Day after day he trudged six miles to school and returned home and taught his many younger brothers and sisters that evening. Cruze's real name is Bosen. He changed it early in life.

He entered pictures sixteen years ago at five dollars a day. He has long been one of the highest salaried directors in the world. His salary with Paramount was a thousand dollars a day — seven days a week — three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

Six feet tall, with heavy muscular body, eyes deep-set, quick and dark—he has the mannerisms of an Indian. In fact, he first attracted attention on the stage by playing Indian rôles. A man of little or no education in the academic sense, he has a powerful brain and great understanding of life. He blends the agnostic with the materialist. Everything is factual with him. He is self-conscious, even shy at times.

A scene from Old Ironsides, a $2,000,000 picture directed by Cruze for Famous Players-Lasky.

Cruze is a man who will never reach full bloom. The full seeds of expression were choked by destitution and ignorance when he was a lad. The producers' and his own desire for money since he has become a great director will never allow him to untangle the snarled cords of the great artist that bind him.

He is the greatest repressed emotionalist among the film directors. His soul is at times large enough for chaos and futility. In speaking of directors he once said to me, "None of them is great." He has no illusions.

Cruze's father was a giant, weighing three hundred and seventy pounds. Each year at a Utah picnic he would carry a thousand pounds on his shoulders for a quarter of a mile. A religious fanatic, he could preach a sermon or knock a mule down. He often did both. Though a mighty tyrant, he was not strong enough to dominate his stronger son. He believed in beating children and mules—and all who disagreed with him.

He carried his despotic sway even to the edge of the grave. He rose from his sick bed to thrash a man — then crawled back to join his viking ancestors the next day.

When he was dead the future director, a lad of fourteen, looked at his mighty figure, then turned to his mother and said: "I'm damn glad he's gone—he was a mean man."

Away from that wretched house went the youth—to a destiny mightier than a king's. He was later to take his mother and many of his brothers and sisters along the golden trail with him. For in the dynamic Dane who resembles an Indian there is a fierce strain of loyalty toward all who have paid him in the coin of kindness.

He was Roscoe Arbuckle's bosom friend before the trouble came upon Arbuckle. At a time when it was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

When work and weather clash

EVEN if your job keeps you out in the open in bad weather, you can go about your work in solid comfort.

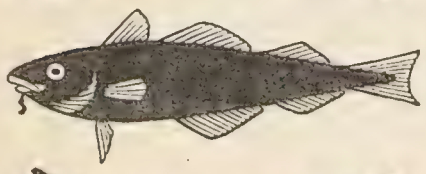
For 93 years Fish Brand Water-proof Garments have been made for outdoor men of every calling.

On the farm, in the woods, driving a truck or a team—wherever men are exposed to weather—Fish Brand Work Suits of jacket and pants, with water-proof hats to match, will quickly repay their moderate cost.

And in city and country alike, Fish Brand Slickers are favorite outer garments for rainy-day wear.

• Thousands of stores all over America carry Tower's Fish Brand Water-proof Clothing, for men, women and children. Look for its famous label and ask for it by name. A. J. Tower Company, Boston, Mass.; Tower Canadian Ltd., Toronto, Can.

TOWER'S

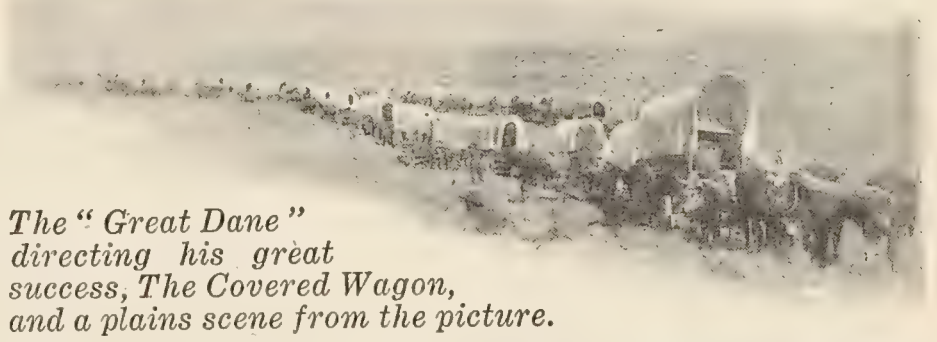
TRADE  MARK

FISH BRAND

[THE GREAT DANE
Continued from page twenty-three]

financial suicide to stand by Arbuckle in the public prints, Cruze told reporters: "I'm Fatty Arbuckle's friend—I've never known him to do a mean thing—nor an unkind one. Put me down as his pal now, and until hell freezes over." And the reporters—students of mob psychology—often answered, "Hell, we don't want that." Incidentally, when Arbuckle was acquitted, each member of the jury signed a letter which said, "You are one man who was not prosecuted but persecuted."

When Cruze directed a picture in the South, leading clubwomen asked him to talk before them. "I will," he said, "on one condition—that you let me tell of the injustice done Roscoe Arbuckle." He did not appear before them.



The "Great Dane" directing his great success, The Covered Wagon, and a plains scene from the picture.

The mother of James Cruze, now a worn-out old lady, has not the imagination to grasp the immense salary received by her son. Reared in destitution herself, and having clawed for sustenance at the Utah ground for more than fifty years, she has never been quite able to understand the eagle of her brood who flew away at fourteen and touched the world's far places before he was twenty-six.

NOW, pensioned by her son, she is still reluctant to buy anything new. Moored in habits of penury and forever beyond the need of them, she still insists on wearing her son's old shoes.

She lives on a plot of California ground and raises fruit. Often does she boast that her figs are the finest in the world. Are they not large and luscious and does she not receive a dollar each for them?

She is not aware that her son sends a man from Hollywood each year with enough money to buy the whole crop.

Cruze joined a tent show when first leaving home. He remained with it four months. When the company broke up in San Francisco, he was imbued with the desire to become an actor. He went to an old Shakespearean trouper who conducted a dramatic school. He learned that a dramatic course would cost two hundred dollars. He had less than five.

With the hope of saving the required amount, Cruze secured a job as a waiter's assistant in a cheap hotel. His salary was four dollars a week and board.

HE was later given a chance to work on a salmon vessel which plied Alaska waters. He remained on the vessel sixteen months and returned with four hundred dollars. Sending his mother a hundred dollars, he enrolled as a student in the school of drama.

In two weeks he told his teacher, "I'm goin' to quit—this ain't the way to act—it ain't natural."

The old man struck a Hamlet-like pose, then laughed loud and long. "How are you going to quit? I got your two hundred dollars."

"Well, you can have it for teachin' me something," was the rejoinder.

"What's that?" asked the Shakespearean follower.

"How not to act."

Man and boy parted friends. The teacher not only returned the money, but secured for young Cruze a position acting a small part with a patent-medicine show.

True to type, the company became stranded in Salt Lake City, a short distance from Cruze's home. Cruze found himself with another young actor, well known on the wagon-show circuit. His name was Stevens, and he too was penniless. He pawned his watch and sent a telegram to Luke Cosgrave, a wandering Irish troubadour and owner of a small stock company then playing in Boise, Idaho. The telegram asked for a position.

Stevens' telegram remained unanswered for two weeks.

In the meantime he had secured a job in an out-of-town theater. Later a wire came from Cosgrave offering Stevens a position and sending him his fare to Boise.

Taking the money and telegram, Cruze reported to Cosgrave. Astonished at his audacity, but needing a player, Cosgrave gave him a chance. The sixteen-year-old Dane played leading rôles before the season closed.

So crude was the company and the audience that a melancholy sheepherder might have succeeded as Hamlet. Many of our greatest directors were developed in such a school.

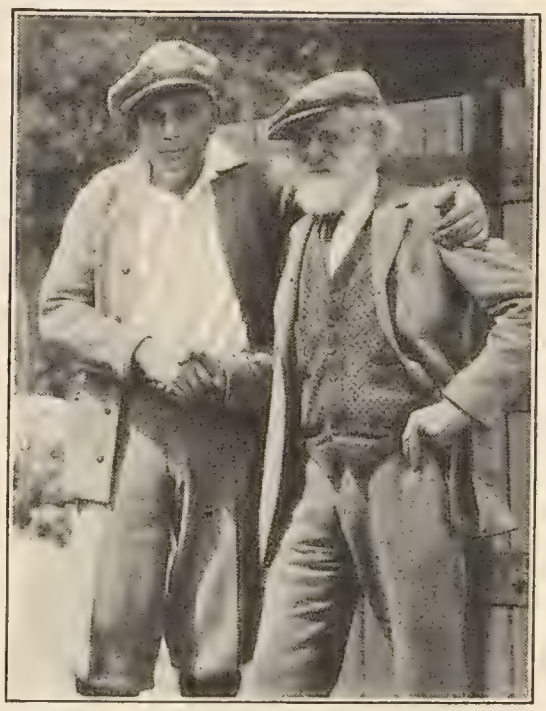
That winter Cosgrave and Cruze became partners and opened a stock company in Provo, Utah. It was the beginning of a great friendship. Cosgrave, a man of lovable personality and broad contact with life, was the one person the groping young Dane needed. Sensing a fine intuitive quality and mental power in Cruze, the older man taught him all he had learned about acting on the roadways of the world. It was no surprise to Luke Cosgrave when James Cruze went beyond him; for long ago he had said to him, "I missed the peak, Jim, but you won't—they can't stop a fellow like you."

Cosgrave has since played many important parts in films directed by his young friend and protégé.

Cruze is now forty-two years of age. Cosgrave is on the border line of seventy. Their friendship is the finest flower that grows in a land of self-seekers. It is beyond the need of words. There is always a room in the Cruze mansion for Cosgrave. He is ever the honored guest.

TO get at the riddle of James Cruze, I asked Cosgrave to tell me his greatest quality.

"He's got it here and here," he answered, tapping his heart and head. "And what's more, he never broke his word in his life. I'll tell you, boy, there ain't another Jim Cruze in the world."



Cruze with Luke Cosgrave, his best friend and former mentor.

At twenty Cruze arrived in New York wearing a sombrero and a smile of confidence. Unable to secure work on the stage, he worked as a waiter for six months. But he always kept in contact with the stage. After indifferent success on it, he left it for motion pictures after playing under David Belasco in The Heart of Maryland.

Starting at five dollars a day as an extra and never making over fifty dollars a week for a period of two years, he at last attracted attention by his work in The Million Dollar Mystery—one of the earliest of film serials.

Unlike most actors, Cruze saw a greater future as a director. Some time after Jesse L. Lasky organized the Famous Players, the young Dane, still several years under thirty, was given his first picture to direct. It was a film in which the late Wally Reid appeared. Cruze was successful and later directed many of Reid's best known efforts.

Among the fifty-five pictures Cruze has since directed are Merton of the Movies; Mannequin, made from Fanny Hurst's fifty-thousand-dollar LIBERTY prize novel; The Goose Hangs High; Hollywood; The City that Never Sleeps; Ruggles of Red Gap; and The Pony Express.

CRUZE'S great opportunity came when he was chosen to direct The Covered Wagon. Then destiny met the man. As a lad he had absorbed the silence and the primitive background of the West.

A natural leader of men, it was during the filming of this picture that he showed great qualities of leadership. When his company, which consisted of several thousand people, was snowed in seventy miles from a railroad, mutiny arose among them. Cruze stood on a barrel and offered to give every man his fare to Hollywood.

"What'll you do?" someone yelled.

"By God, I'll stay here if I have to stay alone and eat snowballs all winter. I'm not a damn bit better than you fellows."

"We'll stay too, then," many thousands of voices rose in unison.

After weeks of idleness, during which time no pictures could be taken on account of the inclement weather, the company wired for Cruze to return home with his troupe. He responded by wiring for $300,000 more. It was the audacity of the boy who had reported to Luke Cosgrave all over again.

The company sent the money. The film was finished and became one of the greatest, financially and artistically, ever made. Cruze failed to make Old Ironsides a great film. This picture cost nearly two million, eight hundred thousand of which could have been saved had the company officials had the forethought to start the film when the weather was more settled.

Cruze is married to Betty Compson. She is also from Utah—of Norwegian parents. She calls her husband "the Great Dane."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your Day Depends Upon Your "Get-away"

Ever have those irritable, mean mornings? Everything annoys. Sometimes a quarrel results . . . sometimes just a sharp, impatient "G'bye" and you're on your way. But this unpleasantness does not vanish so promptly. The "hangover" ruins an entire day. It's hard to think. It's hard to do anything. One makes mistakes, fumbles . . . becomes still more irritable.

No one wants to be cranky or dull. It's tolerated as a "mood." Few people realize that it's most often not a mood but an internal condition. Poisoned intestines cause more quarrels than do unhappy situations. They *make* unhappy situations—just because people do not know that constipation dulls the brain and the whole body. It causes dizziness. It makes restful sleep impossible.

The remedy is so simple and the relief so great. You can avoid constipation and morning grouches by taking a wholesome fruit roll each night. Boal's Rolls are figs, raisins and herbs, mixed into a delicious confection—medicated just enough for proper elimination. This is the natural, pleasant way to keep the skin clear and the breath sweet.

Children beg for this fig treat.

Get a package today at your druggist's. Or clip the coupon and we'll send you a trial size Free.

BOAL'S ROLLS

Boal's Rolls Corp.,
540 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.
Please send Free Trial Package of Boal's Rolls.
L-4

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

—and it is the pale blue tint of Tung-Sol BLU-WITE bulbs that makes them distinctive—distinctive in color as well as performance.

The "red" rays in artificial light cause uncomfortable strain on the eyes. The blue tint of Tung-Sol BLU-WITES *absorbs* these troublesome "red" rays, thus relieving the strain. There is better light with the same candle power, whiter light without undue drain on the battery.

Ask to see Tung-Sol BLU-WITES. Note their characteristic color. Put a set in your headlamps and you drive with daylight confidence.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS, INC.
Newark New Jersey

Licensed under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL
BLU-WITE
TRADE MARK

[THE GREAT DANE
Continued from page twenty-five]

They live in a rambling old house on twelve acres of ground. Their home is always open. They return no calls.

Cruze's mother has never met his wife. "They wouldn't understand each other," he says. He has been to Los Angeles twice in ten years. He lives twelve miles away.

James Cruze's contract with Famous Players called for the direction of three pictures in two years. He was often idle for weeks at a thousand dollars a day. The studio officials worried a great deal about his salary, but were not astute enough to have a story ready by the time he had finished the direction of one. Whenever a story was submitted the question was asked, "Is it big enough for Cruze?"

Unmindful of the fact that all great pictures "just grow," the company is determined to make them grow by placing the responsibility on Cruze's shoulders. It is much the same as a group of editors saying to a man, "Here is what we think will make a great novel—now go ahead and write one."

As a matter of fact, most great pictures are accidents. They just happen.

DIRECTORS and studio officials are often more surprised than the public when the accidents happen. But it would be poor showmanship to admit it. Great men grow by humility. After the first showing of one of the most successful pictures of last year, the man who directed it walked out of the projection room in despair. It has since swept the country and the man is called a genius.

The few men who have shown decided directorial talent have had their careers twisted by the producers.

The Lubitsch of Passion, Stroheim of Blind Husbands, Cruze of The Covered Wagon, are examples.

Cruze seems more content than the other big directors. He is either too shrewd or too indifferent to suffer under the economic lash of public and producer. With a million dollars' worth of property, he is content to take orders from merchants who sell film to exhibitors by the yard. Even under this handicap he has made one great picture out of fifty-five.

Since leaving the Paramount organization, Cruze has directed five films. The first, On to Reno, was of no merit. It was directed in eleven working days. The second was from a story by John Russell entitled The Red Mark. The third is Excess Baggage, starring William Haines. The fourth was a film in which Thomas Meighan appeared. The fifth is The Mating Call, from a Rex Beach story.

No director has ever approached Cruze's speed in directing a film. His organization is always keyed to the highest pitch. Assistant director, cameramen, electricians, and other employees work in complete unison with him.

NEXT WEEK—

Salvaging Sunken Subs

By Tom Eadie

A famous diver's account of his most thrilling adventures

A RECENT Thomas Meighan film was behind production schedule. In order to finish the film at the appointed time Cruze was engaged. He was given sixty thousand dollars for a period of three weeks. The film was finished on time. This is perhaps the highest salary ever received by a director.

He goes over every small detail of a film before he starts directing. He knows the location of the most obscure object on any of his numerous "sets."

After working with him, Cedric Gibbons, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer art director, said that he knew more about the intricacies of directing than any two men in the film world. This perhaps explains the phenomenal speed with which he directs a film.

A leading critic once called Cruze "a stock actor inspired once." The Dane, like Griffith and all the other members of the Way Down East school of drama, has never been quite able to outgrow the tawdry early period.

Directing pictures with Cruze is a business and not a fine passion. A director, if he survives, must have in him a quality of cheapness. Cruze is no exception. His redeeming feature is, he admits it.

With all their failings, it is upon the shoulders of such men as Cruze that younger directors will grow to greatness. But they cannot grow until the producers and their spokesman, Will Hays, are more concerned about art than middle-class American outlook and morals.

It may be fitting to recall that the director of one of the finest pictures ever made is now destitute in Hollywood.

He lacked the quality of cheapness.

THE END

All the EPICS in One

There's a Little of Everything in Noah's Ark

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

ABOUT three years ago Cecil De Mille announced that he would film the Deluge. The Warner Brothers arose to dispute his rights to Old Man Noah and the ark, claiming prior reservations. So De Mille went ahead with The King of Kings, and Noah was forgotten for the moment.

Last year the Warners got around to the Genesis, however, in off moments between Vitaphone experiments. Darryl Zanuck, a Hollywood scenarist, was put to work constructing a Biblical spectacle with a modern story appended. Then Michael Curtiz, the Hungarian director, devoted five or six months to the filming of Noah's Ark. The total cost ran somewhere between $500,000 and a sum I hate to imagine.

Davey Lee, the child hit of Jolson's The Singing Fool, is nearly obscured by bedroom comedy in Sonny Boy. That's Betty Bronson with him.

Lola Lane and Paul Page in Speakeasy.

Dolores Costello who plays the double rôle of Miriam and Mary in the latest near-Biblical film, Noah's Ark.

The result is a conglomeration of all the epics the screen has ever begat. Noah's Ark savors of Intolerance, The Four Horsemen, The Ten Commandments, The King of Kings, The Big Parade, and what have you.

The modern story concerns a young American who rescues a German girl from a Continental train wreck. He falls in love, the World War breaks out, and the fraulein comes under suspicion as a spy. Indeed, she is to be shot just as the Armistice comes along.

Now, it seems that in a previous incarnation the American was Japheth, son of Noah, and the girl was Miriam, a handmaiden of the household. Miriam is just about to be sacrified to a pagan god when the flood comes.

The author draws a parallel between the wiping out of sin by the Deluge and the wiping out of hate by sacrifice in the World War.

The fabrication is a little infantile and the flashback to olden days grows into a confusion of Assyrian, Biblical, Sid Grauman, Egyptian, Persian, and Coney Island history and legend. Still, it's all done lavishly.

Between adroit use of miniatures, double printing, and free handling of extras with a fire hose, the director manages to get quite a striking and surprising effect of vast waters closing over the surface of the earth.

However, the plot is too preposterous to admit of belief and the characters are mere movie puppets. Noah's Ark boasts of the hardiest hero and heroine of celluloid history. You can wrap the Paris-Constantinople express around their necks, blow them up with a Big Bertha, and bend a pagan cathedral over their noble brows, but they emerge unscathed.

Dolores Costello plays the bomb-proof heroine, and George O'Brien is the muscular hero.

★ ★

Speakeasy, the new William Fox film, has a background that is too familiar, I fear, to film fans. I am not implying a violation of the liquor laws, but that too many films have offered this selfsame panorama.

This is a romance of a prize fighter and a newspaper girl, telling how the sob sister redeems the pugilist and brings him back to his lost championship. The cast isn't as interesting as the film's Movietone peeks into race tracks, Madison Square Garden on a fight night, the subway, and Broadway at electric-light time.

★

Little Davey Lee, who scored a Jackie Coogan in Al Jolson's The Singing Fool, has been rushed into a new Warner Brothers' film, Sonny Boy, a part talkie.

The four-year-old child has a wholly disarming personality, but here it is swamped in an old-fashioned bedroom farce. Betty Bronson is in the cast.

Do you know that—

Michael Curtiz, the director of Noah's Ark, was born in Budapest? . . . Henry B. Walthall appears in Speakeasy?

The RED

A Newspaper Man's Memories of the War of the Races (1933-1936)

By
FLOYD GIBBONS
(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

MR. GIBBONS' narrative has to do with Karakhan of Kazan, the Red Napoleon, born in the Tartar Republic in 1900. He was of mixed blood, with a Mongol's yellow skin and slanting eyes, and his resentment of his "racial inferiority" was to be his strongest motive in waging the War of the Races against the white world.

At twenty-one he was a distinguished general in the armies of Red Russia. Eleven years later, the Soviet government, fearing aggression by "capitalism" and presenting an armed front to its neighbors, made him commander in chief of its forces and, virtually, dictator.

In the same year, 1932, his previous machinations resulted in a Red revolution in Japan. America meanwhile had liberated the Philippines.

At this time Mr. Gibbons, in Moscow as a correspondent, acquired an invaluable two-fisted aide in the person of young Speed Binney, expert air pilot. And, as he told last week, a riot in a café led to a romantic meeting that added to his office staff a beautiful and mysterious English girl, Margot Denison.

PART THREE

KARAKHAN BREAKS WITH POLAND

JUST as that pistol shot fired June, 1914, in Sarajevo precipitated the bloody cloudburst known at the time as the World War, so another small leaden pellet launched on its death flight in Moscow was destined to change the political organization and destinies of Europe and Asia, and to plunge the world into a war that was to write new records of barbarism in the history of man.

Joseph Stalin was assassinated November 2, 1932.

A half-witted Jewish boy, whose parents lived in Poland, fired the fatal bullet that instantly killed "the man of steel" in whose hands rested the political power behind the government of Red Russia.

The assassination occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning on the Red Square, just as Stalin in his automobile was leaving the Kremlin by the old Spasskiya Gate. The bullet, crashing through a side window of the car, struck him full in the face.

The only other occupant of the car, the man who was sitting beside the silent political leader, and the man in whose arms he died, was Karakhan of Kazan.

Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent for the New York Times, and I happened to be in a bookseller's shop on the Red Square. Although we did not hear the shot, we saw people rushing across the square, and followed them.

Learning what had happened, I raced back to the bookstall and telephoned a flash bulletin of bare facts to my office to be dispatched immediately by cable and radio to Chicago. And at the same time told Margot Denison to notify Speed Binney to have the plane ready for a quick flight to Riga, with a "follow" story.

In that dispatch, which Binney managed to get out, I reviewed the events that had culminated in the assassination, and revealed for the first time the confidence which Stalin had imposed in Karakhan.

His selection of the young, serious student-soldier had been the result of Stalin's long duel with Leon Trotzky, which had not ended even in 1927, when Stalin had brought about the expulsion of Trotzky, Zinovieff, and Kameneff from the Communist party. When he exiled the former leader of the Red army to the little town of Alma Ata, near the Mongolian border, he had already picked a new commander in chief for the military forces, and his choice had been Karakhan all the time. Trotzky's subsequent writings from Constantinople, Berlin, and Geneva kept the old flames alive.

FINAL EDITION

DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN AMERICA

Vol. 14. No. 210 60 Pages

New York, Thursday, November 3, 1932

2 Cents

STALIN ASSASSINATED

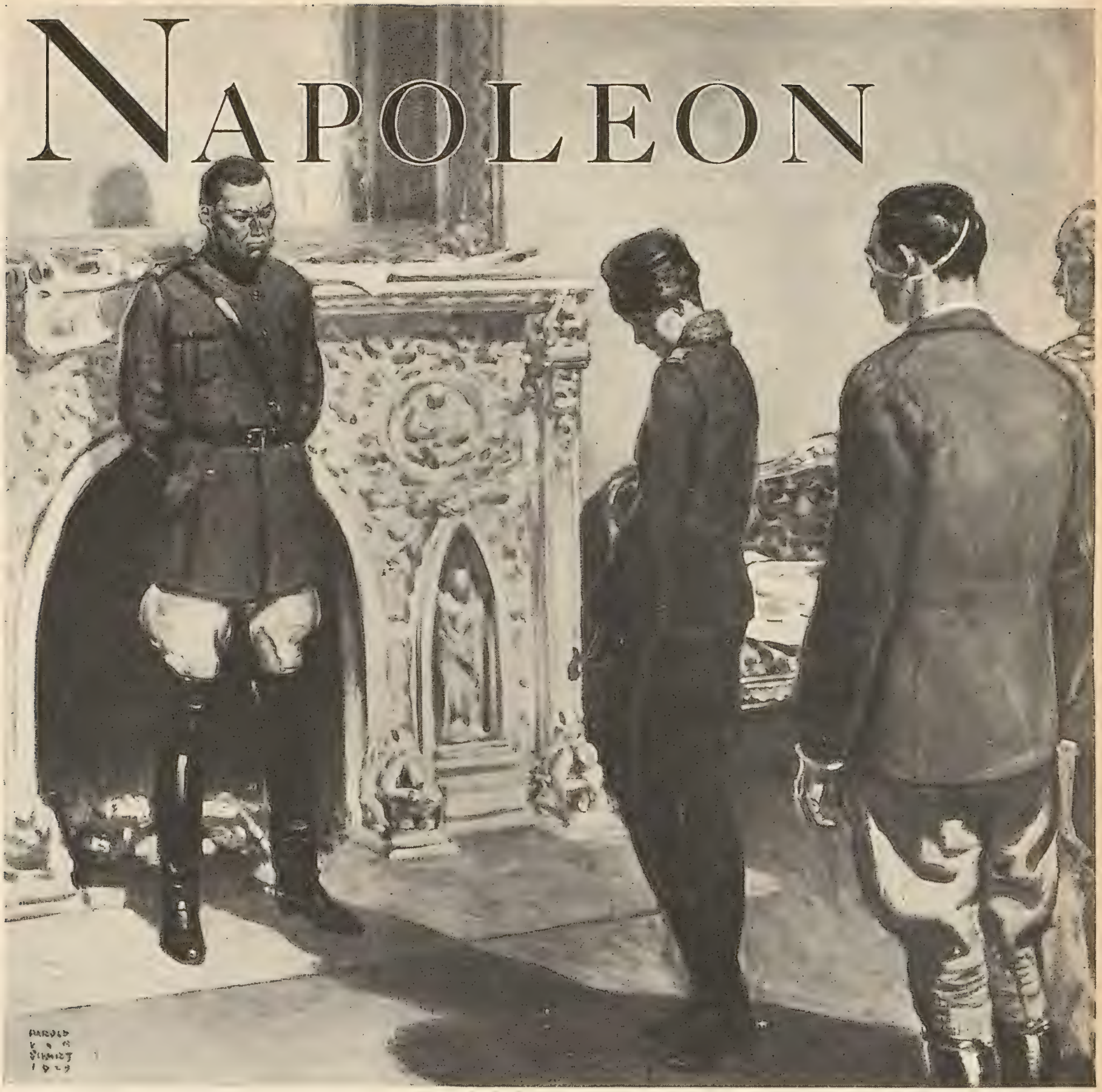
Story on Page 2

P. & A. photos

The front page of the New York Daily News of November 3, 1932, showing (from left to right) Karakhan, Stalin, and the Red Square in Moscow where Stalin was assassinated.

Underwood & Underwood photo

NAPOLEON



Picture by Harold von Schmidt

Karakhan's face remained immobile. The burning eyes of the yellow mask remained fixed on the face of the white woman. She lowered her eyes like a dog awaiting punishment from its master.

Now it became apparent that it was Stalin who had directed the war scare that had placed such extraordinary powers in the hands of Karakhan. Stalin had executed this political move for the purpose of eliminating from the Central Committee a number of Trotzky's friends.

Trotzky's supporters in the Central Committee had recognized Stalin's maneuver too late. The Semitic question was bound to enter the conflict, due to the fact that the Trotzky faction, bitterly opposed to Stalin, was largely composed of Jews.

STALIN had convinced Karakhan that the only enemy he had to fear was Trotzky and the Jewish faction.

As the news of the tragedy spread through the streets of Moscow, the cry immediately arose that Stalin's assassination was the first movement in a Jewish plot to take over the government of Russia. Widespread denials from Trotzky and other prominent Jews both in and out of Russia failed to shake this belief.

In the days that followed I was unable to ascertain, and in fact it has never been proven, that either Trotzky or any of his supporters had anything whatever to do with the insane act of the mentally-unbalanced Jewish boy that fired the shot.

But public tension reached such a pitch that sane consideration of the case was out of the question. Once more the centuries-old cry was raised against the Jews.

This was all Karakhan needed.

Twenty-three hundred Jews were killed in the streets of Moscow the day following the assassination. It was such a pogrom as had not been witnessed since the days of the Czar. Horrible scenes occurred in the streets of the Jewish quarter. Women and children were ridden down and trampled by the soldiery and police. Young Jews were bayoneted as they fled from their homes. Stores, shops, and dwellings were looted.

I dispatched thousands of words daily on the horrors and atrocities which outraged the world. Much to my own surprise, and that of the other foreign correspondents in Moscow, the government censorship placed no ban on broadcasting these terrible eyewitness reports.

They served to detract attention, momentarily, from

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page twenty-nine]

the fact that Karakhan immediately took over the complete reins of government and placed the civil administration under Peter Malig, one of Stalin's closest friends and ablest lieutenants.

Karakhan made himself Stalin's successor as the permanent Secretary General of the Politburo. He appointed Malig as his active assistant of this extra-governmental position, which extended its power and control through every branch of the government.

It was to the Politburo that the secretaries of all of the communist locals, all over Russia, reported. And it was through this network of political henchmen and police spies, combined with Karakhan's military control, that the complete transition of Russia was consummated.

The nation of 150,000,000 people remained in name the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, but actually it came under the force and power of one man more abjectly than it had ever been in the days of Nicholas II.

My daily cables and radio dispatches to America described how Moscow and Leningrad were under the iron hand of Karakhan's reënforced garrisons, and how important opposition to his dictatorship existed solely in South Russia in the region of Kiev, Odessa, and Kharkov.

Karakhan knew the Ukraine as though it had been his own back yard. Trained divisions of Tartars, Bashkirs, and Mongols were immediately moved to the threatened area, which was placed under martial law.

There was street fighting in Kiev and Odessa. When quiet was restored, approximately 3,000 persons had been killed in each place.

MALIG'S agents of the Cheka moved in and established extraordinary tribunals with the power of life and death. The terror was applied with public executions.

Within ten days all opposition had been completely crushed and the Jew-baiters of the Ukraine, many of whom had profited from the looting, were adding their acclaim of the dictatorship of the "Little Uncle."

For Karakhan's purposes, however, it was too early for the idea of peace and security to prevail. Malig's propaganda bureau and newspapers spread the report of widespread counter-revolutionary plots, and hundreds of suspects were arrested. This produced a national condition which enabled Karakhan to call two classes of trained soldiers to the colors.

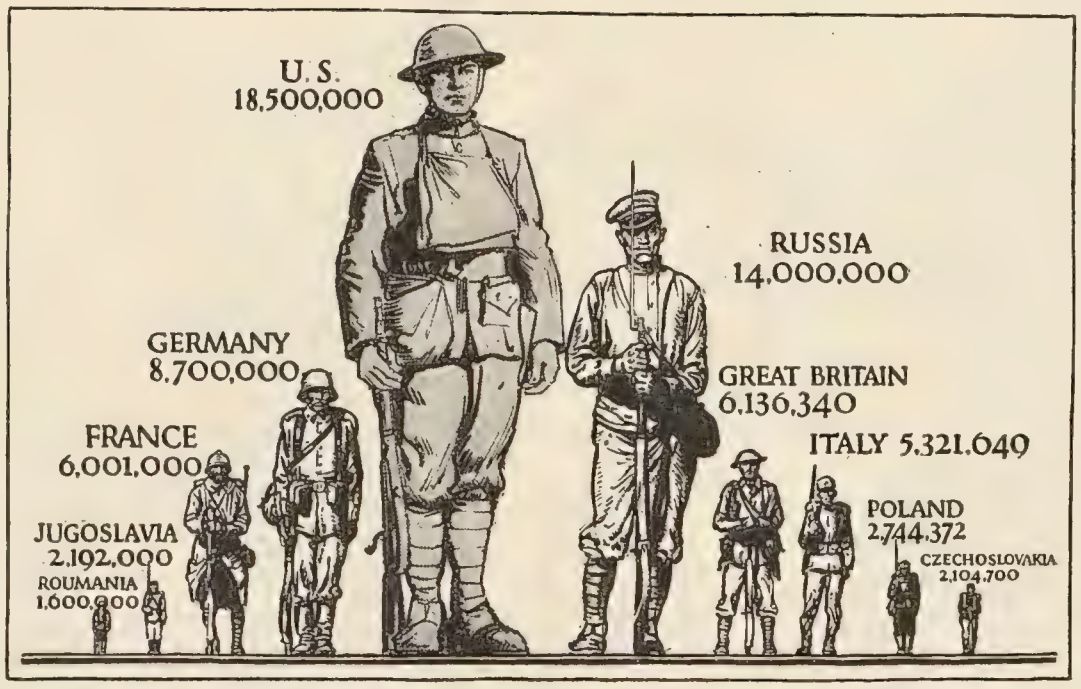
Credit for the first news of this secret mobilization must go to my pilot, Speed Binney. He obtained the information from the French mistress of a staff colonel. Not a word had been published concerning it.

It was a staggering piece of news. The Russian standing army at that time was 600,000 men, and under the compulsory military service regulations fresh classes of 550,000 young men were available for military service each year. An equal number of trained soldiers returned to civilian life each year, but were subject to a call to arms at any time.

The mobilization of two organized and trained classes meant an addition of 1,100,000 men, bringing the total strength of Karakhan's forces under arms to 1,700,000.

It was by far the largest army in the world.

The significance grew in my mind when I found an old edition of the World Almanac and Book of Facts, and read therefrom the table entitled, Available Military Man Power of the World, as Revised by the United States War Department up to October 1, 1927.



How the United States compared, as to military man power, with Russia and other nations of Europe in 1927.

ALTHOUGH the table was five years old and understated the world military strength at that time, it provided a comparison of Russia's military man power with that of her European neighbors. [The table in part appears on this page.]

The grave import of the comparison I embodied in a 2,000-word dispatch, which my secretary filed over the radio early that afternoon.

Due to delays and breakdowns of communications, it had been my custom to make duplicates of important dispatches and send them by air to Riga. On this day I followed this custom and Speed Binney flew the Tribune dispatch plane westward with the duplicate of my story, with instructions to place it on the cable in Riga.

I retired with the happy feeling I had put over an exclusive piece of news that would hit the front page across the United States and would cause a rumble, if not a tremor, through a number of chancelleries in Europe.

It was 6 o'clock the following morning, cold and dark, when I was aroused from bed in my rooms at the Savoy. An officer, wearing the uniform of a colonel, stood smiling at the foot of my bed.

"Good morning, Comrade Gibbons," said he. "I am Colonel Boyar, of the staff of General Karakhan, and I bring you the invitation to breakfast with the general."

The cold, the unusual hour, the sudden awakening, and the importance of the invitation or command, sent the suspicion of an egotistic dream through my mind. Although I had repeatedly requested the privilege of meeting and interviewing Karakhan, my requests had been ignored.

"Fine," I replied, rolling out of bed. "Be with you in a jiffy."

"Do you ride?" Colonel Boyar asked.

"Most anything."

"Good. Jump into boots and breeches and maybe the general will take you with him on his morning canter."

Attired accordingly, I left the hotel with the colonel in his military car. In the cold, dark winter dawn we sped along the Tverskaya, passed under the triumphal arch near the Brest Litovsk station on the northwest outskirts of Moscow, and swung on to the broad Leningrad Chaussée.

Available Military Man Power of Russia and Her European Neighbors in 1927

Country	Population	Active Army	Organized Reserves	Unorganized Reserves	Total Military Man Power	Man Power in pct. of pop.
Russia	146,300,000	698,100	800,000	12,501,900	14,000,000	9.6
France	40,922,300	662,600	4,639,000	700,000	6,001,000	14.6
Great Britain	45,226,300	154,500	305,830	5,676,010	6,136,340	13.6
Italy	42,115,606	240,288	3,120,614	2,000,000	5,321,649	12.6
Germany	62,348,782	100,000	.....	8,600,000	8,700,000	13.9
Poland	29,249,000	244,372	.....	2,500,000	2,744,372	9.4
Jugoslavia	12,017,323	117,000	2,075,000	.....	2,192,000	18.2
Roumania	17,393,000	266,500	.....	1,333,500	1,600,000	9.2
Czechoslovakia	13,613,172	120,000	1,509,700	475,000	2,104,700	15.5

"For a man who has never been a soldier, you have a remarkable amount of military experience," said Colonel Boyar. "The Little Uncle read the Foreign Office dossier concerning you last night. Interested him intensely, as did also the dispatch which you filed yesterday on the new mobilization."

"Was the story all right?" I asked.

"Entirely too much so, I fear."

"Then it ought to cause quite a rumpus in Europe," I observed, with ill-disguised pride.

"Not a ripple," said Boyar, smiling. "Your story was not sent. But you may have the satisfaction of knowing that it made most interesting reading for the general. He immediately called for the Intelligence Section reports on you, and this invitation to breakfast is the result."

Invoking the censorship against my story immediately verified it, and convinced me that my predictions of grave future events were fundamentally sound.

Uppermost in my mind, however, was the consoling thought that Speed Binney had safely reached Riga with the duplicate of the dispatch and that the story was safely transmitted to America. Naturally, I gave no expression of this thought to my companion.

WE drew up at the old Petrovski Palace, in the park of the same name. Entering, we passed down a marble hallway, thick with smoke from the cigarettes of several dozen officers—many of whom revealed, both by complexion and uniform, that they were from yellow regiments from the east and the southeast.

Boyar opened a door, and I followed him into a side room.

"We will wait here a minute and—" He broke off the sentence.

The slim, medium-height, uniform-clad figure stood with its back to us, facing a window opposite the door. A Cossack cap of black Persian lamb topped the head at a jaunty angle. There was something unnatural in the poise and stance of the thin-legged riding boots.

The figure turned around, and I found myself looking into the familiar face of the American wife of Karakhan. Her tight-fitting tunic was a feminist adaptation of the hussar's coat, with black silk frogs across the breast, and collar and cuffs of astrakhan.

But it was not the same face that I had last seen in Moscow some eleven years earlier. At that time there had been no lines of sadness on the Irish features of Lin Larkin. The proud, defiant expression which this young New York radical agitator had worn at the time of her self-imposed exile to Russia was gone.

I marveled at the change. Was it love and motherhood that had brought this about, or had something of the old fire been suppressed through contact with a fiercer flame? Had the spirit of the old Lin Larkin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the natural mineral salts that makes it as effective as are the waters of the hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well-groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs Are Now Brought to You

You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration, forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally, but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at Our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is $1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for $2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.

HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.

Fayro, Inc. Lib. 4-20-29
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman $2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page thirty-one]

subsided before that of the man whose name she bore?

She remembered me, and stepped forward with a smile.

"It's like old times to see you here again. There must be excitement in the air! Why are you here? Do you smell war?" she said gayly. Then, turning to Boyar, she continued, "We know each other from the old starvation days of the famine. It was a different Moscow then."

"Wasn't it?" I agreed. "But there are better accommodations today. Events have moved swiftly since then. You now sit in the White House of Russia, and you look wonderful!"

Her figure straightened and the still piquant chin lifted slightly.

"It is wonderful—glorious!" she replied. "I am the happiest woman in the world. I am the wife of a great man and I have had the joy of the years of struggle with him to his greatness. I have three wonderful children, and I have tasted the realization of many hopes that were only dreams and prayers back in the soap-box days in New York."

In the somewhat oratorical delivery of this statement I sensed a contradictory ring. I could not wholly believe in the professed happiness of Mme. Karakhan. The militant bearing of the old Lin Larkin was absent. We chatted amiably.

"I SEE you are going to ride with the General this morning," she said. "I haven't ridden with him since the old fighting days. That was before we were married. I have been at home with the children mostly since then. I plan to surprise him this morning, and have a gallop. I am not supposed to be at headquarters, but I wanted to show him my riding habit. I designed it myself. Do you like it? Do you think it befits the wife of the commander in chief?"

As I was about to answer, a side door opened and a young officer appeared and nodded to Boyar.

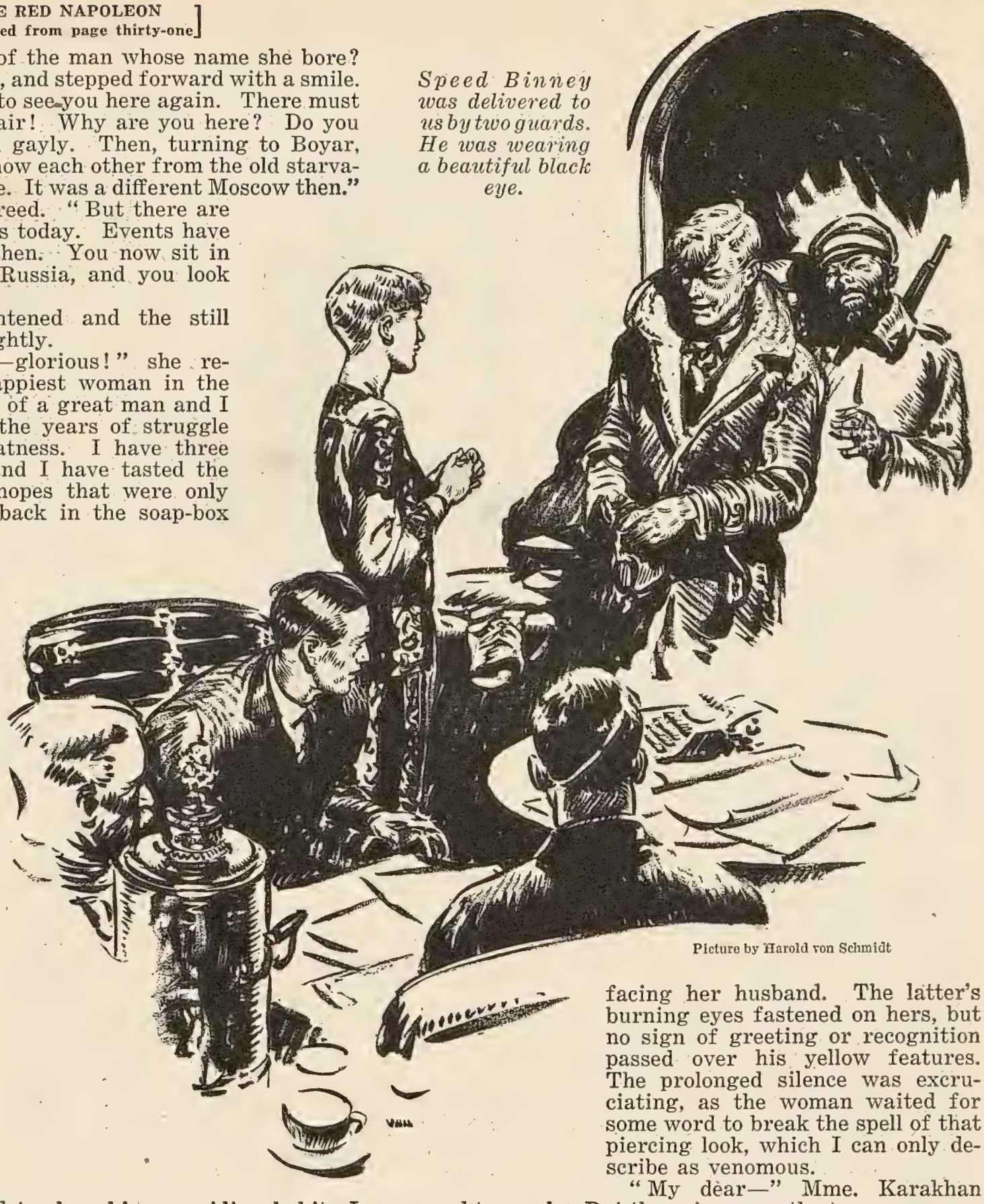
We arose. Mme. Karakhan stepped forward and said, "I will take the pleasure of presenting you to my husband"—and the three of us walked into the presence.

Karakhan stood alone in front of the fireplace at one end of a large room. The full six feet one inch of his stature brought his shoulders well above the white marble mantelpiece over the fireplace, so that the surmounting gilt mirror reflected the back of his head.

The close-cropped black hair, crowning his forehead as tightly as a black skullcap, seemed to add intensity to his searching eyes. His head was inclined slightly forward, and the tight-lipped mouth bore no smile.

His high-collared, single-breasted khaki tunic seemed to fit his slender form without a wrinkle. It was cut rather long below the hips, where riding breeches bagged outward and downward to be incased just above the knee in high, black Russian boots. The polished blackness of the boots revealed the straightness and slenderness of his legs, that seemed like spindles and increased the impression of height.

Mme. Karakhan stood several paces forward of us,



Speed Binney was delivered to us by two guards. He was wearing a beautiful black eye.

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

facing her husband. The latter's burning eyes fastened on hers, but no sign of greeting or recognition passed over his yellow features. The prolonged silence was excruciating, as the woman waited for some word to break the spell of that piercing look, which I can only describe as venomous.

"My dear—" Mme. Karakhan essayed to speak. But the voice, even the tone, was completely different from that we had just heard. "How do you like . . . I thought maybe you . . . eh, eh . . . I wish to present an old comrade of mine, of . . . But—but maybe you are busy, dear."

KARAKHAN'S face remained immobile. The burning eyes of the yellow mask remained fixed on the face of the white woman. Instinctively, I felt her embarrassment and suffered with her. She handled her riding crop nervously. Her figure seemed to wilt and a forward movement of her head told me that she had lowered her eyes like a dog awaiting punishment from its master.

"Return home immediately," came the almost hissed English words from the tight-pressed lips of the husband. "My children await you. Change that clown's costume before you let them see you. Trousers remain the exclusive male privilege of my family."

Mme. Karakhan half-turned and half-backed out of the room. Her eyes escaped mine as she passed, but I saw the quiver of her lips. I could not believe that this was Lin Larkin who had led mobs and defied police in Boston and New York—who had preached world revolution and Red terror.

During the distressing minute of the incident, Boyar and I had stood stiffly in the background. Karakhan's eyes

never so much as acknowledged our presence with a glance until the door had closed on his wife.

Then the yellow face and the peering eyes turned to me, and I felt this man assaying me—weighing me from head to foot. He took his time about the scrutiny, and although it could only have been seconds, it seemed much longer before his slight nod.

"Good morning," he said, in a tone a shade kindlier than the one in which he had addressed his wife. "We will have tea. We ride in ten minutes. You may take an American breakfast after our return."

His English carried the same American pronunciation as that of his wife, from whom he had learned it. Just a thought of those courtship days of language instruction and romance between the young Asiatic revolutionary soldier and the formerly spirited girl he had just humiliated before us passed through my mind as I looked into the cruel yet fascinating features of the veritable lord and master.

We drank glasses of steaming tea, standing before the fireplace. My desire to inject the subject of army mobilization and my censored dispatch was overridden by Colonel Boyar, who chatted about the weather, horses, and similar subjects. Karakhan said nothing.

At times I would feel, rather than see, him looking at me. But he added nothing to his initial acknowledgment of my presence.

TEA finished, he left the room and we followed. Several minutes later, in the courtyard, he indicated for me a horse standing beside his own. We mounted and rode off, followed by the rest of the officers.

"How were things in North Africa when you left?" he asked me as we walked our horses across the road and took the path leading westward across the Khoduninskoe fields.

I recited briefly some of my observations concerning conditions in the Spanish, French, and Italian armies there engaged against the natives in Tripoli, Tunisia, Egypt, Algeria, and Morocco, and tried to lead the conversation to the subject of my dispatch by adding:

"But none of the European powers, either in Africa or in Europe, General, have as many men as you have, or will have in the armies under your present mobilization."

"Which of the troops in North Africa appear to have the highest morale?" Karakhan shot back, ignoring my obvious lead.

I told him I thought Mussolini's Fascisti divisions had more heart in the fight than any other troops.

"Is it true," he asked in his even, nerveless tone, "that the French and Italians use large bombing planes for troop transport across the Mediterranean?" I told him I had written several stories about the limitations of this form of troop transport across the Mediterranean. He was silent for several minutes. Then—

"What do you think of the Roumanian army?"

"Not much," I replied. I thought he would smile, but he did not. He advanced his horse to a trot and Boyar and I did likewise.

"You were with Pilsudski once," he observed. I could only be frank on my record.

"Yes," I replied. "I was with him against you, General, in 1921. That was a long run you gave us from Kiev back to Warsaw. Your Cossacks almost got me and my driver just west of Brest Litovsk. I believe my car happened to be the last one out of the city. It was a close call."

For an hour this curious conversation continued. At times Karakhan pushed his horse to a gallop, and the escort thundered along behind us.

For a correspondent seeking an interview, it was discouraging. Instead of my interviewing him, I found that even against my will he was interviewing me. His questions covered almost every phase of the military situation in Europe—roads, bridges, railroads, transport, artillery, anti-aircraft guns, munition works, food supplies; effects of the famine and the flu epidemic in Europe; discontent of the peoples, morale of the troops, and my opinions of the various European army commanders I knew personally.

We arrived back at the Petrovski Palace and dis-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE WILLIAMS"

You CAN'T lose *this* cap!

Face Fitness Helps!

Keeping your face Fit goes a long way toward creating a feeling of well being, and the Williams lather goes a long way toward keeping your face Fit.

And you'll have pleasure in the use of Williams, for there's nothing irksome in the Williams shave. It's quick, smooth, pleasant.

Williams is super mild—as millions of ultra sensitive skins can testify. Of uncolored purity—not one atom of dye. It makes a lather that's quick, close in texture, saturated with moisture,—holding, indeed, 10% more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of. A lather that cleanses pores gently, freshens facial tissue,—does all you expect lather to do, and a little more.

There are eighty-nine years of highly specialized study of what's best for beard and skin in the creamy lather blanket that Williams Shaving Cream will make for you.

Let the drug clerk testify: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Then a dash of Aqua Velva. Scientifically blended to give proper care to the newly shaven skin.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page thirty-three]

mounted. He acknowledged the salutes of his officers with the barest nod. With Boyar I followed him into his office, where cigarettes and tea awaited us.

This time we were seated. Karakhan looked at me steadily across the table. After a heavy silence that must have lasted a minute, he said:

"I have decided. You will remain with me; that is, you will remain in Moscow. You know entirely too much about military affairs to be at large in Russia at the present time.

"The dispatch you wrote last night could have done harm to my country. For that reason it was not sent. I do not wish to cause unnecessary anxiety among the neighbors of Russia.

"The calculations on which you based your deductions were good. I prefer to deal with intelligence, even if it is antagonistic, rather than with ignorance that might be friendly.

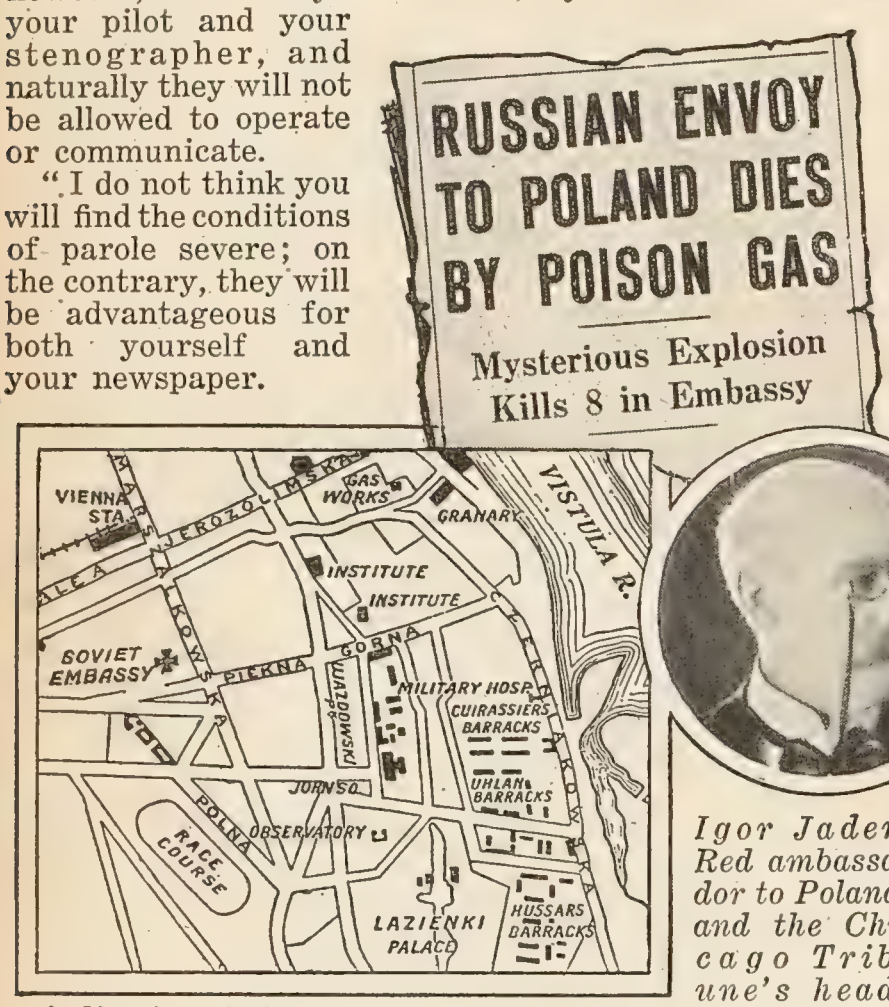
"You will not be permitted to communicate your dispatch of last night to your newspaper by any route, and for the present I do not wish you to leave the country.

"I believe it will be as much to your personal interest and the interest of your newspaper for you to remain, as it will be to my interest to have you remain; therefore, I desire that you remain of your own accord.

"In your dossier I have read a letter that General Pershing once wrote you, in which he said: 'You have always played the game squarely and with courage, and I wish to thank you.' Pershing was a man of few words. That is why I believe I can trust you. That is why I am now offering you your choice of arrest or parole.

"IF you do not accept the parole, it will be necessary for me to place you in the custody of Colonel Boyar, which, however, will not mean confinement. Of necessity, however, the custody will extend to your bureau. I mean your pilot and your stenographer, and naturally they will not be allowed to operate or communicate.

"I do not think you will find the conditions of parole severe; on the contrary, they will be advantageous for both yourself and your newspaper.



A district of the city of Warsaw, showing the location of the Russian embassy.

Igor Jader, Red ambassador to Poland, and the Chicago Tribune's headlines on news of his death.

"If you give me your word that neither you nor any of the members of your staff will communicate with any place outside of Russia except through censorship, I will permit you to see everything, and we will endeavor to supply you first hand with official statements concerning matters of interest to the world which, of course, will not be injurious to Russia.

"I will not ask you to misstate a single fact, and you will not have to feel that your presence in Russia depends upon your propaganda value to me. I do not need propaganda."

He paused, and I asked him if he would permit me to report my situation to my cable editor in Chicago.

"If you accept the parole, yes!" he replied.

"May I accept the parole limited to the time I receive an answer from my cable editor?"

He was silent several moments and replied, "Yes, but your report to your cable editor must be submitted to Colonel Boyar."

"Naturally," I replied.

Karakhan arose, and Boyar and I were on our feet. The general addressed Boyar.

"I will see both of you when the reply arrives. Good morning!" We left.

Boyar accompanied me back to Moscow. If I had to have a jailer, I could not have picked a better one for my own convenience. His light-heartedness belied his fifty years. He did not take his military duties too seriously. I listened to little of his chatter as we motored back, but was very glad he was with me when I arrived at the hotel.

TWO soldiers were standing guard at the doors leading into my rooms. They stepped aside upon his command, and we entered, finding two more guards inside. Whit Dodge and Margot Denison were seated on a divan in front of the fireplace.

"What's happened?" exclaimed Whit, jumping to his feet. "These men say we're under arrest. Hope your intercession with the Cheka for me hasn't caused this."

"Nothing to do with it," I lightly assured him. "Just a mix-up with the censor. Glad you came along. I see you two have introduced yourselves. Guard the office secrets, Margot. Remember, Mr. Dodge is a competing correspondent."

"All the Tribune valuables are safe and accounted for with one exception," said the girl. "There's no word from Speed."

It was the first time I had heard Margot use Binney's first name, and in her voice I detected an anxiety which I immediately shared. Knowing the importance of the dispatch he was carrying, it was not beyond that young dare-devil to have risked uncalled-for dangers in his mission.

"If you are speaking of your pilot Mr. Binney," Boyar injected, "I can tell you that he is under guard at the airfield. I'll have him here shortly."

The Russian embassy in Warsaw, scene of the poison gas explosion that caused Jader's death and led to war.

He spoke in Russian at some length over the telephone, listening closely to replies which apparently amused him extremely. Hanging up the receiver, he announced:

"It seems, Comrade Gibbons, that your dashing young aviator is handy with his fists, but is now convinced that he cannot prevail against the entire Russian army.

"Our air patrols were waiting for him last night when he tried to fly past the border-control station at Sebosh without the formality of landing. He was forced down and arrested, although not without some physical remon-

Picture by Kenneth Fuller Camp

Like a bolt from the blue came that unexplained explosion of poison gas on New Year's Eve, resulting in the deaths of the Red ambassador to Poland and eight members of his diplomatic family.

strance on his part, which our aviators were able to overcome. He was brought back to Moscow on the night train. I have asked them to bring him here."

"He was not hurt?" Margot asked excitedly.

"Oh, no!" replied Boyar, beaming upon Margot knowingly. "The charming lady is interested. Then the charming lady must be told that her cloud cavalier bears no serious results of the engagement, but the Red Air Service suffered a few casualties, which I feel certain they will endeavor to repay at some future meeting."

"Hope they don't put him in my cell at the Cheka," said Dodge.

Half an hour later, Speed Binney was delivered by two guards. His appearance in the doorway brought shouts and an outburst of laughter from all of us. He was wearing a beautiful black eye.

"Break out the flowing flagons and put a blue ribbon on the fatted calf," Speed announced, tossing his helmet and goggles to Margot, and shaking himself free of his heavy flying coat. "The wandering boy staggers home with a new starboard light."

While Dodge ordered a big breakfast to be served in the room, and Speed disappeared for a bath, I dictated a message to the cable editor, explaining Karakhan's proposal. Boyar O. K.'d it and dispatched it to the radio office by one of our guards. It was a merry breakfast party with the genial, beaming Boyar sitting at the head of the table like a happy father. Speed kept us in gales of laughter with the account of his pursuit, capture, incarceration, and return in handcuffs.

"This's the first time I've ever been pinched in the air," he said. "We had a merry mix-up on the ground when I landed, but the plane is safe and sound. What those Red fliers don't know about the use of fists, they make up in numbers. A good gang, though. Why, that calaboose they caged me in at Sebosh had the swellest service of any jail I've ever been in."

"Can't say the same for my keepers in the Cheka," observed Dodge.

"You mustn't be too finicky about jailers, Whit," said Speed. "You can't high-hat a jailer."

Whit refrained from answering, and addressed himself to his meal while Speed rattled on. I could not help

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Help your digestion *when it's good!*

MILLIONS have found Beeman's Pepsin Gum a pleasant and wholesome precaution against indigestion. Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, its smoothness and fine quality, and the pleasant way it stimulates digestive action after meals. Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is today the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion. Help your digestion when it's good—enjoy a stick of Beeman's after meals!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

PATENTS

FREE BOOK

Contains valuable information relating to patent procedure. Address the nearest office below and a copy will be sent to you without charge or obligation.

Before too heavy an outlay of time or money is made on an invention, a Search of the Patent Office records should be made to determine as nearly as possible whether or not the same idea has been Patented before. The cost of this Search is small, while the value of the facts it uncovers is often considerable. We offer inventors, manufacturers and attorneys a thorough, prompt, confidential Search Service—plus experienced counsel and assistance in every phase of Patent and Trade-mark practice.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN

Registered Patent Attorney

3105 Security Savings and Commercial Bank Building WASHINGTON, D. C. OR Suite 1108 Woolworth Bldg. NEW YORK CITY

[THE RED NAPOLEON Continued from page thirty-five]

but notice these additional differences between the two youngsters. Whit obviously considered Speed a roughneck, and Speed esteemed Whit a "high hat."

We made a merry day of it while I waited for the cable instructions from Chicago, determining my future status in Moscow. Late that night the answer came. It read:

NOVEMBER 16, 1932

URGENT
XM CHICAGO
GIBBONS
CHITRIB
MOSCOW

ACCEPT PAROLE REMAIN WITH KARAKHAN STOP CABLE DAILY FULLYS POSSIBLE HIS PERSONALITY ALSO POLITICAL MILITARY DEVELOPMENTS RUSSIA UNDER NEW REGIME STOP TREMENDOUS WORLD INTEREST

CHITRIB

And so it was I remained in Russia on parole. I gave Karakhan my promise that I would communicate nothing except through his censorship, and in return received his assurance that my movements would not be restricted and that I would be given every opportunity to observe and investigate.

Colonel Boyar, nominally my jailer and censor, became actually my escort and companion.

GREAT was the benefit and many the advantages I was to derive from this relationship, which was to grow into a lasting personal friendship.

More than ever was I now convinced that events of the utmost importance were near at hand. But the wildest fears, or prospects, borne of my news sensitiveness, fell far below the vast and far-reaching realities to which I became an eyewitness. Although I appreciated that my freedom to report full details of these events as they happened was somewhat curtailed by the limitations of my parole, nevertheless there was always in my mind the idea so well carried out by Sir Phillip Gibbs in his after-the-war book, Now It Can Be Told. I felt that if I survived what was about to happen, sometime the censorship would lift and I could then tell the story. It is that story I am writing here.

I managed to get several dispatches through every day, but they principally concerned official announcements of the new dictatorship. Karakhan permitted me to quote him on the first interview he ever sanctioned, but his opinions were guarded and, in their international effect, innocuous. I pieced the story out with a character sketch of the personality of this curious Europeanized Asiatic, who still was a mystery to the rest of the world. For that matter, he was a mystery to me.

My particular interest lay in the direction of the rapid development of Russia's tremendous military strength. Dozens of dispatches I wrote on the subject, only to have Boyar suppress them with a smiling "Not yet."

I found that thousands of new and secondhand automobiles had reached Russia from America in the previous eighteen months. The used cars were being made over on a large scale in temporary machine shops employing hundreds of German mechanics.

We made a merry day of it while I waited.

THOUSANDS of airplane parts had been imported from Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, and some from Japan, and under the direction of German mechanics had been made ready for quick assembly in dozens of army depots throughout European Russia.

Old World War stores of phosgene gas which had disappeared from Germany in the years following the 1918 armistice were now buried in enormous quantities in subterranean chambers in the old Russian fortresses. During 1931 and 1932 enormous quantities of new chemicals had been imported and machinery installed for the manufacture of shells.

While the old Russian army was still equipped with the old-fashioned rifles, taking a clip of six cartridges, new supplies of automatic rifles and one-man machine guns had been secretly stored away and were ready for use.

My dispatches concerning requisitions for thousands of horses from Mongolia and central Siberia fell under the censor's blue pencil. Accounts of the commandeering of grain and foodstuffs for military supplies — requisitions so severe they stripped the granaries of the Volga—were never allowed to reach the outside.

The scarcity of food in Russia amounted to almost an automatic rationing of the civilian population, but every hour in the twenty-four the Moscow broadcasting stations maintained their lectures, attributing these conditions to a combination of capitalistic powers that formed an iron ring around Russia.

Malig's propaganda agents added new fuel to the war scare and kept alive the menace of counter-revolutionary plots and intrigues against the new régime.

On December 1 there was an-

other revolt of the peasants in Bessarabia against the Roumanian government, and once more thousands of them started on their weary march to lay their troubles at the feet of their boy king Michael in Bucharest.

The revolt was neither more extensive nor severe than those which had occurred almost annually since 1928, and the movements of the Roumanian army in the direction of the Dniester were no more serious than in the previous revolts, but the Roumanian mobilization based on Jassy was sufficient excuse for Karakhan to make extensive troop movements westward.

Cavalrymen patrolling the Red Square in Moscow after the assassination of Stalin.

My dispatches indicating these movements were suppressed, but news of the western mobilization reached the outer world through other sources.

Moscow issued official statements, some of which I transmitted, to the effect that no troops had been moved within twenty miles of Russia's western frontier, and that the Soviet Union had taken only defensive measures for its internal security.

Messages from the Chicago Tribune offices in Europe acquainted me with the fear that went across the Continent during these tremendous days in the last month of 1932. France, Italy, and Spain held up the shipment of new reënforcements to their battling armies in North Africa, and all eyes were turned eastward on Moscow.

THEN, like a bolt from the blue, came that unexplained explosion of poison gas on New Year's Eve in the Russian embassy in Warsaw, resulting in the deaths of the Red ambassador, Igor Jader, and eight members of his diplomatic family.

The news of this catastrophe reached Moscow in the early hours of the morning on the first day of the new year, and was immediately broadcast by radio.

The announcers called the explosion "a wholesale assassination."

It was accepted as confirmation of the fears which had been so long officially circulated.

Here was the proof and the basis in fact for the threat of war which the Soviet government had seen on the horizon previously, and which the government had met by appointing Karakhan to the supreme command of Russian defenses.

THE Polish ambassador in Moscow called upon him and made personal and profuse apologies and the deepest expressions of regret for the Warsaw tragedy. Karakhan was cold. He pointed out that this was the second ambassador Russia had lost by the hand of an assassin in Warsaw. Diplomatic procedure in the previous case had availed nothing.

"Poland had withdrawn its protection from Russian representatives in Poland," he said, not with anger or even severity.

Karakhan's decision was sharp and final.

As he pronounced it to the Polish ambassador, the yellow face of the Red dictator wore one of its infrequent smiles.

"The assassins of Warsaw will be tried by Russian military tribunal in Warsaw."

It was war.

How Karakhan invaded Poland and defeated her allies of the Little Entente; how he occupied Vienna and butchered the Austrian cabinet; how Germany went Red and made common cause with him; how Italy under Mussolini gave him battle—all this will be told in next week's installment of Mr. Gibbons' narrative.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why the Excitement?

A small schoolboy, riding on the back platform of the street car, leaned against a little wheel. The conductor growled at the boy for leaning on the wheel, saying it was only to be used in connection with the snow plow.

"Oh, well, don't worry, I'll be off before it snows," said the boy in a slow drawl.—Katherine L. Epps, May Apts., Fourteenth and Taylor Sts., Portland, Ore.

In the Right Place, Too

Byron, aged six, had torn the seat of his trousers, sliding. Having no dark material to match them his mother put in a temporary patch of gray. She handed them to him, bracing herself for the protest she knew would follow. Byron looked at the patch in disgust and said: "That doesn't look like a patch, that looks like a tail-light."—Mrs. V. J. Costello, 4228 45th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

"Be mama's brave little man"

Hiding under the bed never saved Junior. There was no escape from the noxious dose of old-fashioned castor oil. Today all that is changed —now Juniors are given Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil.

Tasteless because it is 100% pure—free from all flavoring, benzyl alcohol, saccharin. Kellogg's is the only refinery-bottled castor oil. This keeps it pure, fresh and wholesome.

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil
THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

PURITY

Never sold in bulk but always in the original bottles. 1 oz. (1 dose), 3 oz. and 7 oz. home-size bottles. Send for trial bottle enclosing 10c in stamps. Use coupon.

Tested and Approved by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health of GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE 1027

Sold by all druggists.

Walter Janvier, Inc.
121 Varick St., N. Y.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me convenient size bottle of
Kellogg's Tasteless Castor Oil

Name.....
St. and No.
or R. F. D.....
City.....State.....

© 1928 Spencer Kellogg & Sons, Inc., New York City L-4-29

When the Air Mail

A Survivor's Memories of the "Flying Fools" Who Blazed the Transcontinental Sky Trail

By

PAUL F. COLLINS

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

LEONHARDT was up 4,000 feet when one of the pins that held his control stick broke and fell out. This was in the wild old days of 1921, long before mail pilots had parachutes, so Lennie knew he must replace that pin immediately, or crash and die. As he groped around the cockpit, unable to find a scrap of metal he could use, his ship plunged earthward, reeling like a bird shot through the brain.

Death seemed certain. Then the miracle happened. A small gold pencil slipped from his vest pocket straight to his outstretched hand. Wedged into his crippled stick, Lennie's pencil was soon crushed flat, but not until it had brought him safely down.

"We ought to have these blamed control pins strengthened," he said, reporting the incident. "I can't afford to waste a good gold pencil every trip."

Needless to say, the defect was promptly corrected. There were no more accidents from that source. But here's the point I want to make clear: Lennie's awesome experience meant nothing to him in terms of thrills or miracles. It showed him how a detail of ship construction should be improved. That was all he saw in it.

Air mail flying owes its present state of development to such pioneers as Leonhardt. In crank ships, badly motored, they flew without safety devices, without emergency fields, without special weather information. The air was a savage wilderness then, compared to what it is now. They tamed it.

Every crash, every hairbreadth escape, every death, added some new lesson to their practical knowledge of ships, motors, and flying wisdom. Even under the grimmest circumstances, they passed their discoveries on.

Take the case of Howard Brown:

Bucking a fifty-mile head wind one day on the old mail route from Cleveland west, Howard had to lean so hard on his stick that his pressure cracked a welding. His ship fell, crashed, and burst into flames. Terribly burned, Howard managed to crawl from the wreck alive.

At the hospital, he forced himself to describe exactly what had occurred before he permitted himself the luxury of unconsciousness.

"Have those weldings fixed," he said. "Some more of the boys will get what I got if you don't."

Then he fainted. That night he died.

The airworthiness of our planes today, the dependability of our motors, the workmanlike but unspectacular airmanship of our pilots, have all been developed by a stiff curriculum of trouble in the hard-boiled college of experience.

From 1920 to 1925 the gray-haired old gent with the scythe certainly stalked us too close for comfort. Of the first forty mail pilots engaged by the United States Post Office Department, thirty-one lost their lives.

In contrast, some of my own early adventures may seem rather laughable as I review them here. They weren't so comic at the time, let me tell you.

Fog and rain forced me down one day near a small town in eastern Ohio. After the weather cleared I needed a Good Samaritan to sit in my cockpit and work the ignition switch while I turned the propeller over to start my motor again.

I wanted a serious, trustworthy man who wouldn't fail me when I said, "Switch off." Fooling around a propeller driven by a big Liberty engine is ticklish business, even with expert help. I didn't want any village cut-up for that job. For the sake of my health, I took a good long look at the assembled rubbernecks before picking my man.

THERE is a settlement of religious enthusiasts, a branch of the Mennonites known as the Amish, out in that part of Ohio. Members of the Amish sect are noted for their pious, solemn behavior. According to their belief, frivolity is the very soul of evil. Like other Mennonites, all gentlemen of the Amish persuasion let their beards grow wild, wear low-crowned derby hats with broad flat brims, and long black coats fastened all the way up the front with hooks and eyes. Their appearance is grave, to say the least.

Spotting one of these Amish brethren in the crowd, I said to myself: "Here's the lad I'm after. He won't try any smart tricks on me." When I explained the proposition to him he agreed with a quiet "Aye."

Give him credit for nerve. He'd never been near an airplane before, let alone sat at the controls, but helping strangers in distress was part of his creed, so up he climbed to the cockpit, hat, whiskers, and all.

"Aye," he replied to my instructions. "Aye, so be it."

I heaved the propeller over a dozen times without getting a stir out of the motor. That was hard work. Sweating and panting, I heaved again.

"Boom!" went the old Liberty.

And, to my horrified surprise, away went the ship. Away she went with my accommodating Amish friend alone in the cockpit!

Unless something was done, and done pronto, he'd soon

Underwood & Underwood photo

The air mail pilots' insignia.

Began

P. & A. photo

Pilot Eugene Johnson preparing, on August 21, 1923, to leave Hazelhurst Field, Garden City, Long Island, in the first scheduled coast-to-coast air mail flight.

be flying through the air with nothing but faith to guide him. Too late, I understood what had happened. In the heat of my tussle with the propeller, I had forgotten to put blocks in front of my wheels or close my throttle. As the ship thundered by, I dodged the whirling blades, ducked under the wing, made one frantic grab for the throttle—and missed. Down the field she roared. I saw the face of my Amish friend staring back at me with a look of injured resignation.

"Pull it toward you, pull it toward you!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

HE heard, but he didn't know I meant the throttle because he didn't know what a throttle was.

To play safe, he began yanking everything in sight. The first thing he reached was my flare release. Out dropped a 50,000-candlepower flare. Ignited by the automatic device, it went off beautifully, trailing a cloud of fire and smoke behind the ship.

For a minute it sure did look as though my quaint assistant might be booked for a solo flight against his will. However, he had the presence of mind to keep on yanking levers until he finally included the throttle and the ship halted. "Thank God you stopped her!" I gasped as I ran up.

Elijah descended meekly from his chariot, straightened his Amish hat, smoothed his Amish beard, and remarked with a tranquil gaze aloft: "The Lord directed me. I could not come to harm."

I shook his hand. "Mister," I said, "if that's the kind of service you get from your religion, you ought to be an air mail pilot right away."

People often ask us how we came to join this flighty profession in the first place. While I don't suppose any two of us did it for exactly the same reasons, I guess most of the boys jumped in because of similar circumstances.

In my own case it was what you might call accidental but urgent. I slid in on a series of mishaps beginning with the well known war and ending with "Bradley's Daylight."

I learned to fly in the army. When I came home from France I wanted to keep on flying. Next I got married. Then I had to have a job *toot sweet*. So I went to work out on Long Island for an experimental man named Bradley.

He was an elderly chemist with young ideas. Having

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Away went the ship, with my Amish friend alone in the cockpit. As she thundered by, I made one frantic grab for the throttle—and missed. "Pull it toward you!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

[WHEN THE AIR MAIL BEGAN
Continued from page thirty-nine]

invented two safety devices for aviators, he was all for putting them on the market. One was a fireproof liquid to save pilots and planes from roasting after a crash. The other was an illumination stunt called "Bradley's Daylight."

The inventor hired me as his tryout man. I had to carry his novelties up in the air and test them. Taking an oil-soaked ship and pilot's suit, both of which had been fireproofed previously with Bradley's patent mixture, I'd fly aloft, set myself ablaze, then go tearing around the sky all lit up like a pinwheel.

The mixture saved pilot and plane all right, but we soon learned there wasn't going to be much demand for it because airplane builders were rapidly eliminating fire hazards in construction. Mr. Bradley then decided to concentrate our efforts on his other brain child.

How we did concentrate! In the end, our fervor scorched the whole scheme to a crisp. It was our final spasm of zeal that landed me in the ranks of the flying postmen.

When he invented his Daylight, Mr. Bradley had a notion that night flying would be much less risky if pilots could be furnished with some kind of a light strong enough to illuminate a wide area around, below, and above their ships. Theoretically he was right, but he proceeded to solve the riddle, as he thought, by installing a powerful magnesium flare directly on the ship itself.

When we tried his original plan we found it wouldn't do at all. Highly combustible magnesium burning at white heat was not the sort of furniture a pilot could be happy with at close quarters. Mr. Bradley then rearranged his apparatus so that I towed the flare on a cable behind the ship. After a couple of trials he said it was ready for market, and announced a grand public demonstration.

The author, Pilot Paul F. Collins, as he looked in the pioneer days of the air mail service.

He advertised it so well that several hundred people came to see the event. Most of them were men actively interested in aviation. They parked their cars close together that night in the tall dry grass at the leeward end of our field. The sky was black and moonless, I remember, with a strong breeze blowing over Long Island from the sea.

At the last moment, my employer sprang a fast one on me. He said he was going to triple the charge of magnesium because of the gala occasion. "I guess this'll make 'em sit up and take notice," he said.

Well, he was the boss. I said, "Go ahead and triple her."

As soon as he had the extra charge attached he gave me my signal with a fine sweeping flourish. "This ought to be very impressive," I heard him remark.

Up I flew. At 500 feet I pulled the igniting lever. Zam! Bradley's Daylight went off like a volcano. "Impressive" was much too mild a word to describe the effect of that tripled magnesium. In an instant the geography for miles around was glowing brighter than Nero-lighted Rome. And from where I sat it felt hotter.

Dragging close behind me, the flare soon became so torrid I was sure it would set my ship on fire or explode

my gas tanks. For the next few minutes Halley's Comet had nothing on me. I climbed, dipped, banked, and spun, thinking perhaps the bonfire tied to my tail might calm itself a little if I treated it rough.

Not a chance. The more crazily I flew, the better it burned. Then I made up my mind I'd had enough. There was only one thing to do. Reaching back, I unfastened the cable. Down fell Baby Vesuvius to the field below, where a promising young prairie fire developed without delay.

From my vantage point I had a bird's-eye view of the commotion. Bells rang, whistles blew, alarms were turned in. All the visiting air magnates honked away as fast as they could step on the gas. Cottagers living near by began throwing their things out of the windows.

Fire brigades from adjacent villages finally succeeded in quenching Bradley's Daylight, but they extinguished my job at the same time. Mr. Bradley gave the whole project up after that. He said he thought night flying would be just as safe in the dark, if not more so.

My wife and I had been married about a year when this Daylight disaster occurred. Our son, Pete, had not joined us yet, but was expected soon. It was certainly no time for a serious young aviator to be out of work, so I tackled a buddy of mine who had eased himself into the air mail service not long before.

He showed me how to apply for a similar position. Much to my joy, the bid I sent in was approved at Washington. Shortly after that I received my appointment.

BEFORE starting, I talked my new job over with Randolph G. Page, who then directed test operations of the air branch of the United States Post Office Department.

"You may find this mail game pretty dull," he told me, "after the stunts you've been getting away with out on Long Island."

"That suits me, Randy," I replied. "I'm not looking for any more excitement. As a husband and a prospective father, I'm through with the thrill business."

"All right, be a mail pilot if you like," said Randy. "Don't blame me, though, if it bores you. Don't say I didn't warn you about the monotony."

"Fine!" I answered, in my innocence. "A little peace and quiet is just what I need."

Later, when I recalled that conversation, I couldn't help suspecting the true intent of Randy's words. My first few flights with the mail under the primitive conditions of 1921 made me detect an element of satire in his warning.

The service was then three years old. It had started on May 10, 1918, when Congress had instructed the Secretary of War to transfer surplus army planes and supplies to the Postmaster General.

Since the best air equipment the army owned at that time wouldn't have captured any prizes, while their surplus was nothing but unfit junk, you can imagine what a swell party our pioneer mail fliers were in for.

We had some wild boys, too, in the game at first. They were recently home from the big excitement in France. Flirting with death had become a habit with them. They were used to stunting, hedge-hopping, and taking all sorts of chances. It was in their blood. That's why they may have been somewhat difficult to manage.

Hard as they were to hold down, a tombstone usually did it in the end. But though the wild ones killed themselves off mighty fast, others quieted down and learned to play by the new rules.

Those who adapted themselves to the requirements of peacetime flying were our real pioneers. When they crashed, it was always for reasons outside their control. They died fighting the worst possible conditions with inadequate equipment. Sad as their casualties were, every one of them hastened the advent of better and safer aviation.

Captain Brooke-Hyde Pearson was among the finest. We called him "Jap." When he crashed and burned in March, 1923, his wreck gave up a tragic document.

The envelope was inscribed: "To be opened after my death." Written eight weeks before, the words within

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We win 85 times out of 100

Men find this new shaving creation so exactly what they seek, that 85% who try it buy it regularly thereafter.

Make this 1-Week's Test—FREE

GENTLEMEN: From a scratch beginning a few years ago, to top place in one of the highly competitive fields that men know, is the record of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It was a hard job. Most of its users had to be won away from the habits of years in using rival preparations.

That is why we send 7-day tubes for free trial. 85% of those who try this creation, keep on using it. We believe you, no matter how firmly you hold to another preparation, will, after a trial, adopt it.

Will you not, in fairness to us both, accept a tube to try? 60 years of soap study stand behind its creation. 129 formulas were developed and discarded in perfecting it. It is different in five major ways from any other preparation you have ever used.

These 5 advantages

1: Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2: Softens the beard in one minute.
3: Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4: Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5: Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send the coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better way. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

4282

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-2022, Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

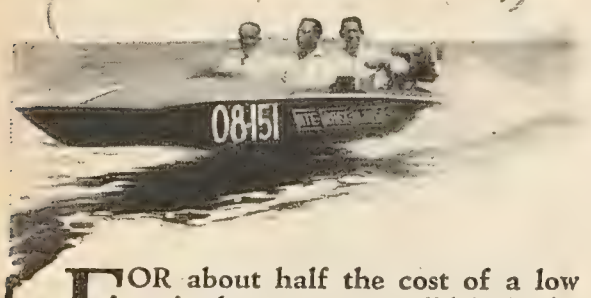
.....

.....

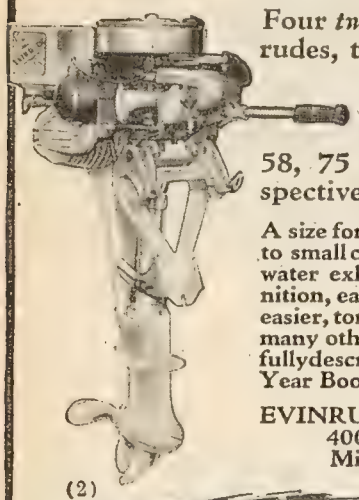
.....

(Please print your name and address)

"Drive" the Waters this Year



FOR about half the cost of a low priced car you can "drive" the waters this year. It's more fun than flying, with a powerful, quiet-running Evinrude at the stern of a sleek, trim runabout! Room for the whole family. Away from crowds, traffic.



Four *twin-cylinder* Evinrudes, to choose from—2½, 6, 14, 20 H. P., with light weights of 44, 58, 75 and 95 lbs., respectively.

A size for any craft from canoe to small cruiser. Silent underwater exhaust, waterproof ignition, easy starting made still easier, torpedo-streamline and many other new 1929 features fullydescribed in newEvinrude Year Book. Send for it today.

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
4003 27th Street
Milwaukee, Wis.

(2)

EVINRUDE 3 to 45 M.P.H.

Universal Picture Star O. K's.
"Hair Groom"

"Whether in chaps or full dress," says the dashing Hoot Gibson, "a neat head of hair helps a man 'go over' better. I keep my locks in place with a little 'Hair Groom' each morning."

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. L-420
578 Madison Ave., New York City **FREE**

Mail me free sample **Liquid Hair Groom.**

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[WHEN THE AIR MAIL BEGAN] Continued from page forty-one

were bright with courage, dark with premonition. Jap wrote only twelve short lines, yet he left an epic message. He sounded a pioneer's "hail and farewell" to all who might share his perils and his aspirations later on.

His original letter is preserved in the files of the Post Office Department at Washington. It says:

January 10, 1923.

To My Brother Pilots:

I go west, but with a cheerful heart. I hope what small sacrifice I make may be of use to the game.

When we fly they say we are damn fools. When we're dead we're not half bad fellows.

Everybody in this wonderful aviation game is doing the world more good than the public can appreciate. We risk our necks, give our lives, to perfect an Air Service so that the world at large may benefit in years to come. They, mind you, are the very ones who call us fools.

Stick to it boys, I'm still very much with you.

See you all again—

JAP PEARSON.

SINCE Jap "went west," the public attitude he mentioned has disappeared.

No one calls fliers fools any more. Today commercial flying enjoys the world's enthusiastic sanction and respect.

Now, world, get this straight:

Credit your new air faith to all the pioneers like Jap, who blazed our long sky trails across the nation with such unsparing sacrifice and cheerful heart!

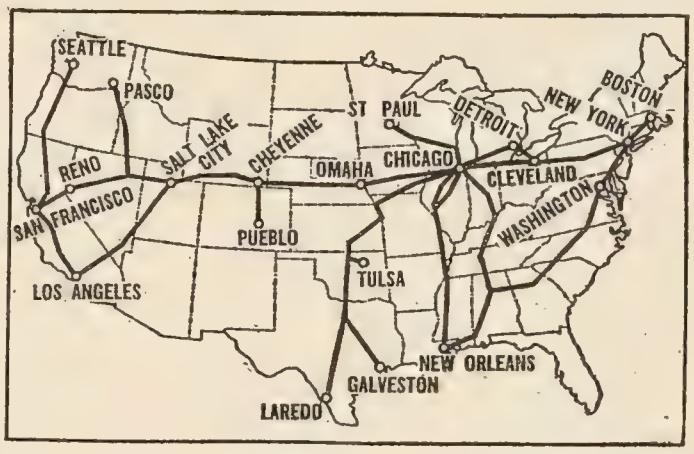
They faced the hardships, learned the lessons, and bore the criticism when progress seemed too slow. Theirs was the distant vision. To them the future revealed its promise of benefits in years to come. They saw, and they believed.

Captain Pearson died attempting a blind turn to avoid the mountains in Pennsylvania. Trapped aloft in a fierce snowstorm, the blind turn was his only hope. He had no instruments to lead him when visibility failed, no parachute to save him when his ship went down.

Like Jap Pearson, many another early mail pilot fell to his doom through fog or snow before science began to curb the Grim Reaper's harvest of men and ships.

From the beginning, the growth of this service was gradual and natural. As an infant enterprise, the air mail felt its way with care, howling lustily for the milk of Congressional appropriations. In 1918 it consumed $100,000. It spent the same amount in 1919. Thereafter its demands increased, until they reached $2,750,000 in 1925.

The original New York-Washington route, inaugurated in 1918, did not last long. Time lost between post offices and remote landing fields more than offset the time gained in the air. Though it had to be abandoned, the experiment nevertheless furnished a nucleus of experience from which grew our present transcontinental route with its nation-wide system of contract lines.



Our system of air mail routes today. To its development three in four of the pioneer mail pilots gave their lives.

TILL night flying began during the administration of Postmaster General Harry S. New, the air mail could not be called a bona fide postal service, because there was no attempt to make through deliveries. We then functioned merely as a means of speeding the mail over certain parts of the regular railroad routes. Between New York and San Francisco, for instance, we carried the mail in the daytime only, sending it on by train at night. By doing so we cut down the railroad schedule for transcontinental delivery from eighty-seven hours to fifty or sixty hours. Our night-and-day air service now delivers mail from coast to coast in thirty hours.

Two men primarily responsible for the swift advancement of government air mail organization were Paul Henderson, then Second Assistant Postmaster General, and Carl F. Egge, General Air Mail Superintendent.

They too were pioneers.

Realizing the importance of night flying, they pushed it forward with great energy and intelligence. Before night flying could be safely commenced, land lighthouses had to be installed over a thousand miles of territory between Chicago and Cheyenne. From 1920 to 1923 the Henderson-Egge team drove that program hard.

At last the stirring events of August, 1923, crowned their labor with success. Then, for the first time in history, airplanes flying in relays roared through daylight and darkness, carrying the United States mail on schedule time in both directions between Manhattan and the Golden Gate.

Since 1923 our transcontinental air mail service has gone on, day and night, without interruption.

In 1924 a government appropriation of $1,500,000 became available

for the further development of transcontinental mail flying. In July of that year the record coast-to-coast flight was completed in twenty-six hours and fourteen minutes, with fifteen intermediate stops.

Our next big step came a year later when the Chicago-New York overnight route opened up. This route crosses the Allegheny Mountains, probably the most treacherous and dangerous flying region in the civilized world. The Chicago-New York overnight has operated with marvelous success, considering its difficulties.

Back in the troublesome days of 1921-22, our direst problem was the creation of a ship specially suited for mail flying purposes. The ancient wrecks we received from the War Department slammed themselves rapidly out of existence.

To replace them, a stock commercial model was first selected as the best available type. A number of these were purchased. Our nickname for them describes their winning ways. We called them "flaming coffins."

They were soon so unpopular that the boys tried to get rid of them by all sorts of wise gags. They pulled one on me once.

After my first mail flight from Chicago to Minneapolis in March, 1921, I found a strange plane standing on the line when I arrived at the field the next morning. I thought the greeting the Minneapolis outfit gave me sounded almost too nice to be natural.

"Here's a great ship, Collins," they said, leading me over to the stranger. "How'd you like to take her up for a little spin?"

The stranger was a "flaming coffin."

"I don't want to trouble you," I said. "Thanks just the same."

They protested heartily. "No trouble at all," they urged. "If you've never flown one of these babies, you really owe yourself the experience."

They knew I was green. They finally talked me into it. I took the "coffin" up, rode her around a while, then brought her down again.

"Much obliged," I said. "She is a nice little ship."

TO my amazement, the Minneapolis gang turned around and walked away in complete disgust. Some years later, one of them let me in on the real reason for their big-hearted cordiality toward me at first.

"We'd been trying to lose that 'coffin' for months," he said, "but the government wouldn't let us scrap her. Then you came along. You looked innocent, so we wished her on you in hopes you'd crash her for us. Of course, we didn't want you to hurt yourself doing it, but—well, when you brought her back without a scratch we weren't interested in you any more."

The structural faults of any airplane appear in a crack-up. During those early years we had crack-ups enough to give us plenty of hope. Just as automobile races teach car manufacturers how to modify their designs, so flying defective ships through all sorts of weather, with nothing but small unconditioned fields to land on, taught our bunch a lot of lessons about the rights and wrongs of airplane construction.

The ship we were looking for had to be fast, but she had to be dependable. In the end, every mail pilot was requested to send in a written summary of his own views and observations about mail ships and motors. From our consolidated lore, a special De Havilland mail ship was designed by J. E. Whitbeck, who superintended the eastern division of the service at that time.

We sent in all sorts of suggestions. We asked for heavier struts, stronger landing gear, and we picked innumerable "bugs" out of the Liberty motor.

The result was good. Whitbeck's ship was a wonder, for those days. Pilot Leonhardt—he of the gold-pencil miracle—flew one of Whitbeck's De Havillands 40,000 miles without a forced landing.

That record really marked the end of our pioneer epoch, though today the common performance stands somewhere around 150,000.

But we'd never have been where we are if it hadn't been for the old-timers. Their experience built our ships, charted our routes, and taught us how to fly.

THE END

Like buying a new car . . .

Better tobacco

increases your sense of well-being

Better tobacco! The spirit of today is everywhere expressed in better living. The increased sense of well-being that comes with better living has led more and more thousands of men to give themselves the real comfort and genuine pleasure that Old Briar tobacco gives pipe-smokers. Men who know real quality are quick to appreciate Old Briar tobacco.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar tobacco.

If you are not already enjoying Old Briar tobacco, visit your dealer today. Like getting behind the wheel of a new car for the first time, you won't know what you've been missing until you actually smoke Old Briar. Better tobacco dealers everywhere can supply you with the convenient Old Briar package . . . two pouches, individually sealed but wrapped together.

Old Briar
TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke Ever Made"

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

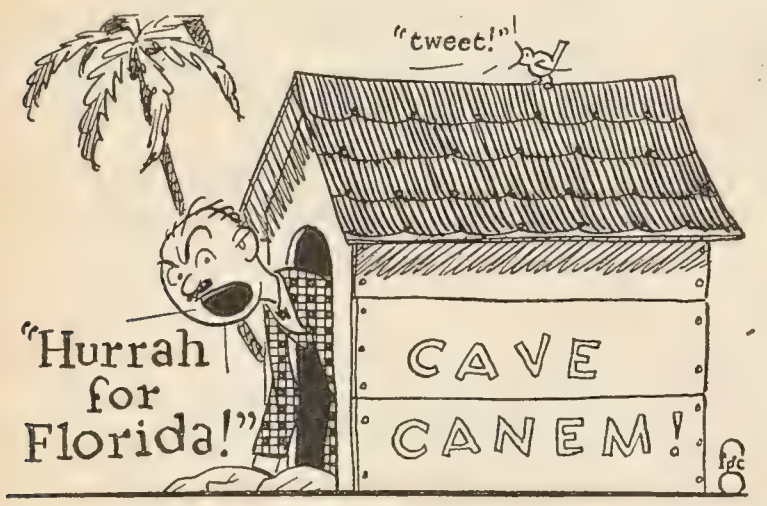
Vox

Thoughts, Impassioned and Otherwise, on Florida—

PALM BEACH, FLA.—What's M. R. Werner, who's been debunking Bryan, got against Florida? Does he feel called upon to try to debunk Florida, too?

In a recent issue of LIBERTY Werner told how the Great Commoner invested in Florida real estate, and then went on to describe the convention of 1924 in New York City. And right at the beginning of the description, this sentence jumped up and bit me:

" His speeches in that convention, and the action of the spectators toward him, were an unpleasant spectacle, and he added to it the touch of toothless obscenity by his constant injection



into his efforts of the word Florida."

By the Sacred Left Hind Leg of the Great Horned Toad, what's obscene about Florida? I'd rather live in a dog house in the life-giving sunshine of America's God-given Land of Flowers than in a pompous mansion in any other state of this, our Union.—*L. Clarke.*

—a Biographer—

PASSAIC, N. J.—Nature slipped a cog when it created that pseudobiographer, Werner, and you slipped several when you permitted the contemptible blatherskite to slander one of America's greatest dead.

Any narrow-minded, prejudice-soaked dunderpate that will try to besmirch such a man as W. J. Bryan with vile venom should be in hell with a Massachusetts senator, now there, who'd rather have seen America wrecked than saved by a Democrat.—*Clyde O'Day.*

—and Mr. Bryan

FOSTORIA, OHIO—Werner, in his Bryan series, set forth with fairness, fidelity, and fascination, from documentary evidence, the real William J. Bryan as he stands in history. Of course, the cold words of history make a different impression on his many admirers from the hypnotism of his own words, uttered when living.

I knew Bryan. He was sincere but unscientific. An advocate of causes after time had proved their probable popularity. A past master of rhetoric with a rare sway over emotional minds. A career devoted to a vain endeavor to fit an idealistic square peg into a practical political round hole.

His election as President would have been as perilous to the nation as his leadership of the Democratic party was fatal to its success.—*Roscoe Carle.*

A New Slant on the Talkies

WASHINGTON, D. C.—After " The Doctor's Secret " had been three-starred and lauded by Mr. Smith, and you were roused from your editorial calm to tell about it, it looked very promising to us for an evening of enjoyment. We are all entitled to a difference of opinion. But my differing with you on " The Doctor's Secret " would not be worth " a whoop in Cincinnati " if my reactions did not reflect the sentiments of ten thousand unusual people. We are unusual by reason of being totally deaf. Our reactions should be of interest to moving-picture magnates.

They may argue that our affliction renders us natural victims to such a disappointment. But we argue that there is no need for us to feel the deficiency, if the picture has been built up properly. We are schooled every moment of our lives to grasp the meaning of things from their visual indications.

Said we: " ' The Doctor's Secret ' will be good. We will strive to build up the plot from the sequence of action." But everybody just stood there and grimaced —now and then lighting a cigarette or lifting a phone. " We will strive," said we, " to read the lips." But they talked as though trying to keep peas from rolling out of their mouths. " Or anyhow," we concluded, " we shall get the thrill of their personalities " — when, lo and behold, our favorite actress, cast as Lady So-and-So, enunciated like our favorite waitress at Childs. Precisely the same lip movements, in speaking.

If our stars can't talk, for pity's sake let them go back to acting, and let the titles get the idea across. —*Bert L. Force.*

Them's Harsh Words, Verne

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have just returned from the show, " The Doctor's Secret," which your editorial prompted me to attend.

The voices sounded as if spoken into a cistern. The measured tread of the lines, with no allegro or crescendo to relieve the monotony, stifled the dramatic power of some very emotional situations. The photography and scene shifting were very excellent; one was barely conscious of them.

Why can't the motion-picture directors be less theoretical in their ideas about sound-movie production? Why frame every syllable? The most tedious public speakers are the ones who roll out an endless succession of perfectly modulated syllables. Perfect enunciation is so unusual that, especially when amplified greatly, it sounds most unnatural.

Finally, why do the engineers insist on trying to reproduce voice on the same reproducers as they reproduce orchestras? The amplifier that is adapted to faithfully reproduce the kettledrum makes a woman's voice sound like it came from a mouth a foot wide, and the bass component of a man's voice is boosted till it sounds the way the wooden horse of Troy might sound.

To reproduce voice naturally requires a speaker with a very high frequency response. The lower frequencies are then sufficiently reproduced by the beat note resulting from the higher harmonics of the lower frequencies.

Get rid of the *boom boom* in the reproducer; talk naturally and freely in a cadence suited to the emotion in the lines. Slay a syllable now and then in the interest of freedom and response. If overaccents are necessary to sound-movies, then they can button up their overcoat right now, and bow out.—*Verne V. Gunsolley.*

We Didn't Say Soft-Headed

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Say, Mr. Editor, are you kidding us? I thought so when I read your editorial, " Seein' Things at Night."

After starting off by saying you are very soft-hearted, you prove (?) it by

telling us that it might be a bad thing to cure sleeping sickness in Africa, and might be a good thing to let war, pestilence, and famine act as a check to population.

I'll bet you're so hard-hearted and hard-headed that, if I ever sneaked up behind you and cracked you over the head with a hammer—well, there'd just be a broken hammer-handle, that's all. —*Bill Foster.*

Pop

Well, It's Something to Argue About, Anyway

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I wish to compliment you on your editorial called "Seein' Things at Night." It cheered me up.

The editor was all right as far as he went, but he didn't go quite far enough.

Certainly the benevolent germ of sleeping sickness should be left unmolested, to carry out its torturous extermination of human beings. But why wasn't the editor consistent? Why didn't he advocate also the breeding, nourishment, and protection of the germs of typhoid fever, influenza, smallpox, and other useful diseases which serve the noble purpose of "regulating population"?—*Highbrow.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Allow me to stress a point which you overlooked in "Seein' Things at Night." We must face life with sanity and mercy. We can only, therefore, cure overpopulation by birth control, and *not* by war, pestilence, and famine.

France, a land of famous "microbe hunters" and "hunger fighters," had, even before the World War came to decimate it, a population virtually stationary. And France believes in birth control.

So long as China and the other crowded lands fail to apply this check to population, just so long will war, pestilence, and famine be tragically inevitable. To date, unfortunately, the traditions and religions of those lands are dead against this practice. But, if relief ever comes, it must come in this way.—*Student of Economics.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Facing facts—that's LIBERTY'S specialty. And a good example of fact facing was your editorial, "Seein' Things at Night."

Nature has her own way of checking excess population by war, disease, and starvation. Too much zeal to abolish these might lead to so many surplus millions that we'd have worse wars, more disease, and more general starvation.—*L. Hamilton.*

From a Lover of Man

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—I do not blame the fellows who wrote to Vox Pop complaining because science believes that men sprang from monkeys. If those fellows were thinking straight, undoubtedly they were getting in a word in behalf of monkeys.

Personally, if I were a monkey, I would certainly feel insulted if someone passed a dirty crack that I was related to human beings. I'd feel terribly lowered.

To my knowledge, I never heard of monkeys killing each other for money, selling dope to kill one another, or doing the unspeakable things men do. Please, sir, may I mention that I never knew of a monkey who went out on a wild party and broke nine of the Ten Commandments, because he was only young once and he wanted a kick out of life.—*W. H.*

Don't Count on Us

FORT LYON, COLO.—About this monkey business that N. Boyden and the Rev. H. H. Duck Vox Popped off about. The farther away from monkeys we grow the more tolerant we will be of them. Now, these people of Arkansas and — oh, well, we'll be tolerant of them too.

As far as that goes, Darwin himself had some inconsistencies. He stated that the trait of the man who can wiggle his ears like a donkey is only an atrophied effort indicative of the time when man cocked his ears to catch the sound of approaching enemies. Now, the jackass has the world beat for this particular accomplishment of waving the ears, and as many a man shows himself to be a jackass in more ways than that, why not call this animal our forefather?

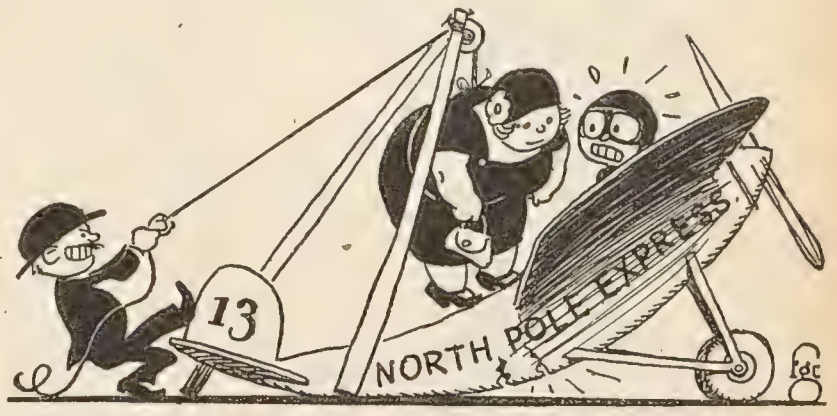
Dreams of falling are traces left over from our arboreal existence, so states Darwin. Still, we dream we crawl, swim, and fly, and there are any number of animals, birds, and fish we might claim for grandpapas if that were any indication. Usually people blame it on to the events of the night before.

Then Darwin shows that our bony framework bears the ruins of an erst-

while prehensile caudal appendage, commonly known as a tail when attached to a dog. If we ever had one, I say it is a shame to have lost it. What a help it would be when we board the crowded surface car or subway of today, our arms full of the wife's bundles, to entwine it about the strap or the seat grip and absorb the sudden shocks of starting and stopping. Who will be the first to join the Commuters' Society for the Restoration of the Tail?—*W. W. Elliott.*

One-Way Rates?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Every piece I read in yr LIBERTY I get a idea from. Just got a new one from that one you called "The Flying Postman." Tell Paul F. Collins, the man that wrote it, to tell those male pilots I got a job for 'em.



I got a wife I want to send by parcel post to the north pole. She ways 189 lbs so I guess it will set me back right smart, but it will be wurth it.

Tell those male pilots to send me there best rates on the n. pole.—*J. S.*

There's a Moral Here Somewhere

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—I danced from ages 16 to 20 in three dance halls in New York City. I was crazy to dance, so my papa let me go on as hostess after he looked into the rules and regulations of these places. I'm older now, and I can see he was afraid I'd run away, and I did plan to try to get in a chorus until he said I could start dancing in a dance hall.

Viña Delmar, in "Dance Hall," has her couples talking a lot while dancing, and walking between dances together and standing on the balcony. All of this is against the rules in real places. The girl may smile, listen, say yes and no while dancing, but between dances all the hostesses gather behind the rope where they may be seen but not heard.

If any personal conversation between partners develops at any time the girl gets called down. Otherwise a place takes on the appearance of something else, and gets raided.

My papa never would of let me start if the management hadn't a been so strict.

I gave a partner papa's address one time and I got called down. I married this partner four years ago and we're still married.—*Sarah Vittoria McCarthy.*

MOLLÉ
Shaves the Beard
NOT THE SKIN

Why do you steam your face and apply lotions and powder after shaving? Because lather-shaving means FRICTION-shaving and your razor has made tiny cuts all over your skin, and the alkali in the lather irritates them.

But when you shave with MOLLÉ, *you shave only the beard.* The razor glides through the stubble like nothing at all, because it's LUBRICATED. And the healing ingredients of this wonderful shaving and facial cream soothe and protect the complexion from wind and weather, sunburn and chap.

A Whale of a Tube
Your druggist has it 50c

1—Wash face, apply MOLLÉ with finger tips. No brush or lather needed

2—Shave faster than ever before — without danger of cutting the skin

3—Dry face with towel. That's all—no steaming, lotions or powder needed

MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)

for shaving tough beards and tender skins without brush or lather

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

Mail 10c coin or stamps for 7-day trial tube

The Ace of Hearts

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

BODO HAUPTMANN RITTER VON FELSENHEIM, a visitor to the U. S. A. via Ellis Island, had a history as long as his name. But Lil's town had never heard of him until he appeared at Mrs. Avery Smith's party. Nobody connected him with the bemedaled aviator who'd pointed out the Statue of Liberty to the Crown Prince of Sweden, or the Prince Albert who'd sent calla lilies C.O.D. to the Queen of Belgium!

"You carry your wealth so gracefully," Bodo flattered Lil and Sandy as they lounged in Mrs. Smith's salon. "So unlike most Americans. Your tourists frighten the old families on the Continent. When we see them approach we—we beat it!"

This week's cover picture

Bodo had beat it from Europe, but not on account of roving Main Streeters. Numerous war heroes made Paris and other capitals poor picnic grounds for a war bird faker. Free meals were far between. So he flew to America, in the steerage, hoping to earn a parasitic living among the *nouveaux riches.*

"I flew with a man named Jenkins last summer," he was saying. "We were exploring Afghanistan. He knew the lay of the land from two thousand feet as intimately as the buttons on his coat. He was one of my old pilots in 1916. One of your relatives?"

"My folks were all born upstate," Sandy replied. "They're agriculturists who don't get around much."

"Agriculturists?" Bodo asked blandly, readjusting his monocle. "Ah, who can better appreciate the wealth under the soil and the rock strata than you? Except, perchance, Mme. Jenkins?" How Lil blushed!

"Wealth under the ground?" she smiled. "Gems?"

Bodo turned his haughty head north, east, south, and west before answering. Then he tapped his lips.

"I refer not to gems, diamonds, pearls, emeralds, sapphires, and the lovely lapis lazuli. I refer to my private platinum mine hidden in the faraway Ghorbana Valley near the Khura Kabul Pass in Afghanistan!"

This singsong speech made Lil and Sandy sway in rhythm. A platinum mine in Afghanistan?

"Oh!" Lil gasped. "You must dine at our home very soon and tell us about your mine in the Banana Valley."

"Ghorbana," Bodo corrected her, "not the herbaceous fruit. You must fly with me over that locale. All stockholders in my platinum mines visit Afghanistan."

"Mines?" Sandy was getting interested. "More than one? How much apiece, Dodo? I might buy one. D'you know the king?"

"The king's cousin Umar and I were classmates at old Heidelberg," Bodo told him. "The beautiful queen is an intimate friend, too."

"Haven't I seen her photo advertising soap?" Lil giggled. "Dear, do get my wrap. You have the check."

During the ten minutes it took Sandy to return with the $250 cloak, Felsenheim painted breathless word pictures of duels in Dresden, a love affair with Princess Gerolshausen-Schlachtbach of Luxemburg, wild air raids over Russia, and one battle of the skies in which he shot off the wings of thirty enemy Spads at 9,000 feet above Villers-Bretonneux.

"You are America's loveliest rose," he murmured when Sandy returned. "*Gute nacht, mein schatz.*"

Romantically this German ace kissed Lil's hand. At any rate, he was the ace of hearts!

(Next week's cover adventure: Cannibals)

A guy began makin a speech about wat a great egg Doyle was.

Love Letters *of an* Interior Decorator

Whoopee in Old Algiers

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

On bord S.S. France, Algiers.

DEAR MARG:

Well, here I am writing you again half-boiled. It seems every time I write Im that way.

We certainly had a rough trip comin from Jibralter. Gosh, the men and wimin at the bar were havin a pip of a time holdin down their drinks. Every time the ship would roll over on its side the bottles of Scotch, rye, brandy and everything else would come slidin along the bar and youd help yourself as they passed. The bartender couldnt tell who was buyin.

This Algiers is *some* city. Along the docks as far as you can see is wine barrells about six feet in dieameter. One barrell is as big as a N. Y. apartment. My gosh, thats all they do here is make wine. Nobody uses water except to sail boats in. I'll bet the plumbin business must be a swell rackit in a place like this.

This morning when we docked the tour people put us in some swankey cars and drove us through the city.

My Gawd what costumes on the people. The joint looks as though a maskerade party had busted loose. Youll see a guy comin down the street with a pair of bright red pants on that you could throw a stenographers desk in with the greatest of ease. Yep, and her too. His jacket is bright blue and has more braid on it than a door opener in front of a movie opre house. It would have made Pershings uniform look as though he was captain of a fairy boat. On the guys feet he had on a pair of spats—nothing else. I suppose it keeps his corns from poppin in the sun.

Another guy will have on khaki pants—a red and yellow striped sweater, wooden shoes, a pair of Paris garters, a womans scull piece, and enough braclets on his rist to hang a theater curtain. Another thing, all the Moslem wimin go round the town dressed up in table clothes. Everythings covered up but their eyes. The only guy what sees em is the husband or the head man what runs the hairum.

Some of the naughty french gals got a great rackit. They dress up like the Arab frails. They stick a bed sheet over their heads and grab the sailors when they come off the ship. The poor saps think their gettin a swell number outer the Sultans parlor to buy him a nut sunday. What a laugh! I ask you.

IN the afternoon they drove us about ninty miles through different parts of Algiers and up the Atlas mountains where it was covered with snow. They took us to a shattoe for lunch called Russieu des Singers—thats french for Restaurant of the Monkeys. The place is fuller monkeys what look like your old man and from the taste of the steak I drew I think it was one of the monkeys stewed. But the wine and cocktails—wow baby. Theyd make a preacher lay down his bible.

Then we went through the famous Souks. These are stores Marg, like bazaars. What places!! What stuff they make and sell. Oriental jewelry, beaten gold, beaten silver, beaten brac-a-brick. Beautiful things that would make the rubber band bounce off a Scotchmans bank roll. No kiddin.

Each family lives in one room about five feet square

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CANADIAN NATIONAL—
TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Do you love Lakes and Woods...*Then come to...*

THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO
Canada

Come to the land of broad-bosomed, blue lakes, silvery streams and cool, perfumed forests for a glorious vacation of golf, tennis, hiking, fishing, swimming, motor boating, canoeing, dancing — or complete relaxation and the restful peace of quiet places.

Enjoy the luxury of a fine resort at Muskoka or Kawartha Lakes, Lake of Bays, the 30,000 islands of Georgian Bay, the green shores of Lake Huron. For finest fishing—big fellows hungry for the fly—Algonquin Park, Timagami, Nipigon Forest Reserves.

For booklets and information consult the nearest Canadian National office.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
The Largest Railway System in America

OFFICES

CHICAGO 108 W. Adams St.
MINNEAPOLIS 518 Second Ave. So.
DETROIT Statler Hotel Bldg. 1523 Washington Blvd.
NEW YORK 505 Fifth Ave.
ST. LOUIS 314 No. Broadway
LOS ANGELES 607 So. Grand Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO 689 Market St.

Operating Railways • Steamships • Hotels
Telegraph and Express Service • Radio Stations

Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better than calomel. Safe. Non-habit-forming. They cleanse the system without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Known by their olive color. They'll give you glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

with about 40 kids. They work there, live there and eat there. Those that aint eatin have their feet in it and visa versa. The narrow streets smell like a Rockford cheese that has been sadly neglected.

Theres a great pair in the steamer chair next to me Marg. Theyre a riot. Wait till I slip you the dirt.

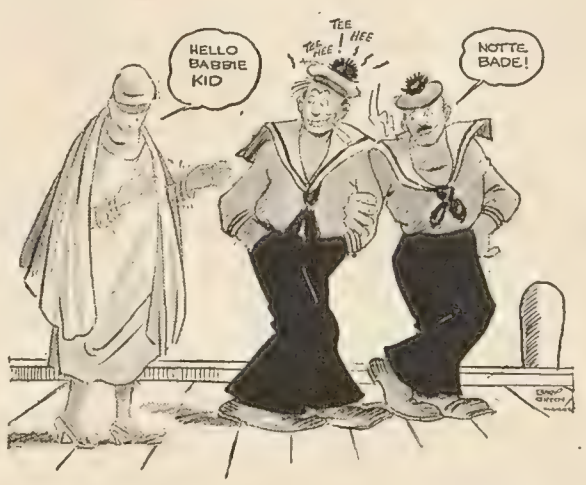
It seems the woman was married to a turkey by the name of Doyle. Well Doyle had been ailin for the past six months and finally went for the wake department. They tell me he was a fillin station when it came to drinkin. He could stand up to the bar for six days and carry em all out. He used to use amonia for chasers, and would cut his corns with a blow torch.

Well anyway, he got a bad case of pendiseatis and when the medical pulled out his pendix he found a coupla pint flasks hiddin in it. Can you trump that? Well, Mrs. Doyle couldnt wait till he died because she was stuck on a guy by the name of OToole. Thats the guy shes with on the ship.

She even took this trip before poor Doyle cooled off, imagine it.

When Doyle was layin in his dress pants at the wake a guy came in an began makin a speech about what a great egg Doyle was. He was youlagizin and had the whole works cryin. Even the widow was over in the corner turnin on the water works with an onion in her handkerchief. The guy says: oh he was such a wonderful man. There wasnt a bad hair in poor Doyles head. He worked and saved and saved an worked like a livin slave, layin brick for the mere sum of 26 dollars a day. I can remember when poor Paddie took this little girl (pointin to the wife) outer the gutter and made her his wife. Think of it. Oh I tell you folks we all loved Paddie Doyle he was a great an noble fine guy.

Just then the widow grabbed one of the kids an said—*Jimmie, go over and see if thats yer old man in the casket!!*



Some of the naughty french gals dress up like Arab frails and grab the sailors.

AS soon as the wake broke up the undertaker came in and him and the widow got wranglin over the funeral. She wanted somethin swell and cheap, so the undertaker says.

Well, for $42.50 I can give you a good casket, two carriages and a *slow walk* twice around the block. Or for $52.75 I can give you three carriages, twice by the house, and once passed the church *on a trot.* An the widow hollers out—Listen hear you! Theres goin to be *NO SLOW WALKIN OR TROTIN!! WHAT I WANT IS A GALLOP!! LETS GET RID OF HIM QUICK.*

Oh, she's got a heart like a steerin knuckle, no kiddin. Shes a false hem. She told the neighbors that she had to go back to the old country to see her poor old mother and forget, and hear she is on this boat hoistin shampaine cocktails and raisin hell with a crackpot she just led to the halter. What a woman!

An you should see who shes married to. Hes a plus four in short pants. She says hes got a seat on the stock exchange. Between me and you Marg he aint even got a seat on the curb if you ask me. The way that egg drinks he musta come from Souse Carolina, yea and he drinks by himself too. Hes so big hearted he wouldnt even give his shirt to a washwoman. No foolin, hed eat the cheese out of a mouse trap.

Theyre both well mated. She kids him and he kids her back. When he starts payin her a compliment she lays away out in right field.

YOU see all kinds of funny people on these boats Marg. I suppose I look like a panic to most of em so I don't mind givin you the works about the others.

There are two other guys on the boat Marg that have a great rackit too. One is a eye Doc and the other is a glass cutter. Its team work. The doc gets a patient in the chair and sticks her up against a gadget what looks like an ice machine. Then he begins twistin a bunch of valves and begins lookin in the janes eyes. If she aint hard to look at the other patients keep waitin.

Every time the Doc twists the gadget the letters get smaller. If she can see good, he takes the letter E, thats about as big around as the head of a pin and runs it down to the end of a bowlin alley. Then he says—What letter is this?—My God, even a vulture couldnt see it. Then he says—Madam you *certainly need glasses.* Your left optic has gone Democratic and your right eye hasnt got a picture left in it.

Right away the doc makes out a priscription to the glass cutter. The glass cutter grinds up a bottle stopper and sticks it in a pair of sellerloid specks and grinds the lenses so thick that the frail cant read the *size* of the *numbers on the bill.* What a rackit!

Bon swat.

Your pal, MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Next letter from Tunis or Italy—glue your eye on it!!

This Tunis or Italy heartache is due in two weeks.

"Would you sell your soul for what you want?" demanded Victoria, and for once there was a touch of Emer's fire in her tone.

Carry Me Out *to* Sea

A Story of the Strange Ways of Love

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

MARRIAGE, and Fate, were bending Emer to their will — Emer, whose heart was out at sea.

She had been named after a princess of Ireland, and the wildness of Ireland was in her blood. Any wedding would have come hard to Emer; this wedding that was to be tomorrow came harder, perhaps, than another might have done—if indeed there had been another lover for Emer. But, for Emer, choice was small.

She had beauty; that, however, availed her little in Dublin where beauty blows about on every wind. She had the black-blue hair that a princess of Ireland should have, cut short and square like the "glibbe" of her forefathers. Beneath that hair, above the windflower whiteness of her cheeks, blue eyes were to be looked for. With a shock of surprise, one saw that they were green—green as emeralds. The mother of Emer, a futile little Englishwoman long since dead, had chosen the name of Emer for this daughter because it reminded her of emeralds. Emer's father, who knew

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CARRY ME OUT TO SEA
Continued from page forty-nine]

much of ancient Ireland—too much for his happiness—told her that it was merely the name of Cuchullainn's Queen, and had nothing to do with jewels.

"Very well," said the small woman obstinately, "she shall be Emer, and the other shall be Victoria, and that will be fair." For Emer was a twin.

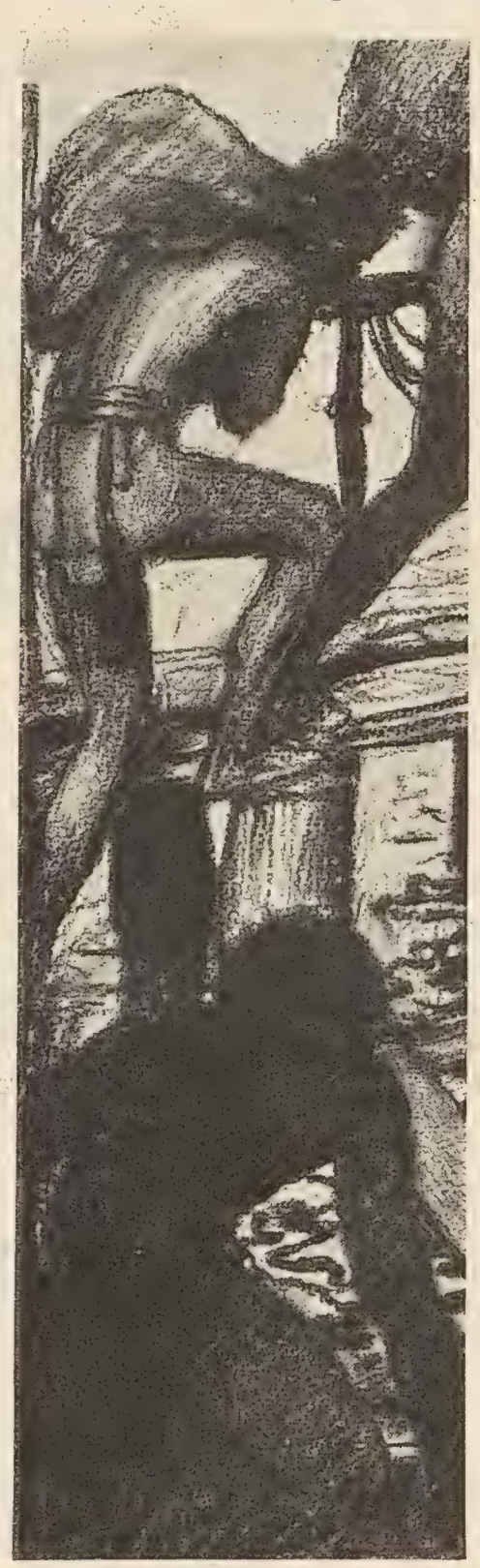
Emer and Victoria, the twins, faced each other tonight, grown women, in the shadows of the evening that came late to Emer's little bedroom high above the Dublin roofs; the evening that was the last before the wedding day. Emer had only one suitor, so it seemed, and Victoria none. The girls had fallen on the curse of Irish life—divided social status. Tastes, habits, inborn qualities, were of one class; opportunities and connections of another. Two graves in Glasnevin explained it for anyone who cared to listen. But almost nobody did care. The pretty twins were salesgirls in a shop, and that was all.

It was the Englishman who had brought deliverance to Emer; the shrewd Englishman who had shopped, and somehow managed to recognize the quality of Emer among all the mixed goods of Smith and Gorman's. Promptly he had shopped her; so promptly that he had hardly had time to learn her name—one of the oldest in Ireland—and find out how fully his instincts had justified him, before his ring was on her finger, and his present fortune and future title at her disposal. Emer, in time, was to be a Countess—and "to hell with their cackle" as the Englishman had said of his family.

He was not an habitual swearer, this coming Earl. He only swore when deeply moved by feeling or by drink. And he drank very seldom. The redness of his face was due almost entirely to outdoor sport. He was on the whole kindly and, on the whole, not old.

He felt that he was not marrying unwisely at any rate. With that English shrewdness of his he knew, too, that Emer was fluttering like a caught butterfly in his hand, and that it behooved him to make no delay. The engagement was but three weeks old. He had a notion, this Henry Rivers, who had seen much of an ugly world, that Emer was hesitating between some inferior lover and himself.

She had, in truth, thrown over another love for him; but Henry, in all his solid sensible life, had never heard, could never have understood anything about that rival. Emer loved the sea. The thirst that seizes on a certain few out of every generation, men and women alike, had possession of her. Victoria, loving her twin, could not understand. To her, so like Emer that the difference was but that between a lamp lighted and unlit, the good things of life were simple and solid. Just what Emer was offered, in fact, and did not appreciate.



HENRY had been "nice" to Victoria when he remembered her existence, which was not always. The close resemblance between the sisters intrigued and tickled him; he made jokes about it—not always of the most refined—and then forgot Victoria was there. "It's wise of you to do your hair differently," he told her once. "A fellow might make mistakes. . . ." They were, indeed, exceedingly alike, and Victoria had found herself wondering many times what would have happened if Henry had chanced upon her first, or even if the introduction to Emer, promptly and cleverly obtained through the parish clergyman, had included her as well. But she had come after—well after—and Henry was the sort of man who made his decision "on the snap" and never questioned it when made.

Of course, there would be advantages. If Emer went through with it (until tonight Victoria had never really been sure that she would), if that nonsense about Kingstown Pier, and the waves that came green and creaming over the sea end, about the silly volumes of exploration in the Kildare Street Library, about palms and islands and places where nobody ought to want to go, did not unsettle her and break up Henry's patience—why, there would be chances of all kinds for Victoria, too. Emer's sister would rise with her.

But unwilling brides especially are kittle cattle. Emer had come in from a long, solitary afternoon with her cheeks aflame like the sunset over O'Connell Bridge, and her eyes, as Victoria uncompromisingly told her, blazing like a cat's eyes in the dark.

It was hot and very dusty in Dublin these days. All the air among the tall close houses seemed to have been breathed and breathed over again. The reek of asphalt and petrol came thickly up to the garret window. Motor horns howled like steel wolves seeking prey. It was a world of stone and steel.

The two sisters burst out together—

"If I had a Rolls-Royce or a Lanchester," said Victoria, "I'd never want to go to Heaven."—"Down at the pier," said Emer, "the sea was green fields with daisies of foam."

They turned on each other.

"You haven't a soul to sell," said Emer.

VICTORIA did not listen to her; did not hear her. Her eyes were fixed upon a small flat parcel in Emer's hand.

"Is that another present?" she asked. "I hope it's a decent one this time." The shop people had been kind, generous even, but Victoria could have spat upon their pepper castors and cushion squares.

Emer instinctively put her hands with the parcel in them behind her. Just as instinctively, Victoria tore it out of her hold and opened it. It contained a small, slim volume of poetry. Victoria distrusted poetry, liked solid things. Even before she opened the book, she knew that there was going to be trouble about it.

"What's this?" she demanded trenchantly. She ruffled the leaves through her fingers. There was no inscription anywhere. There were poems, long and short. A page had been turned down over one, a verse marked. Victoria read it aloud.

> The sea, beloved by a thousand ships,
> Is maiden ever, and fresh and free.
> Ah, for the kiss of her cool green lips!
> Carry me out to sea!

Her heart seemed to shake and stand still. Was Emer repenting, after all? Even Victoria could see that this was not the sort of poem a happy bride would choose for her wedding eve. There seemed to be plenty of verses in the book that were more appropriate—improperly appropriate, indeed!

"Who's this Laurence Hope?" demanded Victoria, and immediately ran on to something more important. "Who gave you the book?"

While she waited for an answer, her thoughts raced wildly up and down the years. What was going to become of her and of Emer if this golden chance were let slip? Why didn't Emer speak?

Light in the street below was failing; the lamps were not yet lit. The face of the elder twin was shadowed. Emer kept strangely still.

She slipped the pistol in, and buckled the belt. Thereafter she wore it night and day; at all hours she had the lives of eight men beneath her fingers.

Victoria put her hands on the windowsill and leaned out. She could see the tall clock-tower of Smith and Gorman's pointing dusk and pale into an evening sky. Something seemed to break within her mind at the sight. "I'll never go back there," she thought. "Never alive. I'd rather—I'd rather—"

She drew in her head again. "You must tell me," she said. "Who is he? You met him down at Kingstown when you codded me you were looking at 'waves like green fields' . . ." (Victoria, for all her hatred of the shop, had in some degree succumbed to its phrasing.) "Emer, if you let me down now, I could kill you!" She had her hands on the shoulders of her twin, pushing, shaking.

Emer spoke at last. "There's another train to Kingstown tonight," she said. "Will you come with me and see him?"

"I'll see you drowned first. Are you—you can't be going to— Emer, this love they talk of isn't anything. It doesn't last, I tell you. It's the things you get in marrying that do. Everybody knows that, but the silly poetry-reading fools, and where does it take them? I ask you. Do you think because you're all soppy about this man you've picked up—"

"I'm not." Emer spoke clearly and coolly.

Victoria was checked. "Then what on earth—"

"Nothing—on earth," said Emer with an odd laugh. "But you're right, Vick. It's the things you get in marrying that matter. I only made up my mind about that tonight coming up in the train. I read that poem over, and it made me—it made me—I can't explain to you. Anyhow, I want to get the things and—I'm going to."

The last of day was almost gone. A thousand electric stars leaped to light in the streets below. Emer, not noticing Victoria, was saying softly to herself, with a kind of passion:

"Ah, for the kiss of her cool green lips!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CARRY ME OUT TO SEA
Continued from page fifty-one]

She loosened the neck of her dress and threw her hat on the bed. Her cut hair, sharply sculptured, contrasted with the heavy coils of Victoria.

Something in the look of that head seemed to fascinate Victoria. She went to the glass; from the glass glanced back and forward at Emer. "It's all the hair," she said. They had agreed to dress their heads differently in the shop so that Emer might not be reproved for Victoria's mistakes, or Victoria fined for the slips of Emer.

Unlike as they were in many ways, the twins could catch each other's thoughts on the wing.

"There's a hairdresser just in Dame Street," said Emer, "but you'd never—never—dare—!"

"Would *you* sell your soul for what you want?" demanded Victoria, and for once there was a touch of Emer's fire in her tone.

"I'm going to," said the other. "Yes, he'll marry me all right, don't look like that. It's marrying anyone at all that . . . But I'm going to do it. I'm going to sell my soul. For green seas and blue seas and palms and islands and the world. He owns his ship. I saw him four times, and he proposed the third. I didn't meet him till after I'd taken Henry, but—he gave me this. He understands. He says—he says—I'm part of the great trek of the white race to the sun. He says it runs through me, and women like me. He says she was one—Laurence Hope—but she knew how to love. He says . . ." She broke off, red as the sunset that was dying, as she spoke, upon the sill of the garret that would never shelter sleep of hers again.

Victoria had not half listened. "I *would* sell my soul," she said with passionate earnestness, "for fifty dresses a year—and real furs—and emerald bracelets—and a Lanchester—no, a Rolls-Royce, they sound even better—and the chance of being Countess. Oh! I'd sell six souls if I had them! Emer, give me the money for the hairdresser, and you'll see—"

Emer gave her a hand bag. As Victoria turned toward the door she caught her tight in her arms and held her. "Oh, little sister," she said, "I don't know how I dare let you! But—but—" She kissed Victoria.

Victoria, clutching the hand bag, said again, "You'll see—you'll see! No one could tell."

"Sooner or later—"

Victoria laughed, "It'll be—too late—then!"

Her Cuban heels rattled down the long stairs—away.

Nearly an hour later a figure that seemed to be Emer came up the stairs again, and at the door of the attic called out triumphantly: "Emer, come and look!"

There was no answer. The motor horns in the street went howling like wolves of steel.

. . . . . .

IT became known, as most things about the great or near-great do become known, that the Honourable Henry Rivers and his wife had been married twice. There was something not quite legal about the first ceremony, that queer wedding in St. Malachi's, Dublin, with shop assistants for guests. (Yes, absolutely, she sold tape and scissors across a counter; too marvelous!) Something that had to be set right; was set right at a London register office two days after the queer wedding. They said it was a question of an unfrocked parson, or some matter equally romantic. But there had been so much romance about the whole thing. . . . Amusing change from brides out of a revue, wasn't it?

Nobody uttered, or even thought the word "personation."

The years went by, and the things for which little Victoria had been ready to sell six souls dropped into her lap. She was Countess of Avonmouth. She was to have a child. Almost she had disgraced herself by not having one; the heir had waited six years before giving his mother a chance to say to Lord Avonmouth, "All right at last, old thing," which is the Georgian equivalent for the trembling whisper that used to amaze and move to tears Victorian husbands.

Lord Avonmouth looked up over the edge of his newspaper, and calmly observed, "Just as well."

If his wife was disappointed, she did not show it. But when they read the Lesson about Leah and Rachel and Jacob in church that Sunday, she wondered for a wild moment or two whether she dared pretend faintness and slip out of the pew.

She decided almost immediately that she did not dare. Henry was looking carefully in another direction, but she could see in the very set of his shoulders the pointing of a moral and a tale.

Every time that Lesson came up it was the same. She could hear Henry thinking—and he meant her to hear.

He had been a kind husband, but Victoria had bitterly learned in these six years just what it meant to come between a Rivers and his fancy. The constancy of the man almost terrified her. "Deceivers," "inconstant," "off with the old love and on with the new"—didn't everyone know that was what they were? Yet here was one who thought of "Rachel" even in his sleep!

Poor little Leah, sitting stiffly poised in the midst of the dignities for which she had paid so much, said to herself as the rector droned on with the Lesson, "Next time I'll look up the damned thing beforehand and stay away."

She did stay away, next time. She stayed a hundred yards away in the Rivers family vault. And the little new heir, after a brief hour's hesitation, decided to stay, too. So that was ended.

The widowed Lord Avonmouth was deeply grieved. To assuage his sorrow, he did, almost immediately, that which he had never been known to do before—went traveling. Real travel. Beyond the Riviera. Beyond India. Beyond Australia. To the very end of the world.

. . . . . .

LYLE, the husband of Emer, had long ago built his house, island fashion, out in the midst of the shallow waters of the reef. It stood on piles, and the sea, round it and underneath it, ran green and blue, as bright as Australian opal. When heat of December lay heavy on the great islands beyond, and night came down like a black warm hand pressing the very life from sleepers who tossed beneath mosquito nets, fevered and restless, the house of Emer and her husband was filled with the cool breathing of the sea; their beds, out on the veranda, were tented only by stars.

Under the great thatched house, all night, you could hear the beating of the hands of waves against Lyle's little fleet of war canoes, moored below. Lyle was king of this far place; he had been king for many years when his ship, on that homing voyage to the country of his birth, had come back laden with more treasure than ever it had borne before. He held his sovereignty in part through that ship, the only one in the group, and in part by his bodyguard of black cannibals from the big islands. Lyle had beds of pearl shell, reefs rich with the precious bêche de mer slug, islets where trocas shells could be gathered by the ton. It was whispered that he could have told of hidden atolls, far at sea, where the great sperm whale had been wont to pause in whaling days; where ambergris, more valuable than gold, was to be found even yet by those who knew. The islands were lawless; white people scarce and unscrupulous. Lyle's fleet of canoes, ready to start on a moment's notice, go up any river or into any shallow, manned by black headhunters who thought little of any life save their master's, were the best insurance for the safety of his cargo between voyage and voyage—the guarantee of Emer's peace.

All these many strings Lyle held without effort in his

sea-bronzed hands. He held in those same hands the loyalty, the duty, and affection of Emer. Whether he was content or not, no one ever heard him say.

The volume of Laurence Hope's poetry, that book passionately loved by so many of those in whose veins the sea salt flows, lay high up among the rafters of the house, and dust from the sago roof gathered on it, and ghostly spiders ran across it. Lyle had a honeyed baritone; once he had been used to sing the songs from the book, those that tell of the magic of the mysterious East and the wild love of passionate hearts that beat beneath hot suns. Emer, stretched on the outrigger platform of their canoe, gliding through stars above and stars below, down some still lagoon, would listen, saying nothing.

Lyle held her hands—there were no hands like Emer's—once profaned with parcel making, now perfect in their idleness. He sang of other pale hands, not more lovely, that were like lotus flowers afloat. . . . She left her hands in his. They were as cold as the lotus flowers of the song.

"I think you're a mermaid, Emer," once he told her. "I think if I kept you too long ashore, you would dry up and vanish like a sea-anemone."

"I nearly did," she said, her eyes growing suddenly wide as if with fear. The thought of the shop and the iron streets was in them; the remembrance of steel wolves that howled in the sunsetting, up and down Dame Street, hunting for souls. Lyle understood about that. He had taken her away from the street and the steel wolves, and the horrible tower of Smith and Gorman's. He had given her this wide world of sea and palms and sun, where things were as she and her kind desired them to be.

IF she loved the things given better than the giver, was that her fault? Victoria, her twin, though different, was the same. Few letters passed between them, but Emer knew that the Lanchesters and the diamonds and the town and country houses, and all that they meant, were more important to Lady Avonmouth than ever could be any human being. They had both sold their souls for what they wanted. And you cannot sell your soul and keep it, any more than you can eat your cake and have it in the cake box ready to give away.

In the early days of their marriage, when he had still hope for more than he had been given, Lyle had quoted another of those honeyed verses to Emer—

> When I am dying, lean over me, tenderly, tenderly,
> Lean as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the south. . . .

No one leaned over Lyle, pioneer, adventurer, and disappointed lover, when he died. His hour came in a storm at sea when he was struck overboard by the gybing boom of the mainsail, and sank, stunned, without a cry.

Emer, when she heard the news, lay face downward on her mats for a night and a day. The naked wives of the headhunting crew came softly on to the house platform from their canoes, sat by her in the amber dusk of the great roof that Lyle had lifted for his bride, and sang a humming death song with closed lips, the while they stroked and touched her with hands that were scarce less delicate than her own. She made no sign while they sang, but once or twice when they paused she motioned them to go on. By and by they brought her water, set food beside her, and silently went away.

On the second night she sat up, smoothed the short locks of hair out of her eyes, and stretched for the plate of roots and fruit the women had left. When she had eaten, she bathed. She dressed herself in fresh clothes and went out to sit beneath the stars upon the platform where she and Lyle, for more than seven years, had slept, save when they slept upon the decks of the little ship.

So it was over—that. So she was left alone with the love of her heart. She had the sea and the islands and palms and the jeweled reefs where Lyle gathered riches, and the great house with the roof where amber dusk lay all day long, and the ship and the fleet of canoes, and the wild men and women who had owned herself and Lyle queen and king. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He changed his stance

—*he should have changed his underwear*

He couldn't relax. He was muscle-bound, poor fellow—by underwear that tugs, binds, and plasters on the back!

Have you ever worn the Lewis Golf Suit? Man, its New Freedom is like playing in the Garden of Eden. Just perfect fit, with ease of movement for every muscle. Delightful coolness—it evaporates moisture so fast! And with it all, a snug crotch support that keeps you fresh thru the toughest match. Thousands are changing to Lewis Golf Suit—the only original. Ask for it at your favorite shop today.

Altho' the Golf Suit is admittedly the most comfortable underwear made, those who prefer a two-piece garment will find an almost equivalent comfort—with exceptional style—in the Lewis Golf Shirt and Sport Shorts.

For Active Men in Every Field

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every genuine Lewis Golf Suit. If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements with a check for $5.00 for two suits postpaid. Lewis Knitting Company, 110 Main St., Janesville, Wis.

Made by the makers of the famous Lewis Union Suits

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

[CARRY ME OUT TO SEA
Continued from page fifty-three]

Would that go on? There was nothing that she desired better. But Emer, now, knew the islands; these western groups where life went back to the Stone Age. These headhunters—she knew them. Loyal as they had been while her man survived, they might not keep up that attitude very long now that he was gone.

"I'll have it while I can," she decided, and reached for the small powerful automatic that Lyle had always been too proud to carry. Emer was not too proud. She found a trade belt with a holster on it, slipped the pistol in, and buckled the belt about her waist. Thereafter she wore it night and day.

She sent the fishing fleets out to the trocas reefs. She dispatched the pearling boats, and came down upon them, in a swift war canoe manned by chosen paddlers, when they were expecting no one. With her own eyes she saw the precious catch opened up, and took the pearls. She followed the men who went out to the low-lying atolls, half awash, where ambergris had been found, and made sure that no new treasure was discovered and hidden away.

The crews obeyed her; trocas and green snail and pearl shell piled up in the storehouses, the fires of the bêche de mer smokehouses sent black columns to the sky. But now and again, from the men's huts at night, where these stood grouped together in deep sea like long-legged monsters bathing, there came the sound of brassy, high-pitched songs; songs with a note of defiance and unrest.

Emer knew what it meant. Obstinately, she carried on. This life was heaven to her, fulfillment such as she had scarce dreamed of. She lived on and in the sea, out among the jeweled reefs, landing for a day on the bone-white beaches where trade winds ceaselessly sang among the crests of palms, to gather the copra there made and collected; clinging, unafraid, to the weather bulwark of the schooner when the old black South Sea captain "carried on" with seas washing white and green into the scuppers as they made for some far island where produce could be sold and trade goods purchased. She queened it over the black women and the many babies with bright eyes like seals, who staggered so charmingly about the sea platforms of the houses, fell in, and squattered back like little ducks.

Emer had never had, nor wished for, children of her own, but she loved these mer-babies, made feasts for them and for their mothers. Under the high roof that was the symbol of chieftainship, she sat on her piled-up mats, the red smoky flare of candlenut torches blazing overhead, and saw the girls divide the liberal food, serve to each other, and joyously eat till they almost fell back from their squatting pose upon the split-palm floor. Afterward they would rhythmically clap hands, swaying back and forward, and sing together about her beauty and her riches and her greatness. Some way off in the men's houses, there would be feasting, too, and singing, and there would come across the water the squeal of pigs being speared, the hack of long knives dividing turtle flesh. But the songs of the men were not in praise of Emer's queenship, nor of her riches. They spoke of one thing only—her beauty and her lonely state.

YET she did not greatly fear the black men, as men. She feared that which they might drive her to; another master.

The few white folk who lived on the big island knew all about that. From the very day of Lyle's death there had been talking, jesting, even betting, about Emer. It was taken for granted that she must be some man's meat—the sooner the better. For what was a woman doing with all that property, alone?

Of course, one had to wait awhile; there were decencies. Meantime, the three white traders of the island, and the two planters, more or less white, and the one beachcomber who lived upon remittances from home met sometimes in the store where whisky could be had, drinking across the counter in defiance of laws that no one could enforce and talking over and over the affairs of Emer.

None of the men were married legally, so far as anyone knew. It was decided that dice should be thrown for chances, one man proposing every day, until one at last should be accepted. There was no possibility of everyone being refused; they all knew as well as Emer that the state of affairs then existing could not go on indefinitely. Already trouble was beginning to bud. A boat's crew had refused orders. Another had come back with a poor catch of shell from the reefs supposed to be rich. These things were known, and the men of the big island—not bad fellows on the whole, though given overmuch to drink and to native women—were each and all of them nobly ready to put an end to any difficulties by becoming master of Lyle's riches and Lyle's wife.

If they had not yet "jumped" the various claims among the reefs and islands, it was not for fear of Emer, or anything she could do; it was for fear of each other. Every man wanted to inherit, and was prepared to defend his possible inheritance by violence if need be.

The first day's lot was won by a Greek trader, and at this all the others groaned, for it was an axiom among them that no woman born could resist, or ever had resisted Rip. Rip's real name was Euripides; in this he was singular, for most of the many Greek traders who haunt the Western Pacific are called George. In everything else he was simply the typical trader of his race raised to a higher power.

RIP'S hair was blacker and curlier, Rip's eyelashes were longer, his raspberry-red mouth was redder, than the hair, the eyelashes, the mouths of the many Georges. Rip's figure was wirier, more elastic, his whole height greater, his small feet smaller in their whitened canvas shoes, than those of other Greeks. He was also a little more Armenian than the others, which is to say a good deal. A mongrel of mongrels and, like most mongrels, clever as daylight.

It is astonishing how clever one of these derelicts can be, without arriving anywhere by reason of his brains. Euripides had been pearling off the big island for some years, doing a little gun-running elsewhere, a little illegal drug selling here, there, and everywhere without growing fat upon it. He could speak any language one had ever heard of, play most instruments of music, and draw passably well. He had made love to every woman, white, black, or brindled, within six degrees of latitude, if you trusted his own account, and as a rule successfully, if you believed that. Quite a good deal of what he said was true; it was even true that his age was twenty-seven, no more, though he had seen and done enough for seventy years.

Rip the Greek, therefore, felt confident of succeeding to the house, the ship, the pearling grounds, the trocas reefs, the bêche de mer lagoons so long held by Lyle. Also to Lyle's widow. . . .

He whitened his best pair of canvas shoes. He kicked his third native wife because she had not put enough starch into his Sunday shirt, and shook up his second from her sleep in the women's hut to make ready another and iron a tie. He dipped his head into a basin of water to tighten up his curls, and oiled them with jessamine oil. He got a new belt on credit from the store and drew it tight about his incredibly thin waist, making his shoulders look, by contrast, as big as a bull's. Satisfied, he cocked his Niue Panama low down over his left eye and started.

The schooner was just in from Port Vincent, the little island metropolis that lay days away from Lyle and Emer's home. They were unloading cargo into her whale-

boat as Rip came alongside the big sea-house in his canoe. Some of it was unusual cargo. Rip noticed before he jumped out on the platform a cabin trunk covered with leather and a couple of leather suitcases. He wondered if Emer was going away that she should have sent for this new, expensive luggage. . . . He looked into the house. There were people inside who did not notice him.

Ten minutes later Rip the Greek returned to the store. The five other men were waiting anxiously. On the counter stood the dice box with the dice waiting beside it. Everyone looked at Euripides, but no one asked him any questions. He was queer-tempered at times, and he carried a knife.

There came, however, an unmistakable brightness to the faces of the five other men as they glanced at one another. Rip saw it. He seized the dice box and the dice and sent them whirling fifty feet away into the lazy sea.

"That's for your chances—anyone's chances," he said. "We're too late."

. . . . . .

EMER had been expecting to hear from the men of the mainland. They had never been encouraged by Lyle, who seemed to find all that he wanted—outside mere business relations—in the company of his wife and his employees. Emer knew little of the traders; did not like, overmuch, that which she knew. But—if the price of keeping her magic days among the reefs and islands was the society of one of these, she was prepared to pay.

Into her mind, as she thought of these things, came again the verse that had haunted her, years ago—

> The sea, beloved by a thousand ships,
> Is maiden ever . . . .

"I am the sea," she thought. "No man can make much difference to me. If I love as they do . . ." She recalled the eyes of Henry Rivers, the hands and the lips of Lyle. "No, that's not in me. I shall always be my own." A little sigh like the blowing of the wind through the reeded walls came from Emer suddenly, taking her by surprise. "I have my cake," she thought, "why should I want to eat it too? I do not want."

She went out on the platform of the sea-house. Before her, the shoal waters of the reef ran away for miles, light-hearted green and blue. There were stretches of shallow beyond the reef where the sea was mauve with ripples bright as broken glass. She remembered how these strange colours, with the soul of all happiness in them, had met her for the first time running north along the Great Barrier of Australia, and how her unreasoning heart, which yet was so far above reason, went out in passionate possession to them and to all that they represented. She did not even know what that was. "Others will know," she thought. "I am not only the sea, I am the tide, and I am setting I don't know where."

She heard the wind sigh in the reed walls behind her again, and this time she did not echo it. "I have what I want," she thought.

In a world of uncertainties, there is nothing more sure than that challenge, such as Emer unconsciously had uttered, brings down the avalanches of change. She went into her house again, her wide house with the very taste and tang of the sea blowing through it, and sat down upon a fine mat from Manihiki to sort a bag of pearls. One, one, one, into the partitioned box they went, ticking like hailstones. One, one, one . . .

Emer looked up, and saw through the wedge-shaped opening of the doorway, Henry Rivers.

She had not heard the schooner arrive and let go anchor; the wind was making strongly the other way. She was taken by surprise. In an instant, Dublin rose up before her; Dublin, and the tower of Smith and Gorman's, and the hard streets with motors screaming up and down. She saw, too, the vision of that which was to have taken the place of Dublin for her; London, the English counties, responsibility, formality, restraint, a life mapped out in patterns from the cradle to the grave. And with them, linked to them, Henry, a little short and heavy, very clever and very stupid, laughing at foolish

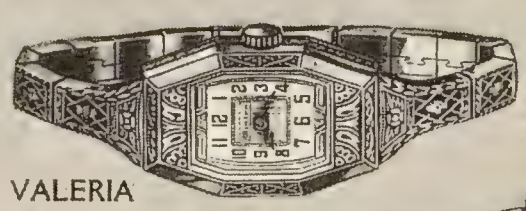
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ONLY one who wears a Winton can appreciate the subtle pleasure, the inner satisfaction gained from the ownership of a watch so free from the commonplace—so fine and genuinely original.

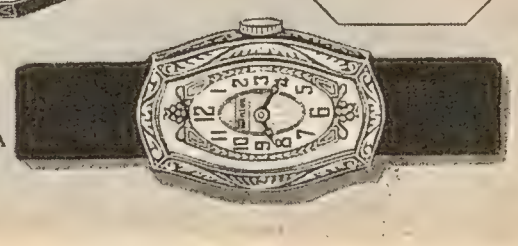
Winton Watches are made only in 15 and 17-jewel movements. Priced $25 to $1,000. Write for booklet, "Your Personality—and Your Watch."

THE WINTON WATCH DIVISION
of the Hipp-Didisheim Co., Inc. 20 W. 36th St., N. Y.

Winton
WATCHES



Winton WATCHES
CONSULT YOUR JEWELER



©1929 H.D.Co., Inc.

[CARRY ME OUT TO SEA
Continued from page fifty-five]

English jokes, sentimental, powerful, sure of himself and his own way. Henry, whom they had cheated between them—Victoria and she.

Victoria was dead a year. And here was the widower, mysteriously informed of Emer's own freedom (not then, nor afterward, did Emer know about the inquiry office in Sydney and how well it had earned its fees), amazingly present here at the ends of earth, and bent—she knew it, in one swift second—upon rectifying that ancient error.

All this passed instantly as she stood in the door, with the westering sun on her blue-green eyes, her skin of ivory, her black-onyx hair; so like Victoria who was dead; in the soul of her so different.

Henry looked at her long before he spoke, and it was as if his eyes were creatures long athirst, and drinking.

She came forward and held out her hand.

"This is very good of you," she said absurdly. "Come in."

She seated herself on a bench of carved toa-wood, and pointed to the space beside her. All the time something wild and frightened within her kept protesting, "I won't go back. It's just the same. I couldn't when she was alive, and I can't when she's dead."

Henry, Lord Avonmouth, drew Emer gently close to him and said, "Let's talk. I've come a long way to do so."

"I want to explain," parried Emer. "I never begged your pardon. It was awful, unforgivable."

"Yes," said Henry. She remembered that fearful simplicity of his.

"I—I—did you forgive me?" she chattered on, afraid of silence.

"I wouldn't have injured you for the world, but forgive? What's a word? It means nothing." He cleared his throat in a deliberate way that she remembered. It had always meant that there was more coming. One could not hurry Henry.

THAT which came astonished her. It was Henry's arm about her waist, and Henry's mouth on hers, for long moments, during which — she thought — she must have lost her senses. For she kissed him back, as never in all the years of their marriage she had kissed Lyle. In one moment she had realized what kind of love this was, that could endure such injury as she and her twin together had inflicted, and yet seek her out, at last, at the world's end, with passion undiminished. Forgiveness? As Henry said, it was a word. He was, without words, forgiving.

But—she would never go back!

That thought went beating to and fro through her mind as they sat together on the bench of toa-wood in front of the door that opened upon splendours of sun and sea untellable; splendours that Lord Avonmouth—characteristically—did not seem even to perceive. They talked. She could never be quite sure what they had talked about, after; but there was something about Victoria in it; a very little said, a great deal unsaid. And there was something about herself. And there was, at the last, something quite clear and definite, that sent her quickly to her feet, staring at Henry, her hand raised to her lips like the hand of a frightened child. He wanted to marry her. He wanted to marry her that day. There was a missionary on the schooner, waiting. . . .

At that she said, "I can't," and began to cry.

Henry did not mind at all. He took a large clean handkerchief out of his pocket and handed it to her.

"Wipe your eyes. Why not?" he asked her like a man prepared, if necessary, to argue all afternoon. "You love me, Emer," he added with that devastating simplicity of his.

SHE did not deny it. She had had the lightning stroke. She would never again say or think that she was her own, only. But . . .

"I might mention," said Lord Avonmouth, reaching for his cigarettes, "that the place is to be made a naval depot shortly."

This was so unloverlike that Emer could only stare. Henry went on, "It's going to be a great deal more important."

Silence on the part of Emer. She felt there was more to come.

"One can pull a few strings," said Henry. "One has. There's to be a Resident. Under the High Commissioner. Me."

"But—you couldn't—the islands would never—" objected Emer, feeling giddy.

"I don't pretend it would be everything I could wish," he answered candidly. "But it will be a biggish job, and a bit of Empire-making. And I dare say you could endure it. King's representative — dinners — all that sort of tiresome thing—if you had your sort of stuff in the background, what?

"This place," he added, waving an unlighted cigarette comprehensively, "kind of week-end cottage, eh? And the business—very good, I understand." (What didn't he know?) "Sell it. Invest for you. What?" He struck a match.

"Henry," said Emer, fronting him, "I don't pretend, either, that it would be everything I could wish. But if you can do with half a loaf, so can I."

"Two half loaves," said Henry, "are one whole loaf, what?" He let the cigarette fall through the latticed floor, hissing into green water underneath, the while he looked at Emer with the eyes of a Jacob who had attained, at last, his Rachel.

And to Emer, the beckoning of the "cool green lips" grew dim, never to call so clear again.

THE END

WINNERS!

Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Bungalow in the Glen, the fourth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which LIBERTY is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Dr. Elmer S. Coder,
4620 Devereaux Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To R. V. Glenn,
Consulting Engineer, 42 Morgan Boulevard,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To Marion McLaughlin,
5624 Warrington Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To R. Douglas Feagin,
Attorney at Law, Hardeman Building, Macon, Georgia.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Nelson D. Frisley, 760 Springdale Street, Akron, Ohio; Jack W. Phillips, 3224 Montana Street, El Paso, Texas; Paul H. Camp, 3200 Stuart Avenue, Richmond, Virginia; Dr. Howard Crutcher, 5 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Prize awards for the fifth problem, The Mystery of the Gardener's Daughter, will be announced next week, and the others will be made known as rapidly as the exigencies of magazine printing permit.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of LIBERTY and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in last week's issue, but since four weeks are allowed for the sending of solutions the lists are still open on The Mystery of the Pencil Factory, which appeared in LIBERTY for March 23, and The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree, which ran through the issues of March 30, April 6, and April 13. The time limit rule is that, to be considered, any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Sidney Sutherland, in care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Greatest Game of Baseball

A 1911 Carnival of Wind, Rain, and Thrills

By Hugh Fullerton

Schaefer, Washington first baseman, who made baseball history when he deliberately stole first from second.

THE greatest game of baseball ever played, from the standpoint of unusual and sensational happenings, was the first of two contests between the Chicago White Sox and the Washington team in Washington on August 4, 1911. As much happened in that game as usually happens in a season, and two things that never happened in any other game.

Not much depended upon the result of that double header, as the season was aging and neither team had a chance for the championship, but no teams ever fought harder for victories—both of which went to Washington, 1 to 0 in 11 innings, and 3 to 2.

Brown Bros. photo

Doc White, the Chicago twirler in the famous game.

The majority of the startling and thrilling incidents was crowded into the first game. The threat of rain held the crowd down to less than 5,000 spectators. The day was desperately hot and humid, with thunderstorms playing hide and seek up and down the Potomac, and even the fact that Doc White, one of the greatest of left-handed pitchers and a Washington boy, was to pitch against the great Walter Johnson in the first game, and that Ed Walsh was to perform in the second, did not tempt the Washingtonians to risk a wetting.

For four innings it was a clean, hard-fought pitchers' battle, marked by a magnificent catch by George McBride and two startling stops by Lee Tannehill which prevented either side from getting a score. Play was being hurried to make certain five innings could be played before the rain came, but in the last of the fourth the heavy clouds were rolling up in the southeast.

Those in the press box and in the upper stands saw a black cloud, boiling and twisting, rushing toward the park. Hills and buildings in the far distance were suddenly blotted out as if a black curtain were being drawn in front of them, and the spectators started to flee to shelter. The players and those in the lower stand did not observe the cyclonic rush of the storm.

Walter Johnson was at bat. Although not a great batter, Johnson could hit a baseball as hard as anyone. On that occasion he caught one of White's fast balls squarely and drove it to center field. From the crack of the bat it was evident that ball was hit with tremendous force. Ping Bodie turned and raced back under the ball, which seemed certain to clear him and pass over the center-field fence for a home run.

The ball was hit on a high angle and was

[CONT. ON NEXT PAGE]

Brown Bros. photo

Clyde Milan, Senator fielder, who missed scoring the winning run on Schaefer's freak play by a few inches.

Brown Bros. photo

Walter Johnson, robbed of a hit in a weird manner.

The Box Score

WASHINGTON

	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
Milan, cf.	1	1	0	0	0
Schaefer, 1b.	0	2	15	1	0
Elberfeld, 2b.	0	0	1	5	0
Gessler, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
C. Walker, lf.	0	0	5	0	0
McBride, ss.	0	0	2	5	0
Conroy, 3b.	0	1	2	4	0
Street, c.	0	1	7	0	0
Johnson, p.	0	0	1	4	0
	1	5	33	19	0

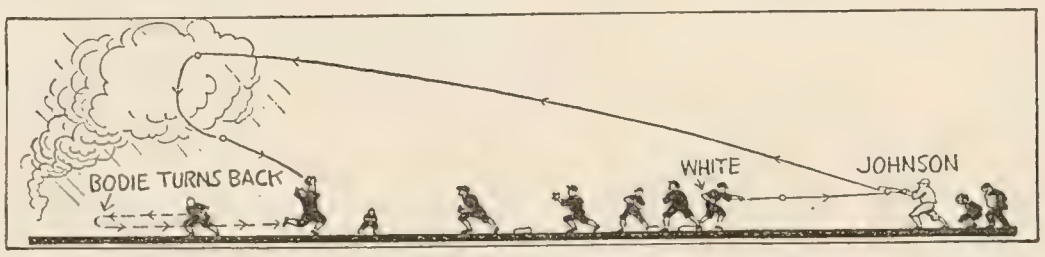
CHICAGO

	R.	H.	Po.	A.	E.
McConnell, 2b.	0	2	1	1	1
Lord, 3b.	0	0	3	3	0
Callahan, lf.	0	0	4	0	0
McIntyre, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Bodie, cf.	0	0	1	1	0
Zeider, 1b.	0	1	8	0	0
Collins, 1b.	0	0	3	1	0
Tannehill, ss.	0	1	6	6	1
Payne, c.	0	0	4	0	0
White, p.	0	0	0	3	0
	0	5	32*	15	2

*Two out when winning run scored.

WASHINGTON .. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1
CHICAGO ..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

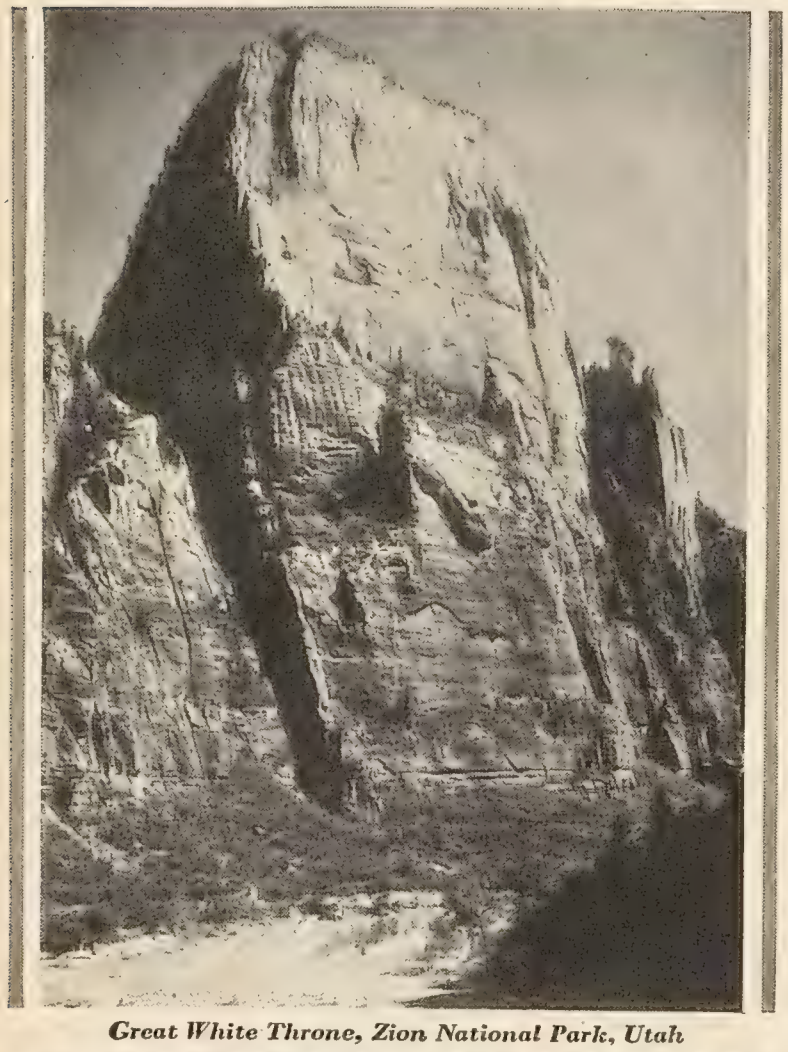
Two-base hits—Schaefer, Conroy, Milan. Sacrifice hits—Lord, Tannehill, Schaefer, Gessler. Stolen bases—Callahan, Zeider, Schaefer. Double plays—Bodie, McConnell, and Zeider; Tannehill unassisted (2); Conroy and Schaefer; McBride, Elberfeld, and Schaefer. Left on bases—Washington 7, Chicago 6. Bases on balls—Off Johnson 3, off White 2. First base on errors—Washington 2. Struck out—By Johnson 4, by White 1. Wild pitch—White. Time — One hour 55 minutes. Umpires — Connolly and Parker.



How the wind hit Johnson's sure-thing homer, stopped it, and then forced it back so that Ping Bodie was able to grab it.

Union Pacific

VACATION OFFERING EXTRAORDINARY



Great White Throne, Zion National Park, Utah

5 NATIONAL PARKS IN ONE LOW COST TOUR

You wouldn't believe so much of the grandeur of the West could be seen in a single two weeks' tour! The geysers and weird rock formations of Yellowstone, . . . the sheer soaring summits of Grand Teton, our newest National Park . . . the majestic towers of Zion Canyon, rising like great altars, nearly a mile into the blue Utah sky . . . Bryce Canyon, a new National Park, entirely different from all others in its fantastic sculpturing and rainbow colors . . . and, finally, the overpowering immensity of Grand Canyon, the most awe-inspiring spectacle in the world!

All these! And a host of fascinating sights by the way: colossal forests, deer, wild flowers, snow capped mountains, Great Salt Lake . . . every moment of this greatest of American scenic tours brings something new and thrilling.

An exclusive Union Pacific offering, it can be made independently or by Escorted All-Expense tours with interesting people as companions. You go upon the finest trains leaving the main gateways of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City or Omaha. And the cost is amazingly low. Mail coupon below for full information.

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

C. J. Collins, General Passenger Agent, Dept. 328
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Neb.
Please send me complete information including cost, and booklet: Western Wonderlands (tells about *all* the West).
I am also interested in
☐ Zion-Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon National Parks ☐ Hawaii
☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest and Alaska ☐ Colorado
☐ Escorted All-Expense Tours ☐ California ☐ Dude Ranches
*If student, state grade*_____
Name_____ Street_____
City_____ State_____

[THE GREATEST GAME OF BASEBALL]
Continued from page fifty-seven

still rising and sailing toward the fence when the storm struck. The wind which half a mile away ripped houses and trees to pieces, was blowing straight in from center field. It caught the flying ball, which seemed to stop as if it had hit a wall. For an instant, the ball appeared to fall straight down, then, as the full force of the semi-cyclone caught it, it commenced to blow back toward the infield.

Bodie, who had been racing under the ball, glanced up, saw it stop and start back. He dug his spikes into the turf, executed a quick turn, started in pursuit, at first slowly then with gathering speed, and by a desperate sprint he reached and caught the ball halfway back to the infield.

Before the crowd ceased cheering and laughing, the rain came. The water, descending in torrents, was swept in waves across the field and through the stands.

In less than ten minutes the wind stopped suddenly, the rain ceased, and the sun shone. The field was deluged. So much water had fallen during that torrential downpour that small lakes covered the lower sections of the outfield between the positions of the players and the infield. The diamond seemed to have been pounded hard by the force of falling water, which had run off so quickly the clay seemed hardly wet. In ten minutes, the ground keepers had the field fit for play, excepting the big pools in center and left field, and the game was resumed.

ALMOST immediately another freak play stirred the crowd. Rollie Zeider of Chicago hit a short fly to center field. Walker started to run in to make the catch. Between him and the spot where the ball was falling was the largest lake. He sprinted up to the edge of the water, halted, and ran around the pond to keep his feet dry, reaching the nearer shore only to discover that the ball, carrying further than he had expected, was falling behind him. By a despairing backward leap, he executed a remarkable catch and fell flat on his back in the puddle he had tried to avoid.

Brown Bros. photo

Ping Bodie, who made one of baseball's freakiest catches.

There may have been more desperate and brilliant baseball played than that which marked the next five innings, but in forty years of watching the game I never have seen it. White and Johnson were pitching superbly, and the teams were straining every nerve and muscle to score. Brilliant fielding feats followed each other in steady succession. I never have seen players take more desperate chances.

In the seventh inning, Zeider, on third with one out, made a despairing effort to score on a slow bounder to Elberfeld, and, hurling himself at the plate, hooked one leg against Gabby Street's blocking foot, and was carried from the field suffering from a torn ligament and smashed ankle.

The fight came down to the last of the ninth inning with neither team able to score a run.

Clyde Milan opened that ninth with a two-base hit. Schaefer bunted down to White who whirled and threw to third base, making a marvelous play, but Milan, by a wild, sprawling slide evaded the third baseman and both runners were safe. Elberfeld popped out to McConnell, and Schaefer, striving to tempt Payne into throwing to second to give Milan a chance to score, stole second. Payne refused to make the throw, since one run was all Washington needed to win.

White, using his speed and his puzzling slow curve, struck out Gessler, and Walker came to bat. Walker could not hit White's pitching and Schaefer knew that unless he could draw a throw and give the speedy Milan a chance to dash to the plate, Washington's chances of winning in that inning were about gone. He tried to tempt White or Payne to throw the ball to second, and then decided upon one of the most amazing plays in the history of the sport. As White pitched, Schaefer

stole from second back to first base and stood there.

Chicago's play was simple. All the White Sox had to do was to get the ball in front of Schaefer, walk up to him and tag him out, but, in the surprise at the play, they lost their heads. Doc White tossed the ball up to Payne to protect the plate, and Schaefer danced up and down off first base, yelling taunts at the Chicagoans, and finally Payne tossed the ball down to McConnell, who passed it up to first base—and when Schaefer dashed toward second, the ball was thrown to Shano Collins and Milan made his well-timed sprint for the plate. Collins, almost caught napping in the excitement, shot to Payne and Milan slid desperately, was blocked off, and Umpire Connolly waved him out.

T. H. Connolly, the umpire who refused to tell the Sox how to play.

But, in the mix-up Manager Duffy of the White Sox had first rushed to Umpire Connolly back of the plate, protesting that Schaefer had no right to run back to first. The umpire knew the rules, but was not in position to tell players how to make plays, so he refused to rule. Duffy, losing his appeal, ran on to the diamond to carry the case to Umpire Parker. While he was arguing, Milan made his dash for home—and the moment Connolly waved him out, the Washington players rushed the plate, protesting that Chicago had ten men in uniform on the field. They demanded the decision and, being refused, played the game under protest.

The game went into extra innings. In both the tenth and eleventh Chicago had chances to score, but Johnson stopped them and in the eleventh the break finally favored Washington.

Walter Johnson opened Washington's eleventh and struck out. The third strike escaping Payne, let him reach first. Milan bunted toward Tannehill, whose throw to second was a fraction of a second late to catch Johnson. Schaefer pushed an awkward bunt toward Lord and beat the ball, filling the bases.

The infield was pulled close in a desperate effort to prevent Washington from winning, and Elberfeld hit to Tannehill, whose throw to the plate forced Johnson. Gessler sliced the ball to Tannehill who, leaping sideways, got the ball, and knowing it was too late to throw home and force Milan at the plate, snapped it side arm to Lord, forcing Schaefer at third. Lord's fast throw to first, in a despairing effort to complete a double play, lost to Gessler by inches—and the victory went to Washington.

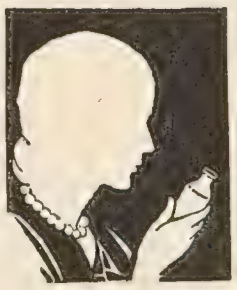
More of Mr. Fullerton's baseball articles and comment on the game will appear from time to time in early issues.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Boston; Lansing; St. Paul.
2—Imitation.
3—Ninety.
4—One who has risen suddenly to wealth or station; an upstart.
5—In Mecca.
6—A grave or somber character, as a villain.
7—A volcano thirty miles west of Puebla, Mexico.
8—A species of half-wild hog, the descendant of a better breed run wild.
9—Insigne.
10—Gasoline.
11—A writ issued to enforce the performance of a public duty.
12—The projector, manager, or conductor, of an opera or concert company.
13—Mark Twain.
14—Baltimore.
15—Strait-jacket.
16—A constellation in the southern hemisphere.
17—The big top.
18—Caledonia.
19—A Greek poetess of about 600 B. C.
20—Asia.

"Ignore the moth but treat the cloth"

says the modern woman



Why try to hunt out each individual moth or moth-worm? It is much simpler and much surer to moth-proof the fabrics themselves with Larvex, and *prevent* damage. Moth-balls, cedar-chests, tar-bags and insect-killers—these can't stop moth-eggs from hatching into moth-worms, and it is the worms that eat your clothes, unless the fabric itself is *moth-proofed.*

That is the new and revolutionary Larvex idea — not moth-*killing*, but moth-*proofing*. It means getting ahead of the hungry, ravaging moth-worm, so he can never even *begin* to eat your clothes.

Just spray the Larvex on once a year

Larvex in its "spraying" form is intended for use on all fabrics containing wool or mohair—suits, coats, rugs and upholstered furniture. *Only one application* a year is necessary to bring absolute peace of mind. And this whole year's moth-proofing of a suit, for instance, is obtained at less cost than a single pressing—far less than one ordinary dry-cleaning.

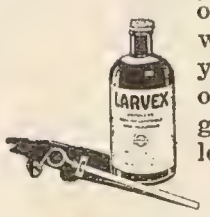
Different treatment for all washable woolens

A different form of Larvex is now available for use on *washable* woolens. It is called "Rinsing" Larvex and it comes in powder form. You simply dissolve it in water and place the sweaters and blankets in it—just like rinsing and just as easy. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. Then you can store your precious woolens for a full season without worry about mothholes. This is a wonderful feeling!

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They put an end to all moth damage and moth troubles. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

It comes in two forms

For coats, suits, rugs, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. $1 for a pint or, with atomizer which lasts for years, $1.50. Also obtainable in ½-gallon and 1-gallon sizes.



For blankets, sweaters, woolen stockings, baby clothes and all other *washable* woolens. In powder form to dissolve in tub before dipping the woolens, 50 cents a package—enough for two tubfuls.

SPRAYING **LARVEX**

RINSING **LARVEX**

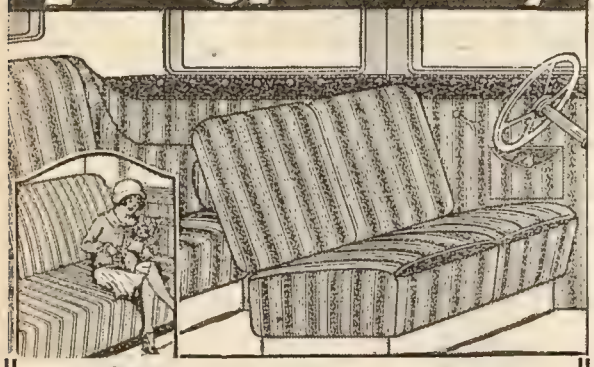
FREE BOOK—*write today for interesting book "Outwitting the Wily Moth." You will be glad you sent for it when you see how it helps save your best clothes and finest rugs. Just fill out the coupon.*

THE LARVEX CORPORATION 49-4
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, free, your book "Outwitting the Wily Moth," that tells me how to end moth damage.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Protect Your Fine Upholstery



Supreme
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
AUTO SEAT COVERS

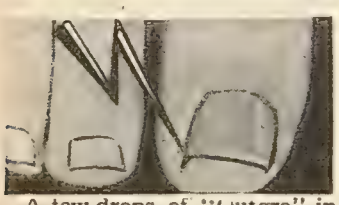
—guard the most luxurious upholstery from dirt and damage . . . are cool, sanitary . . . and add to trade-in value.
—can be attached by anyone in a few minutes by patented Glove Fasteners (not pins) . . . easy to remove for cleaning.
—are tailored to cover entire upholstery including seats, side panels, arm rests, and back of front seat.
—are woven of special durable materials, trimmed . . . in 18 attractive patterns.
—beautify any new car . . . improve any old car . . . in harmonious colors.
—are priced at new low levels.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Ford Coupe and Roadster	$ 6.95
Ford Touring, Tudor and Fordor Sedans	11.75
Chevrolet Coupe, Cabriolet and Roadster, Star, Whippet Coupe and Cabriolet	7.50
Chevrolet Touring, Coach, Sedan, Star, Whippet Coach and Sedan	12.50
All large cars, 2 passenger Coupes	7.95
All large cars, 4 and 5 passenger Coupes, Coaches and Sedans	12.95

Sample Patterns Free!
If no Supreme Dealer is near, we can supply you with guaranteed Supreme Auto Seat Covers tailored for your car. Book of patterns and sample materials sent FREE on request.

Dealers, Jobbers, Dept. Stores
Write for unusually attractive proposition on the complete line of Supreme Auto Seat Covers
UNIVERSAL AUTO FABRICS MFG. CO.
1243-45 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stops the pain instantly and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Thousands of grateful users. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles.

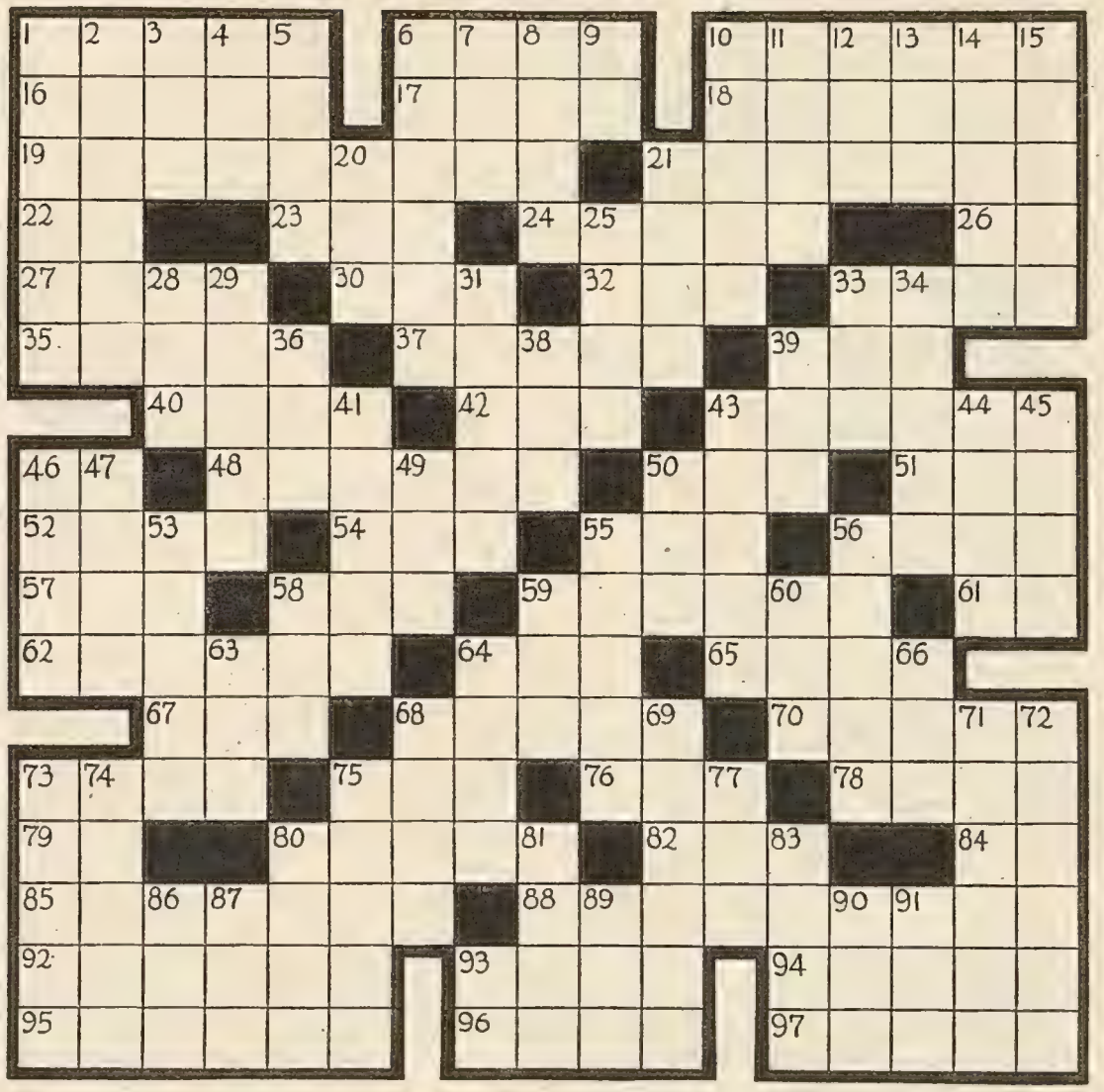
Save Your Feet
When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal"
Heefner ARCH SUPPORT
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Heefner Arch Support Co., 41 M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

ASK YOUR BARBER
FOR THE NEW MEDICATED MASSAGE
WHYTE-FOX

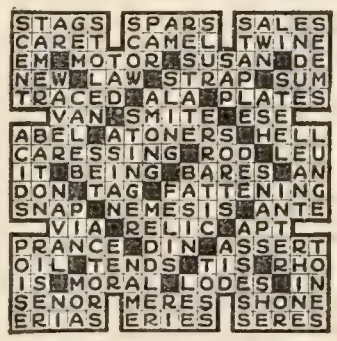
Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made and guaranteed by makers Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Ask for valuable free booklet.
Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

Two New Puzzles:



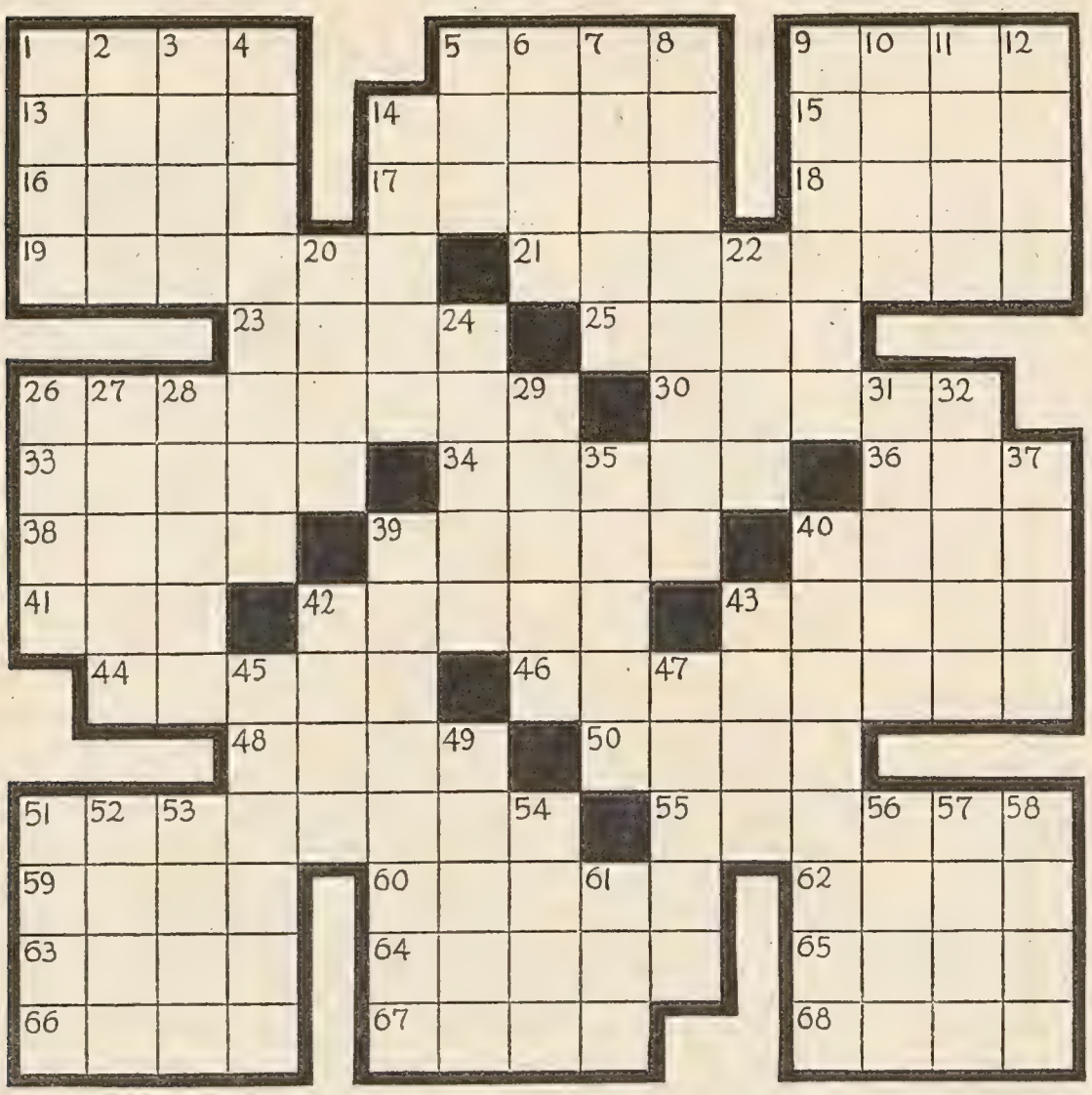
HORIZONTAL
1 Maps or plans
6 Bore upon the person
10 A beetle
16 Of the kidneys
17 A man's name
18 Of the nostrils
19 Slave spared by a grateful lion
21 Serious addresses
22 Small fish
23 Appropriate
24 Part of head (pl.)
26 By
27 Dispatched
30 By
32 Scar
33 A defile
35 American Indians
37 Space between steps
39 Mongrel
40 Appendage
42 Conveyance
43 Outspoken
46 Exist
48 Declared
50 Perched
51 Anglo-Saxon coin
52 Part of a church
54 A fruit
55 Pronoun
56 Spoken
57 Bind
58 Part of a drama
59 Counselor
61 Compass point
62 Rasp
64 Begin to grow
65 Mistakes
67 Sooner than
68 Move something inert
70 Headdress
73 Throw
75 Form of to be
76 Measure of length
78 Blemish
79 Near
80 A Negroid
82 Islet
84 Note of Guido's scale
85 Native of Lombardy
88 Superintend
92 Woman's name
93 Puts in place
94 Assistants
95 Violent gusts of wind
96 American Indian
97 Leavening agent

VERTICAL
1 Laud
2 Granter of the use of something
3 Moreover
4 Sailor
5 To spill
6 Man's name
7 Poem
8 File
9 Printer's measure
10 Scoff
11 Conveyances
12 Limb
13 River (Spanish)
14 East Indian coins
15 Defeats
20 Head covering
21 Asterisk
25 Word of ratification
28 Immature insect
29 Annoy
31 Fastening device
33 Word play
34 Enthusiasm
36 Perch
38 Dejected
39 Domestic animal
41 Surgeon's instrument
43 Class of society
44 Persia
45 Vale
46 Clubs
47 Heroic poem
49 Be still; hush
50 Iniquity
53 Withers
55 Thicket of bushes
56 Fragrant plant root
58 Monkey
59 Mire
60 Scrap of refuse
63 Craft
64 Bosom
66 Undermine
68 Conspire together
69 Pass away, as time
71 Stirs up
72 Bear witness
73 Man's name
74 Coral island
75 Merchandise
77 Recline
80 Woody fiber
81 Employer
83 A salver
86 Extinct New Zealand bird
87 Encore
89 Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
90 Contend against
91 Woman's name
93 A state (initials)



Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

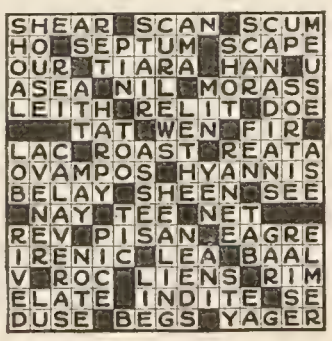


HORIZONTAL

1 A river in Germany
5 A book of the New Testament
9 An ember or a cinder
13 During some past time or period
14 A woman's name
15 Having power to accomplish an object
16 Ruffle the temper of
17 Memento
18 To take a tempting offer
19 An herb related to chicory
21 Flemish geographer of the 16th century
23 Try to acquire
25 Survey with a circumferentor (mining)
26 A fleet of vessels
30 Paroxysmal action or emotion
33 A bird of the crow kind
34 Angry
36 The second son of Noah
38 Frozen
39 Small shears for cutting sheet metal
40 Withered
41 Combining form meaning thrice
42 Ancient Scandinavian legends
43 Rock
44 Thong
46 Coated with a particular metal
48 A book of the Old Testament
50 Earth
51 Reptiles
55 Small islands
59 A dice game
60 Pertaining to the iris of the eye
62 Biblical name (Gen. iv.)
63 Prefix; before
64 Protects, as a lodge, from intrusion
65 Town in Turkey in Asia
66 Bamboolike grass
67 Series of events of epical dignity
68 Kind of short jacket

VERTICAL

1 Sensitive to pain from pressure
2 At another time; then; again
3 Sharp or biting to the taste
4 Reënrolled
5 A beverage
6 Deliver from agitation or excitement
7 Essayed
8 Church officers in charge of utensils or movables
9 Secret doctrine
10 Record of a person's death
11 Tenor violin or viola
12 Oven in which glassware is annealed
14 Trap for catching fish, lobsters, etc.
20 Lode
22 Loose garment
24 Dravidian of Farther India and Malaysia
26 To fuse partially
27 Intertwines
28 Manifest
29 Pertaining to the doctrines of Arius
31 Place of departed spirits
32 River in France
35 Particular point in an orbit
37 Recompense
39 Sillicate of magnesium and aluminum
40 Resembling a star
42 Not differing in kind
43 Kind of snowshoe (plural)
45 Struck with a quick, smart blow
47 Mints
49 Narrow piece
51 Mar
52 Bird of prey
53 Classify
54 Repository for fodder
56 Redact
57 Tropical plant having an edible rootstock
58 Member of a group of Mongoloid tribes
61 Roman bronze coin



Answer to last week's puzzle

Why Fat Had to Go

Fashion Forbade It

A few years ago, Paris forbade fat. All her styles were created for the slender. Then there came a tide of disapproval for obesity, both in men and women. Youth and beauty, health and vigor demanded its reduction.

Then science came in. It found that a great cause of excess fat lay in a defective gland. By thousands of experiments on animals it found that excess fat could be banished by correcting this deficiency.

That is one great reason why excess fat has been disappearing fast. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule. Mothers look like daughters. Not by starving, not by over-work, but by scientific measures.

The greatest factors in this fight on fat are embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results. Thus, year by year, the use has grown until it is now enormous.

Try this modern method. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Correct the cause. Watch the fat go, day by day. Watch the new health and new vigor. Do it because this is the right way and the tried way to end obesity. Don't delay. Many new joys are waiting for you when you get weight down to normal.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Don't Do This → use

LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Take Along a Bag

"The Nickel Lunch"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

When you've just time to grab the train, grab a bag of Planters Salted Peanuts. They are "The Nickel Lunch." Big, delicious peanuts; brown as a Pullman Porter, crisp as a new ticket. 5 cents everywhere.

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
U. S. A. and Canada

PLANTERS
SALTED PEANUTS

Relief—

REMEMBER all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is Bayer Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in a Bayer tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BAYER **ASPIRIN**

Beauty's Democracy

By
EILEEN BOURNE

Beautiful Lily Langtry.

IT was in the '70s that an unknown young woman from the Isle of Jersey descended upon a London drawing-room. Her ball gown (as the near-sleeveless, low-necked dresses of the period were distinguished from their wardrobe neighbors) was made by a local dressmaker. By the sheer power of her beauty, Lily Langtry was an immediate sensation, and her reputation extended until she became an internationally known queen of beauty.

At her passing a few months ago, the world (our world) paused long enough to ask how one individual among a whole nation, or two or three nations, of women could possibly achieve such solo triumph. Skeptical indeed are we, in this year of our Lord 1929, as to one woman's right so to transcend her sisters in pulchritudinous glory. For we have poets, as there were in Langtry's heyday, and princes, painters, sculptors, and rich men, to lay their respective tributes at the feet of a most exalted one, if there were such a she. But there isn't. We have no prototype in popular acclaim of a Langtry, a Lillian Russell, a Maxine Elliott, or a Mary Anderson.

Perhaps the suggestion made by a contemporary—that physical loveliness in our day, like automobiles, is put on the basis of quantity production—explains this.

What has happened in the evolution of the woman beautiful is that today we have our own beauty age, whose standard allows, in fact concedes, the triumph of art over nature: the art of the cosmetician, the dressmaker, the beauty parlor, the reducing school, and—by no means the least of modern art—the art of individuality and charm.

Today we have a beauty democracy in which no miracle of birth is necessary to acquire rank among the attractive sisterhood. In place of the old single standard of judgment, we have brunette, blonde, and Titian, tall beauties and diminutives; beautiful dolls and stunning sophisticates; bobbed and long-haired Venuses. *But*—

The characteristic of our present democracy that must not be lost sight of is, the glory that was a Langtry's or a Russell's cannot be had on physical perfections alone. They must be supplemented by skill, brains, personality.

Where those early queens had the advantage of our modern beauties was in the romantic idealism of the men of their decade. Now Hollywood looks its gift ponies in the mouth, and if teeth are poor there's no signing on the dotted line. Ziegfeld parades his applicants before a hard-eyed jury, who deal most unromantically with an appetite for chocolates. Palm Beach turns the eye of a connoisseur upon its fair parades. And the business man puts in a call, if not for beauty, at least for a fair representative of those physical virtues that are now within the common reach of all.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City .....State.....140

Street Episode

A Story for Chivalrous Men

By

Inez Haynes Irwin

Pictures by John Newton Howitt

The girl fought desperately; managed, in an accidental adroitness, to evade the slapping paw.

J. ALLEN YOUNG stepped from the doorway of the little house in Greenwich Village and with a languidly uplifted stick signaled a taxi at the corner. After midnight of a sultry August night, the foul-smelling air seemed to close in thickly about him. The taxi churned and started, coiled over to him. Giving the address of his Park Avenue apartment, Young sank into a corner. For an instant, he closed his tired eyes—files of figures seemed to deploy on the velvety blackness of his retina.

It was flattering of his regiment to ask him to write the history of their movements in the Great War and he was not sorry that he had accepted the job. But how he wished he had had some experience as an author. The thing that had saved him was hiring this quiet place where he could establish regular writing hours. And he had worked.

How many nights now, in this last spasm, was it that he had toiled, hand running? Certainly ten! He rated a rest. He wouldn't go into the office tomorrow—he'd go straight to the Long Island place tonight. Better telephone for the car. No, he'd have to stay to hand his eccentric cousin, the Rev. Silas Betterworth, his $10,000 legacy tomorrow. What was the beggar's idea in wanting it in cash, and in insisting on coming to the Park Avenue apartment for it? Well, what the devil—why wasn't the taxi starting?

He opened his eyes.

The driver, hands inert on the wheel, was gazing fixedly across the street. On the sidewalk—the black yawn of an apartment-house door the background for this violent, human frieze—a girl was struggling with a man. The man was brutally built; he was swinging the girl off her heels with one hand, hitting at her with the other. The girl fought desperately; managed, in an accidental adroitness, to evade the slapping paw. It was like a nightmare, for neither of the combatants uttered a sound.

Three thoughts flashed through Young's mind. "He's got fifteen years on me. He's fresh and I'm exhausted. He'll beat me to a pulp." But hereditary instinct and long training immediately inserted their prods. "Wait a minute, driver!"

Young opened the taxi door. Before he could step out, however, the girl tore herself loose from her assailant, rushed across the street, and leaped past him into the cab.

"Grand Central Station!" she called, in a voice that was only breath, and fell heavily on to the seat.

"Go on, driver!" Young reënforced her order.

The girl's assailant, petrified for the instant, now leaped to action. But so did the taxi. Young did not look back. And he did not speak. He watched the girl keenly. She showed no signs of faintness, however. Light, com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

ing in flashes from corner lamps, intermittently revealed her to him.

She was violently disheveled, but she was pretty. Against the dusky cloud of her tumbled bob lay a profile like a flushed crescent moon. One sleeve of her slender primrose-yellow gown, slit from the shoulder to wrist, hung off a faintly curved arm. Through another jagged rent he saw a delicate segment of a delicate pale-cream slip.

Head back, eyes closed, her whole frail torso writhing with her breathlessness, she did not speak for several minutes.

Gradually came something like calm. The plushy black lashes fluttered.

"I hope you'll pardon me," she said in a faint voice. "I didn't know there was anybody in this taxi."

"You were quite right," he assured her. "I was just getting out to help you."

"Thank you!" The plushy black eyelashes dropped again.

"You must think it strange that a thing like this could happen to a decent girl," she began after another sagging interval. "I'd like to tell you about it."

"I'd like to hear—if it doesn't distress you to talk about it."

Young took his eyes from her face and gazed straight ahead. The girl's look, however, went to his profile; stayed there.

It was rather a distinguished profile. The sunburnt skin stretched tautly on a clean-cut, bony structure. The brown hair had started to silver at the temples; the close-cropped mustache had also developed an argent sprinkle. Two spots showed vividly—the blue of his eyes. His clothes were the perfection of quiet breeding.

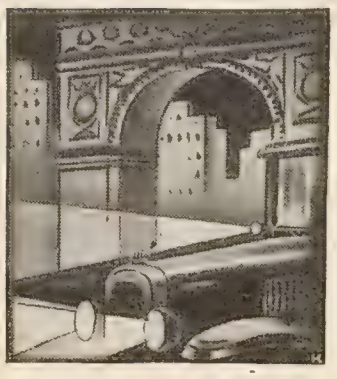
"I first met Mr.—that man—in the office," the girl began. "You see, I am a stenographer with—with a business house downtown. I got to know him very well . . . that is, I thought I knew him very well. . . . Of course, I see now that I didn't know him at all. But we used to talk a great deal . . . kidding, you know?" Her tone lifted interrogatively.

"I understand," Young answered that tone.

"He had asked me to go to dinner with him several times and I went! He'd always seemed a perfect gentleman—never anything rough about him! Tonight we had dinner at a restaurant uptown. Not a speak-easy—a very quiet, refined place. After dinner, he asked me to go . . . to his room for a highball. Of course I shouldn't have gone. I never did such a thing before in my life . . . but somehow I felt so well acquainted with him . . . It never occurred to me . . . Talk about woman's intuition! I certainly didn't have any. His room is on the fifth floor of that apartment house." She jerked herself up for a moment. Young turned. A slender, long-fingered white hand, the nails glittering faintly in the dim light, was exploring gingerly the left side of her face.

"He hit you?" Young questioned.

"Yes," the girl faltered, "several times."



YOUNG leaned toward her to examine her face. The girl shrank back. "We drank a highball," she continued precipitately. "And then he—he—he tried—he attempted . . ."

"I understand," Young said.

"We had a frightful struggle. . . ."

"Did you scream?"

"Not at first. I was afraid he would choke me. He hit me . . . so hard. . . . Suddenly I heard footsteps in the hall. And then I did scream. The door opened. It was his roommate. The roommate began to call him down. He was not trying to save me. He was afraid they'd be ordered out of the house. I made a rush for the door and got into the hall. I couldn't wait for the elevator. I ran down the stairs. He came running after me. I had a start, but on the sidewalk he got me. I saw this taxi stop, and I made one terrific effort and pulled away from him. Oh, it was a horrible experience!"

"You were extremely lucky," Young commented, "to get out of it."

"Oh, I realize that!" the girl moaned. "Believe me, I'll never be found in that situation again."

"You could prosecute him," Young suggested.

"And get my name in the papers," the girl said bitterly. "Lose my job and have everybody who knows me think it was—worse—than it really was."

"You're quite right," Young agreed. "It seems outrageous that he should escape scot-free, but you'd lose more than he would. Where do you live?"

"In New Waco. How much would it cost to have this taxi take me out there?"

"Oh, perhaps as much as ten dollars! I'll lend you the money."

"No, I'll go by train. I wouldn't want to be alone with the taxi driver. I am afraid of all men tonight."

But in another instant she was sitting upright; was trying nervously to smooth her dress.

"Oh, I must go somewhere first," she said in a distressed tone. "I can't go home to my mother like this. . . . I can never tell her what's happened. . . . I've got to get fixed up. What shall I do?"

"There's the rest room in the Grand Central," Young suggested.

"But I couldn't walk through the station in this condition. That one o'clock train is always filled with New Waco people who have been to the theater. I'd be sure to run into somebody I know. Let me think!"

"I have some rooms in the little house where the taxi stopped," Young began hesitantly. "But of course you wouldn't want to go back there."

A SHUDDER ran through the girl's whole figure. "Go back there!" she moaned. "I never want to see Greenwich Village as long as I live."

"I have an apartment on Park Avenue," Young continued, still hesitantly. "It's closed now. Of course, we're at the summer place in Long Island. We use the apartment occasionally, though. I could take you there if you can bring yourself to be alone with a man a second time this evening."

"A minute ago I wouldn't have believed I could," the girl answered in a low voice. "But somehow you are different; I think I'd know you were a gentleman anywhere."

"I assure you, you can trust me," Young said dryly. "I happen to be in love with my wife."

He gave the driver the Park Avenue address again. Leaning back, he relaxed an instant; closed his eyes. The files of figures began to march across his retina. Soft movement at his side. . . .

"Would you mind stopping at the first blue bell?" the girl asked. "I want to telephone my mother not to expect me until that one o'clock train. She'll worry. She's worrying now."

"Of course," Young agreed. "Take us where we can telephone, driver," he ordered. "I'll get my wife in Long Island and tell her not to expect me home tonight," he added.

"Oh, how terrible I look to go in there!" the girl murmured when they stopped. She leaped out of the taxi and flew across the sidewalk.

Young followed. The girl returned to the taxi first; Young after a protracted delay.

"Well, I've got my mother all quieted down," the girl greeted him. "I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you."

"Please don't mention it!" Young said. "The Park Avenue address, driver."

"You read of such things happening in books," the girl burst out again in her bitter tone, "and you see them in the movies and on the stage. But it never occurred to me that anything like this *really* happened. And to me of all girls! I shall never get over it."

"That's quite the wrong attitude to take," Young warned her. "The thing to do is to forget it as soon as possible. It might have been infinitely worse. But even if it had been worse, the thing would still be to forget it. There was a time perhaps when a woman would let an episode of this kind ruin her life. But she was an awful fool.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

Cooks a Whole Meal *While You're Miles Away*

NOWADAYS good cooks come high. Few homes can afford to employ one. But there's a Magic Chef that will match his skill with the best. And *every* woman can afford to employ him—365 days a year.

This Magic Chef will stay at the stove while you go miles away—on business or pleasure. When you return at the time you have told him, he'll have a delicious Whole Meal, soup to dessert, ready for you to serve your family or your guests.

Sounds impossible, doesn't it? Nevertheless, it's true! For, this Magic Chef is none other than one of the six makes of gas ranges that you see illustrated below. Each of these six makes is equipped with the famous Red Wheel (Lorain) Oven Heat Regulator.

Simply place the food you want cooked for dinner in the magic, self-regulating oven. Then set the Red Wheel at the temperature desired. The temperature used determines the time required for cooking. No further work or worry—except to serve the dinner to your delighted family or guests.

And when you buy a Red Wheel Gas Range the Red Wheel Oven Heat Regulator isn't all you get. Far from it. You get at the same time as fine a gas range as science can design or expert skill can build. You get a gas range that will boil and broil as well as it will bake. Which is saying a lot! A gas range that will lend beauty to your kitchen, not for a day or a month but for years. A gas range that because of its graceful lines and beautiful, smooth finish is easy to keep clean and sanitary. A gas range that will make cooking a pleasure and cooking-drudgery a thing of the past.

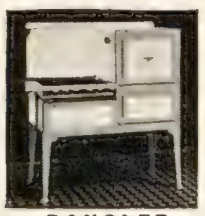
Wherever gas is available you will find dealers who sell Red Wheel Gas Ranges. *Right now* you will find sparkling new models on display in a wide range of attractive prices. You cannot possibly invest your money in any other article of household equipment that will give you more real enjoyment, greater leisure and satisfaction than a Red Wheel Gas Range!

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY . *829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*

LARGEST MAKERS OF GAS RANGES IN THE WORLD

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St Louis, Mo.

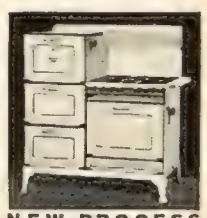
RELIABLE
Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio



DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

DIRECT ACTION
Direct Action Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio



NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

If Gas service is not available in your community we'll tell you how to obtain Pyrofax tank-gas-service for use in a Red Wheel Gas Range.

AMERICAN STOVE CO., *829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.*
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Leg of Lamb Dinner Menu with Recipes (*Print* name and address plainly.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Lib.-4-20-29

Unless the Gas Range has a **RED WHEEL** IT IS NOT A LORAIN

HIGHEST QUALITY AT SUCH VERY LOW PRICES

This is your opportunity to buy high quality at a very low price. By going directly to your dealer's shop, you can get—at a very moderate price—a cleaner that bears the name of General Electric and is backed by the General Electric guarantee.

STANDARD MODEL
$35.00
less attachments

HAND MODEL
$13.50

The new G-E Hand Cleaner does the work of attachments, but with a minimum of effort. It cleans its way easily into all crevices where your larger cleaner cannot go.

JUNIOR MODEL
$24.50
less attachments

For the Standard and Junior models, either of two sets of attachments is available. Prices are $6.50 and $10.

Prices quoted are those which prevail East of the Rockies.

A nationwide survey recently revealed some interesting facts about these cleaners. It showed that 93 women out of every 100 who now own General Electric Cleaners would buy the same cleaners again if they were to purchase others today. Probably no other cleaner—regardless of its price—has ever received such an endorsement from its users.

New . . . and important . . . is the G-E Hand Cleaner. It is a small cleaner which does the work of attachments. It weighs only 3¾ pounds and it gets into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses . . . with greatest ease and thoroughness. Its suction is powerful enough to get the dirt—and get it quickly.

If you would like further information about these remarkable cleaners—just mail the attached coupon.

Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

Dealers who are interested in a General Electric Cleaner franchise are invited to write us.

Section C-334
Merchandise Department,
General Electric Company,
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Please send me complete information about General Electric Cleaners.

Name ----------

Address ----------

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

Don't make that mistake. Put it out of your mind at once. You might have gone to the rooms of a hundred men in succession and not have had an unpleasant experience of any kind. You drew a bad one—that's all!"

"I know that's good advice," the girl murmured. "I'll try . . ."

They were mounting the Grand Central ramp. The girl sat upright and, leaning forward, gazed at her reflection in the taxi window.

"Of course I lost my bag in the struggle," she said. "It's in his room. I haven't any powder, or comb."

The long alabaster fingers with the faintly shining nails began to comb the masses of black hair. Her movement slipped the torn sleeve off her shoulder. She was a figurine in palest amber.

In the hollow of the throat nestled the crystal clasp of a close string of crystal beads.

"Here we are!" Young said. He helped the girl out of the taxi in front of a gigantic gray cube which covered a block. Park Avenue stretched its vast moonlit expanse under a carpet of silence. Just as they entered the door, Young became conscious of another taxi coming around the corner. He ushered his companion across the entrance hall, transformed by painted walls to a corner of Venice; into the elevator, brocaded and gilded like a small salon; through the upper hall, tessellated in marble like a Florentine palazzo.

He inserted his key in the door and threw it open. He noted that the elevator bell rang and that the elevator dropped downward.

THE girl stepped across the threshold. Young followed her into the big comfortable drawing-room—cool in its summer chintzes and opening into other cool-vistaed rooms.

"Will you sit down," he asked, "while I see what the bathroom looks like?"

"What a lovely place!" the girl commented. "How many rooms have you?"

Young answered that and several questions. Outside he heard the elevator come up, stop.

"You didn't shut the door!" the girl exclaimed. Her voice grated stridently. But when Young looked at her questioningly, her smile was as soft as ever. He walked back to the door and closed it; turned . . .

Was this the soft girl's face of an instant before! It was a metallic mask now. And her hands were ripping her clothes off her body. "Ten thousand dollars," she said; "at once, or I scream for help. Oh, we know you've got it on the place."

Outside in the hall, Young could hear footsteps. "There's my gang!" the girl explained. "If I scream once, my husband breaks the door in. Do you want your wife to know this?"

Her hands were ripping her clothes off her body. "Ten thousand dollars," she said; "at once, or I scream for help."

Young smiled. "I wondered if it were a frame." He called, "Caroline!"

A woman—a tall chiseled blonde in an evening dress of clouded white—appeared in a door at the back; stood with a complete composure, surveying the scene.

Young turned to the girl. "Enter my wife!"

But with a swift dash, the girl was at the door, her hand on the knob. "The game's up!" she admitted. Then as though balked curiosity burst its bonds: "What put you on?"

"You told me he kept hitting you in the face," answered Young. "I noticed that your face hadn't swelled. That set me to thinking. When you started to telephone your alleged mother—well, that was another jolt. I said to myself, 'This may not be a frame, but—' So I telephoned my wife. You knew I was doing that. But you didn't know that she was spending the night with her sister two blocks away, and that I told her to get here before we did. And, you see—"

Young bowed to his wife.

THE END

For the woman of affairs is a blue tweed ensemble, by Lucille Paray, at the left.

The cape and dress suit at the right, from Louiseboulanger, is in antique red woolen.

bénigni

Louiseboulanger sponsors the spring cape coat at the right, developed in heavy shantung.

A frock of beige lacy tricot, from Louiseboulanger, has a peplum and a circular skirt.

bénigni

Careless, Casual, Chic

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

IF any hardness, or any striving after effect, appears in your ensemble this season, you're plain out of luck. The smartest clothes have an air of just happening, through no effort—like, for instance, a bright spring morning or a sudden inheritance from an unknown uncle. I'll tell you how they get that way.

First of all, there's the ensemble. A neat, fur-trimmed coat, with a dress that matches it in color, material, and detail? Not at all! Not *this* spring. The coat may not be a coat at all. It's more than likely to be a cape, or a loose, streamline wrap which comes to or just above the knees. And the dress may as likely as not be of different material and color from the coat. Notwithstanding which, the ensemble looks as if it was meant by all the divine laws of beauty to be assembled in one costume.

I think that the first and greatest secret of this is the lack of tailored fitting and the lack of useless piecing for effect. If you have any aspiration toward real chic, don't let your spring ensemble fit you too snugly about the shoulders or down the sleeves. Don't let the skirt be too short, or the waistline too low. And do choose soft, dull-surfaced materials—tweeds, transparent crêpes, and lacy tricots; or, in silks, shantung, tussah, silk gaberdine, and silk piqué.

For the girl in business, who has to look efficient as well as casually smart, the ensemble in the first sketch is perfect. It is made of blue-gray featherweight tweed. The irregular cape buttons on to the straight dress, but it may be detached, and the dress emerges, a simple, straightline affair, with shoulders and waist loosely molded.

A *beau ideal* of the casual ensemble is shown in our second illustration, from Louiseboulanger. It is in antique red—an old, mellow red such as you see in ancient paintings and tissues. The material looks like loosely knitted handmade stuff, and it is semitransparent. The cape has a deep yoke that flows loosely over the shoulder lines. It comes just to the knees. Small red flowers are embroidered around the yoke and collar. The dress has a long tunic effect, and is nowhere closely fitted.

IN the small panel Bénigni has sketched a Louiseboulanger dress of beige lacy tricot, every line of which, from the shoulder yoke and shirred blouse to the puffed peplum and gathered circular skirt, tends to increase this casual, elegant effect which is the heart of chic. The belt is of brown-and-gold leather.

To wear with such a dress, Louiseboulanger designed the cape coat shown in our last sketch. This informal wrap is made of doubly heavy shantung, and the upper front is crossed fichulike and tied at the back of the waistline in a small soft bow. The coat is collarless and the short cape is edged with a wide band of beige marabout. The skirt portion is slightly circular and—a very important style note this season—there are no sleeves.

The Gossard Line of Beauty

The Modern Figure Favors

CHARMOSETTE

—the Celebrated Ten-Point Elastic

Sometime ago, Charmosette made its debut with the Gossard Line of Beauty. Great things were predicted for its success . . . for here was no ordinary fabric, but a real super-elastic . . . an epoch-making achievement.

The experience of several seasons has more than fulfilled every expectation for this marvelous material. Today, the smartest women demand Charmosette-Gossards, thus combining with superior comfort and glove-like smoothness the practicability of much longer service.

Indeed, Charmosette has ten distinct points of advantage over ordinary elastic fabrics:

1. Gossards in Charmosette may be laundered daily in hot or cold water without injury to the fabric.
2. Charmosette three times outwears any other elastic.
3. Charmosette holds its shape—will not overstretch.
4. Charmosette may be cut and altered to please—will not run, pull, tear or break.
5. Gossards in Charmosette fit perfectly—never "ride."
6. Gossards in Charmosette mould and support the figure as is impossible with ordinary elastic fabrics.
7. Charmosette is free from breaks, needle cuttings and ravelings.
8. Charmosette garments, combined with the new Royal Batiste, three times outwear any other foundation garment.
9. Charmosette has none of the faults of ordinary elastic fabrics—it is vastly superior.
10. Charmosette is the greatest development in the art of fine corset making. *It may be had only in The Gossard Line of Beauty, and is obtainable only in stores which regularly carry Gossards.*

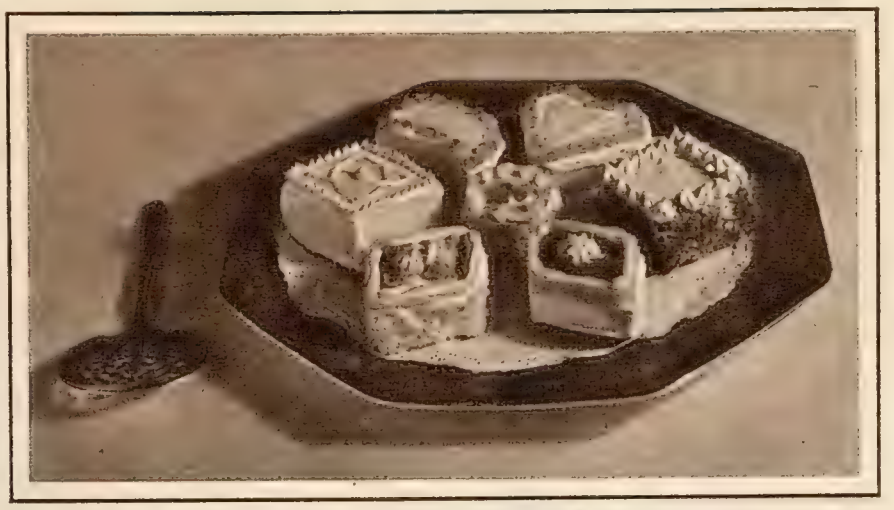
Here is the season's newest Charmosette-Gossard . . . a Solitaire combined with dainty, durable Royal Batiste, and finished with adjustable, detachable shoulder straps. This garment is destined to win many devotees.

Model 8434, $12.50

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago, New York, San Francisco, Dallas, Atlanta, Paris, London, Toronto, Sydney, Buenos Aires

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

By using different sizes and shapes of cake pans a variety of cakes may be obtained.



Varying the icing, combined with nuts, jelly, etc., produces many types of French pastry.

Variety in Cake Making

By Ethel Somers

ONCE the cook has perfected the art of cake making she can afford to branch out into the innumerable varieties of cakes. By varying the flavoring one can obtain many different cakes from the same recipe. Additions of candied fruit or nuts produce delightful effects. A variety of cake pans for baking provides interesting possibilities. Try some of these varieties.

Graham Cracker Cake

- 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1⅓ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 dozen Graham crackers
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 egg whites

CREAM the fat and gradually work in the sugar. Beat in the well beaten egg yolks, and then alternate additions of the combined liquids with the finely rolled cracker and baking powder mixture. Lastly fold in the beaten egg whites. Bake layer or cup cakes in a moderate (350° F.) oven from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. If baked in a loaf, place in a slow oven (325° F.) twenty minutes and increase the temperature to 375° for twenty-five to thirty minutes longer.

Variations of this cake may be had by adding coconut, chopped nuts, or dried fruit. It is especially tasty with a nut-fruit filling (prunes or dates ground fine with walnuts) and topped with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Chocolate Fudge Cake

- ⅓ cup butter or substitute
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 egg yolks
- 2½ cups cake flour, or 2¼ cups family flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 ounces chocolate, melted, or ½ cup cocoa
- 1 cup milk*
- 1½ cups walnut meats
- 3 egg whites
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla

* If desired, one cup of sour cream may be used in place of the milk, in which case omit both the baking powder and the butter and add one-half teaspoon soda to the dry ingredients.

FIRST cream the fat and sugar. Beat in the well beaten egg yolks and then stir in the melted chocolate. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, adding these alternately with the combined milk and flavoring. Lastly fold in the chopped nut meats and stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake cup cakes or layer cake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Bake loaf cake at 350° F. for twenty minutes and 375° F. thereafter until done—about twenty-five minutes. Put together with fudge icing or spread with fudge on top. This may be made as is standard fudge or it may be made richer by increasing the butter to one-quarter cup.

Chocolate Angel Food Cake

- ¾ cup egg whites (about five whites)
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ⅜ teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup cake flour
- ¼ cup cocoa
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

ADD the salt to the egg whites and beat until frothy. Add the cream of tartar and beat until stiff but not dry. Carefully scatter sifted sugar over the surface of the whites and gently fold it in. Sift the flour before measuring and again sift several times with the measured cocoa. Carefully sift and fold this into the egg-white-sugar mixture, folding in the flavoring with the last of the flour. Pour into an ungreased Turk's-head pan and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) one hour.

WHATEVER time may do to your cake, it cannot stale its infinite variety. Miss Somers continues to lay bare the mysteries of successful cake making. A wide range of recipes, including air-leavened cakes, will be found in the LIBERTY cookbooks. The price of each of these handy books is only 10 cents; you may have all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose .....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. .....

City ..... State .....

4-20-29

Ice-Box Cake

- ½ pound sweet chocolate, cut up
- ¼ to ½ cup sugar
- ¼ cup hot water
- 4 egg yolks
- 4 egg whites
- Lady fingers, sponge cake, angel food. cup cakes, loaf or sheet cakes fancifully cut.

PLACE the cut chocolate, sugar, and water in the top part of a double boiler over water and melt. When melted, stir in the unbeaten egg yolks one at a time. Beat the egg whites stiff. Lift the chocolate mixture out of the hot water and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Mold the cake. If lady fingers are used, line either large or individual molds with these and pour in the chocolate mixture. (If other cakes or cup cakes are used they may be hollowed in the center. Sponge and angel-food cake may be cut and used as are lady fingers.) Place in the ice box overnight or for at least twelve hours and serve with whipped cream.

Blueberry Cake

- ¼ cup butter
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1½ cups flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup milk or cream
- 1 cup blueberries
- Powdered sugar

BEAT the well beaten egg yolk into the creamed butter and sugar. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and alternately add these with the milk or cream to the butter-sugar-egg-yolk mixture. Spread half the batter on an oiled cake pan. Add the floured berries to the remaining batter and spread over the top. Enough of the berries will sink to make their distribution even throughout. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for forty-five minutes or less, according to the thickness. Dust with powdered sugar and serve while hot.

FOOL ERRANT

Pictures by
RAYMOND SISLEY

"It is that little matter of business—the offer we make you. If it is not high enough—"

A New Serial
by

PATRICIA WENTWORTH

A Tale of Dangerous Men and a Girl's Devotion

HUGO ROSS went to London for a secret meeting with a girl he had never seen. He knew her voice and her laugh, that was like a nice child's. And he knew her name, Loveday Leigh, and bits of her history, for, only a few days before, Hugo had almost knocked her down, running into her in the dark.

That had happened in a lane beyond Meade House, where Ambrose Minstrel, the eccentric inventor, lived. She had been vastly excited. She was running away, she told him—running away from "James." Her cousin Emily Brown (she lived with Emily) wanted her to marry James. So she was going to catch the next train to London, and hunt for a job, and live with a girl named Cissy.

Hugo had told Loveday that he, too, needed a job badly, and was going to apply for the position of secretary to Ambrose Minstrel. She had gasped and cried out: "Oh, you *mustn't!*" Then, maddeningly, the train had come and there wasn't time to explain.

Now he would find out what she meant. He went to London, and to the railroad station platform she had specified over the telephone, and waited. He was to know her by a yellow chrysanthemum. It was all vastly important, because he had taken the job after all, and queer things had already happened. Minstrel, and Hacker, Minstrel's assistant, plainly took him for a mug. A man named Rice had offered him fifty pounds for some inexpensive field glasses he had pawned, and a letter mysteriously referring to the offer had been stolen from him.

A brightly made-up girl wearing a yellow chrysanthe-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-one]

mum walked toward him. She said she was Loveday Leigh, affected a cough, and wanted to flirt—but told him nothing. Well, she too must think him a mug. Certainly she wasn't Loveday. She must be Cissy, then.

Hugo pretended to be deceived, left her, and took the complete mystery to Mr. Benbow Smith, and Mr. Smith's wise old parrot, Ananias. Mr. Smith had some undefined connection with the government. He was Susan's uncle by marriage—Susan being Hugo's sister in India.

Mr. Smith listened gravely, and asked Hugo to come back the next day. Hugo spent the night at a boarding house where he had previously stayed. His old landlady warned him against a Mr. Miller: a "fidgeting, ferreting foreigner," who was also a boarder.

Part Four—Hugo Walks Into Danger

HUGO was held a prisoner in bed. His landlady refused to shorten her early morning call. She told him it was her "bounden belief" that Miller was up to no good.

"Why?" Hugo asked.

Mrs. Miles snorted.

"What's the good of asking me why? Because he's a creeping, crawling ferret, and a foreign Bolshevist Russian, if he do call himself Miller—that's why."

She leaned forward and went on in scornful tones: "And if he isn't, what's he want asking Ella and me questions, like he does—'Where's Mr. Ross gone?' and, 'What kind of a job has Mr. Ross got?' and, 'When's he going out?' and, 'When's he coming home?' and, 'Did he pay his rent?' and, 'How much money did he have?' and, 'Wasn't he very hard up?' There! I don't rightly know how I kep' myself. I says to Ella, 'Ella,' I says, 'I thought I should ha' burst!' And Ella says, 'Oh, Lor', aunt! Don't say such horful things!' And I says, 'I do say it, and I won't go from it. And what's more, I shall tell Mr. Ross.'"

"Well," said Hugo, "you've told me."

Mrs. Miles looked at him with a pitying eye and shook her head.

"Ah! There's more to come," she said. "What's he want to see you for? Tell me that!"

"He can't see me," said Hugo. "I'm g-going out—that is, if you'll l-let me get up."

Mrs. Miles retired.

On his way downstairs Hugo passed a pale, red-haired man whom he supposed to be Mr. Miller. He didn't like the look of him, and he felt distinctly annoyed when, instead of making way, the man addressed him:

"Mr. Ross, is it not?"

"Yes."

"I have a wish to speak to you." The fellow had a very decided accent; but whether it was Russian or not, Hugo did not know.

"What do you want?"

Ella had followed Hugo downstairs. Mr. Miller spoke quite loud enough for her to hear:

"It is that little matter of business—the offer we make you. If it is not high enough—"

"I don't know what you mean."

Hugo pushed past him furiously and went on down the stairs. Miller's voice followed him: "Oh, come, Mr. Ross! You know very well what I mean."

Hugo went out into the street, banging the door behind him.

He found Mr. Benbow Smith very busy teaching Ananias what, he explained, was a very ancient Slav greeting. From the gusto with which Ananias delivered it, it was quite obvious that he considered himself to have acquired a new and impressive malediction.

Hugo waited to be addressed.

"Of course," said Mr. Smith, as if continuing a conversation which had already lasted some time, "the question is, whom am I going to advise? Because there are, naturally, two of you. You see that, I suppose?"

Hugo didn't see it in the least. He said:

"N-no, sir."

Mr. Smith looked over the top of his head and went on speaking in a dreamy voice:

"Or, perhaps I should say three—yes, I think three—yes, decidedly. You see, there's Susan's brother—and a young fellow whom I don't know personally—and—there's Minstrel's secretary. And the question is, which of them do you want me to advise?"

"N-not Susan's brother," said Hugo quickly.

Mr. Smith nodded.

"You see what I mean. You come to—well, you come to me as Susan's brother, and you tell me you're Minstrel's secretary, and you hand me over a parcel of odd happenings to sort out, and you ask for my advice. Well, if I'm advising Susan's brother, it's quite simple; I do it in two words—'Clear out!' There you've got it. And the quicker the better."

"He can't see me," said Hugo. "I'm g-going out—that is, if you'll l-let me get up."

"I don't want you to advise Susan's brother, sir."

"I should give the same advice to Minstrel's secretary. Without going into particulars, I should advise Minstrel's secretary that the job is not likely to be a particularly healthy one."

HUGO looked at Mr. Smith.

"I want to know what you think I ought to do, sir."

"I shouldn't use the word ought. And I don't think I'm going to give any advice to the third person I spoke of. It might—no, I don't think I'll give him any advice. But perhaps I'll just put a hypothetical case—quite without prejudice, you know, and without reference to anyone in this room or outside it. You understand—don't you?"

Hugo went on looking at him.

"Yes."

"Very well. We take a young fellow who comes of a decent family and has been decently brought up. He finds himself in a position which he doesn't quite like—a position in which a number of odd things keep happening, one after another. He doesn't know what to make of them, and he doesn't understand their trend. But he doesn't like them; he feels a vague sense of being threatened—of something ominous.

"But he is not sure that it is only he himself who is threatened. If he were sure, he could just clear out. But he's not sure. I don't like using highfalutin words; but he has some sort of an idea that something vastly more important than himself is being threatened, and that he has got a duty in the matter. I suppose one might put a case like that without getting out of touch with the facts?"

"Yes, sir," said Hugo.

MR. SMITH went over to the bookcase, took from the lowest shelf a large volume marked "Maps," and came back with it under his arm. He laid the book on the writing-table and stood looking down at it. Then, quite suddenly, the drawl went out of his voice. He asked:

"What do you know of Minstrel's work?"

Hugo had turned to face him. He colored a little in surprise.

"I don't know anything at all. There was a paragraph—'The Submarine Outsubmarined!'"

Mr. Smith nodded. "It went the round of the papers. Is that all you know?"

"He's working at something now, but I don't know what it is."

"He's always working at something. It's the 'submarine' that's in question; only—I'm trusting you, Hugo Ross—it's not a submarine at all. It's convenient sometimes, you know, to call a thing by another name—take 'tanks.' That's why that paragraph went round the papers."

He opened the atlas, turned a leaf or two, and pointed.

"They're pretty far away—aren't they? With Minstrel's 'submarine,' there won't be any distance in that old, comfortable sense of the word. If they had Minstrel's 'submarine,' we could never say again: 'They're mad, and they're bad, and their idea of world politics is a nightmare; but, after all, they're so far away that it doesn't really concern us.' If they have Minstrel's 'submarine,' sooner or later it's going to concern us."

He closed the atlas gently and walked back to the hearth. There was a long pause. Ananias filled it with Slavonic syllables.

"S-h, Ananias!"

Hugo spoke quickly and eagerly:

"How could they have it, sir?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

You *need* ORANGE JUICE

Medical Science tells why

MAKE up your mind now that with tomorrow's breakfast you will start eating California Sunkist Oranges — or drink the juice—*every morning*. There is a plentiful crop of small fruit this season — and they cost less. Ideal for juice, these small sizes are as delicious as any of the larger ones you ever ate.

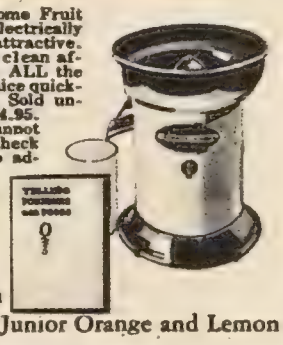
Behind this better-health Orange-Juice-Daily suggestion stands the highest Medical authority. Science has proved the immense benefits Sunkist Oranges give humanity; how their alkaline reaction balances our faulty American diet; how their mineral salts and vitamins re-energize the body.

Oranges are nature's great tonic. *No danger of overdoing!* Every glass of juice during the day adds to the betterment that even *the glass with breakfast assures!* Take another before lunch. You will be delighted at the "pick-up" from still a third about 3:30—natural "priming" for a speed-finish that puts nine hours into eight! It's a great thing to be keyed to go through the day "on high!" Learn how Acidosis impairs health and ambition — and performance. It is well worth while sending for "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a book that discusses Acidosis—an almost universal malady. Chapters are also given to normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets by an authority.

California Sunkist Oranges are identified by the world-famous trademark "Sunkist" on skin and wrapper. It is your guide to uniform quality.

Sunkist
CALIFORNIA ORANGES

Sunkist Junior Home Fruit Juice Extractor. Electrically powered; neat, attractive. Only two parts to clean after use. Extracts ALL the orange or lemon juice quickly and effectively. Sold under guarantee. $14.95. If your dealer cannot supply you send check or money order to address below. Carriage prepaid. In Canada $19.95.



California Fruit Growers Exchange © 1929 C.F.G.E.
Dept. 904, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California

☐ Enclosed find $14.95 (Canada $19.95) for one Sunkist Junior Orange and Lemon Juice Extractor.

☐ Please mail me a FREE copy of "Telling Fortunes with Foods," discussing Acidosis and containing normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets. Check if desired.

☐ Mail me free copy of Recipe Book.

Name _____ *Street* _____

City _____ *State* _____

FOOL ERRANT
Continued from page seventy-three

"Well," said Mr. Smith in noncommittal tones, "they might steal it or they might buy it. You see, there really isn't anything to prevent any inventor from selling any invention to the highest bidder except—it is, of course, quite a big exception—patriotism and, alternatively, fear of public opinion. One or other of these considerations usually operates to prevent the sale of naval and military inventions to a foreign power. Of course, if a man's own government turns his invention down, the case is a little different."

A vivid color rose to Hugo's cheeks. He dropped his voice.

"Has the government turned the 'submarine' down?"

"No," said Mr. Smith. "No—not at all—in fact, quite the contrary. I believe they are negotiating."

"Then—"

Mr. Smith took off his horn-rimmed glasses and began to polish them with a silk handkerchief.

"Perhaps one might put another hypothetical case." He breathed on the right-hand lens and held it up to the light. "Let me see—yes, a hypothetical case. Let us suppose that a man is known to have something very valuable to sell. Whilst he is negotiating for its disposal it—disappears. We will say that it has been stolen—the owner will certainly say that it has been stolen. The man in the street says, 'All right—but if it has been stolen, where's your thief?'"

He breathed on the other lens, polished it, and looked through it at Ananias, who was scratching the back of his head. "I seem to remember a story about a ram in a thicket—Abraham and Isaac. Isaac wasn't sacrified; but I believe the ram was."

He slipped the glasses back into his pocket. "That, at least, is my recollection of the story; and I am inclined to ask myself whether Meade House is, or is not, a thicket within the meaning of the tale."

THERE was a moment's pause. Then Hugo asked, with a flash of humor, "Am I the r-ram, sir?"

Mr. Smith nodded.

"I think you might be. That is, of course, if you were a character in this purely hypothetical tale."

Hugo felt a curious excitement. His mind was very busy piecing things together.

"May I ask you something, sir?"

"Oh, yes."

"Who's got the plans of the 'submarine'?"

"Yes—that's quite an intelligent question. Well, so far as I know, the—er—inventor has them. That, you see, is the point. The negotiations between such high contracting parties as a government department and an eminent inventor who does not—er—underestimate the value of his work, are inclined to be of a somewhat protracted nature. That is the point. If the plans were—stolen, and it was necessary to put the blame on somebody, the position of the unfortunate ram would be very unenviable."

There was a pause. Then Mr. Smith asked in quiet conversational tones:

"What's your impression of Hacker?"

Hugo hesitated.

"He's been quite d-decent to me."

"If Hacker meant to sell the plans, it would certainly suit him to have someone handy to put the blame on."

Mr. Smith seemed to have abandoned his hypothetical case. He stood half turned from Hugo, looking down into the fire, and spoke in a slightly dreamy voice:

"Say he sells them, and there's a row. There'd be bound to be a row, you know, and somebody's got to be suspected, and it's not going to be Hacker, who's been Minstrel's assistant for five years. No, I don't think it would be Hacker—I feel sure that Hacker would see to it that it wasn't Hacker. I feel sure that it would be the new boy—the secretary who had been taken on in a hurry.

"And then a number of interestingly damaging facts would come out. One: the new secretary might reasonably be supposed to have a grievance—it would come out, you see, that he had been disappointed of his succession to a property.

" I seem to have got a little mixed. Let me begin again. One: the new secretary is a disappointed man. Two: he is so hard up that he has been obliged to pawn some of his possessions—pawn tickets are always very damaging. Three: a letter will be produced—I think Hacker has it—yes, I feel sure Hacker has it—in which somebody offered the secretary the sum of fifty pounds for an article not specified. A naught or two is easily added to fifty."

Hugo gave a sharp exclamation.

" The letter about the field glasses? "

" It didn't mention field glasses, did it? I think you said it didn't. I think you said it offered to pay the price you had asked for something you had named. You remember I asked you whether the field glasses were mentioned in the letter? "

" No, they weren't."

Mr. Smith poked the fire with his foot.

" I expect Hacker has the pawn tickets, too," he said quietly.

Just for a moment Hugo had the sense which had been with him in his dreams at Meade House—that bewildering sense of danger, formless and unescapable. He said " Hacker! " under his breath, and saw how all the odd happenings fitted into place as threads in the meshes of a horrible net.

" *Probably* Hacker," said Mr. Smith. Then suddenly he straightened up and changed his voice. " Well, there you are. What about it? "

" I—don't—know."

" I told you what my advice would be—to two of you. To the third "—he began to speak very slowly—" to the third, if he were prepared to take the sort of risk which one man isn't justified in asking another to take—well, I'd give different advice."

Hugo colored.

" The *risk*, sir? "

" One is justified in asking a man to risk a good deal for his country: his interest—his prospects—in time of war, his life—yes. And in time of peace, how much? How much am I justified in asking you to risk? And how much are you prepared to risk? That's the question. And if you'd like time to think it over—well, take what time you want."

" I don't want time—I want to know what the risk is."

MR. SMITH looked straight at him for the first time. His eyes were different; they were not dreamy now, but vividly intent.

" The biggest risk in the world, Hugo," he said.

" Yes, sir."

" I haven't asked you to do anything yet. But if I asked you to stay where you are, I should be asking you to risk being branded as a thief who stole a military secret of the first importance to his country and sold it to an enemy country. I don't know if I'm justified in asking anyone to take that risk. But it's this way: We know nothing; we suspect a good deal. We have no evidence.

" If you remain where you are, the evidence might come your way—you might do a great service, an almost incalculable service, or—you might fail, and take the consequences of failure. We couldn't do anything to help you—we couldn't appear in the matter at all—and you'd never be able to show your face again. I said it was a big risk for a big stake in a big game. But it won't look like that; it'll look like the dirtiest trick in the world, in the dirtiest game in the world."

He stopped, his eyes on Hugo's eyes. There was a silence. Then he said:

" Well, Hugo Ross? "

Hugo experienced some rather strange feelings. To begin with, he felt as if he were standing up to his knees in ice-cold water. And then he was at the same time horribly afraid and curiously uplifted. He felt as if he were going to do something that he didn't want to do, but to which he was impelled by some quite irresistible force, and he was tingling with excitement. Yet, when he spoke, his voice was sober and steady.

" What do you want me to do? "

" What are you willing to do? "

" I'd like to know a little more about it, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Aristocrat of St. Louis!

A revelation! Moderne appointments . . . that give you inspiration as well as comfort. Sincere service . . . there when you want, not there when you don't want it! Prestige . . . that will aid you in your contact with St. Louisans. • • Make the New Hotel Jefferson your St. Louis home!

RATES
400 Rooms from $3.00 to $4.00
400 Rooms from $4.50 to $7.00
Suites from $8.00 to $20.00

new! Hotel Jefferson
The ARISTOCRAT of ST. LOUIS

On 12th Boulevard at Locust Street

A marvelous laxative

Science puts it in Chewing Gum Form . .

used now the world over

EVERY day over a million Feen-a-mints are sold to ex-users of pills and salts—to men and women everywhere who have come to trust this marvelous *cleansing* method of relieving constipation.

Chew it just like delicious mint gum! By chewing you release a tasteless new laxative—naturally, gradually. This laxative is not absorbed by the system, like ordinary laxatives, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. There is no drugging of the system or habit-forming after-effect. Laxative action is gentle, thorough and refreshing.

Keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children especially enjoy its flavor. You cannot find a druggist who does not sell Feen-a-mint—with full approval, too!

Feen-a-mint
The chewing laxative

Health Products Corporation L-4
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.
Please send free samples and copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."
Name _____
Address _____

Nice Breath?

In 3 seconds you can remove all disagreeable odors

NOTHING destroys charm like an impure breath. And you're never sure whether yours is sweet or not. Only others know.

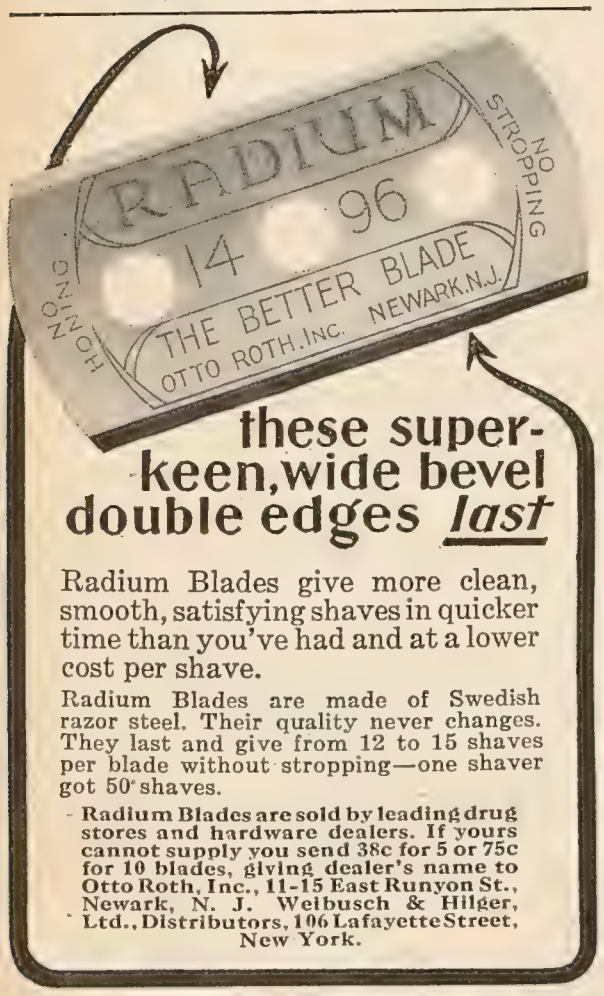
Get May-Breath . . . an antiseptic mouth wash in dainty little tablets that you carry.

Dissolve one in your mouth. No matter what the cause of impure breath, mouth, stomach, food, smoking, drinking, it will go . . . your breath will be pure instantly.

Never risk close contact with others without taking this precaution. Get at drug store.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form.



these super-keen, wide bevel double edges *last*

Radium Blades give more clean, smooth, satisfying shaves in quicker time than you've had and at a lower cost per shave.

Radium Blades are made of Swedish razor steel. Their quality never changes. They last and give from 12 to 15 shaves per blade without stropping—one shaver got 50 shaves.

Radium Blades are sold by leading drug stores and hardware dealers. If yours cannot supply you send 38c for 5 or 75c for 10 blades, giving dealer's name to Otto Roth, Inc., 11-15 East Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Welbusch & Hilger, Ltd., Distributors, 106 Lafayette Street, New York.

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C.P.A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of American Institute of Accountants. Write for "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"—FREE.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

FOOL ERRANT

[Continued from page seventy-five]

Mr. Smith put a long, thin hand on Hugo's shoulder.

"I can't tell you any more unless you mean to go through with it."

Hugo heard himself laugh, and heard himself say:

"I'll go through with it, sir."

He had no idea why he had laughed. But he felt a certain relief; he had said he would do it, and it was easier to do a thing than to make up your mind whether you would do it or not. Now that he had made up his mind, there was that sense of relief. He said:

"I'd like to know as much as you can tell me, sir."

"Why—yes," said Mr. Smith. He turned back to the fire and began to put some coal upon it. "Why—yes." He stood up, dusting his fingers, and looked distastefully at a smear of coal dust on the left forefinger.

"The question is," he said, "how much is there to tell? Not very much, you know—not very much, really. Perhaps I might begin with Mayhew—yes, I think I could tell you about Mayhew. You know the name, I see."

"HACKER—he was the last secretary—Hacker mentioned him. I don't know anything about him."

"He was a secret service agent," said Mr. Smith calmly. "He found Hacker rummaging in his box one day—there wasn't anything there, of course—and next day Minstrel sacked him—him, not Hacker. I think that's all I can tell you about Mayhew. He had been with Minstrel for about a year—it was thought advisable.

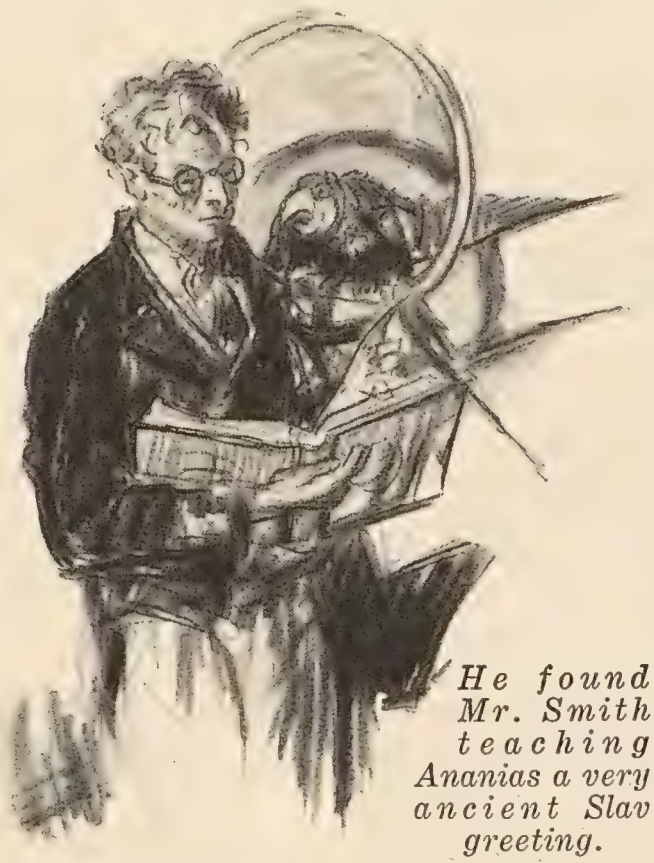
"And now I'm afraid I shall have to fall back on another hypothetical case in order to illustrate the present situation. We will postulate an important invention and someone we will call A who is interested in selling the invention to a foreign government. The invention is already the subject of negotiations with a government department in this country. Now the question is, what moment would A choose for his coup? He has to let the foreign agent have the plans, and he has to do it in such a way as to secure the highest price and incur the least amount of suspicion.

"I think he would wait till the last moment, because this would enable him to raise the price, and it would also give him time to get his plans cut and dried for diverting suspicion. He has to find someone on whom suspicion can reasonably fall, and to arrange matters so that this someone shall have had the opportunity of stealing the plans. I think it would be a necessary part of the scheme that the substitute should actually have the plans in his possession. Yes, I think they would try to arrange that—I think so."

Mr. Smith rubbed his forefinger with a fine white silk handkerchief, but the smudge remained. He frowned at it and went on speaking in low, introspective tones:

"We are in a very weak position—no legal status. If anyone asks why we don't go to Minstrel direct, what's the answer? Well?"

"Hacker has a lot of influence with him."



He found Mr. Smith teaching Ananias a very ancient Slav greeting.

MR. SMITH nodded.

"And Ambrose Minstrel has one of the most irritable tempers in Europe. We have no legal status. He could put his plans in his pocket and cross the Channel and sell them to anyone he chose, and we couldn't stop him. And then"—Mr. Smith's voice faded to a dreamy whisper—"there'd be questions in the House, and leaders in the press and, generally speaking, the devil to pay. And after that—I don't know how long after; perhaps two years, or three, or five, or even ten—a very great judgment, a very great and ruinous judgment."

There was a long pause. Then Hugo said hopefully:

"They think I'm an absolute m-m-mug, sir."

Mr. Smith put his hands behind him. He conveyed the suggestion that he couldn't bear to look at them any longer.

"That, of course, is an asset. Now let me see—yes, this is the position. The negotiations were practically concluded just before Mayhew got the sack. There was at once a hitch. A fortnight ago—I think you've been in your present job for a fortnight—the negotiations were resumed. Today they are practically concluded. Minstrel was at the Air Ministry yesterday. They had expected that he would bring the complete specifications with him, but he did not do so. He is seeing them again today."

Mr. Smith hesitated. "It's not a matter of ordinary plans, you must understand. There's a new—I don't know what to call it: process—that's a blessed word that covers a lot. It's

the formula for this which is in question. Until it has been handed over, the whole thing is in the air.

"Well, I can't tell you any more. Let's come down to brass tacks. Where do you come in? Well, there'll be that moment when the actual transfer to a foreign power takes place. That's a scene in which you are bound to be on, because if you're not there you can't be compromised—and they want to compromise you, and they think you're a mug. That's the position as I see it. No one can help you, and you may not be able to help yourself. There it is."

Hugo did not say anything. He was looking at the position as defined by Mr. Smith. It seemed to consist entirely of pitfalls and wire entanglements.

"There it is," said Mr. Smith. "You mustn't come and see me, and you certainly mustn't write to me. Steps were taken to ascertain that you were not followed here today. But you must understand that you might be followed at any time. You had better understand that. Don't use the telephone for anything confidential. If you have anything urgent to report, write for information as to motorcycles to this address. If it is very urgent, telephone, giving your name and address, and three hours later be at the cross-roads on the Ledlington-London road two miles from Ledlington, and make sure—*sure,* mind—that you're not followed. By the way, have you come across Mme. de Lara?"

"No," said Hugo.

"No—she's been away. But she's going back—you wouldn't have met her yet, but I expect you will. She—er—specializes in young men." Hugo was enraged to feel that he had colored. "She lives at Torring House—she is, in fact, Minstrel's next-door neighbor. I believe they were once great friends. I am told they are not on speaking terms now. I do not always believe everything that I am told."

"WHO is she?" said Hugo, frowning. He hoped that the frown would convey a complete lack of any except a business interest in Mme. de Lara.

"Oh, a very charming lady. The sort of lady who has had a foreign husband—no one has ever met the husband, but he always has a pleasantly romantic name, and the lady is usually attractive. Mme. de Lara is very attractive. Have you memorized that address and the telephone number? Because, if so, we'll put it in the fire. The place really *is* a cycle shop, you know.

"Now one thing more—if I want to see you, you will receive a gushing little note from a young lady called Daisy, with whom you are on very intimate terms. You needn't take any notice of what's in the note—it will be all—er—eyewash. But a number will be mentioned in some way. Let me illustrate. If Daisy says 'I saw three cows today,' you will go to those crossroads outside Ledlington at three o'clock on the day you get the letter.

"If the three is spelt out, it means P. M.—if it's a numeral it means A. M. If she says 'I hope to see two friends of yours tomorrow,' then you go to the crossroads at two P. M. on the day after you get the letter. Now repeat all that, and let's see if you've got it right."

Hugo repeated it very accurately.

"In an extreme case Daisy might telephone, using the same formula. Nothing else she said would be of any importance. I think that's all. I can't give you any advice, you know. It would probably be very dangerous for you to go to Mme. de Lara's house; but on the other hand it might be very advantageous. The only bit of advice I can give is: Don't fall in love with her. It would be agreeable, but I'm afraid it would be a handicap."

Hugo could not think of anything to say. He blushed and said, "Thank you, sir."

Ananias rose upon his toes, flapped his wings, and said "Awk!"

"That's all," said Mr. Smith thoughtfully—"except as regards funds. The question is, how hard up are you?"

"Not very."

"What does that mean? You pawned some things for five pounds a fortnight ago. How much have you got left?"

"About a pound, sir."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

An Aid at Any Age

A world of people have learned to rely on Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Many physicians have pronounced it the perfect antidote for acidosis and a quick corrective of acid stomach, and attendant ailments. And parents should realize that this medical endorsement applies as well to children. Specialists advise its use in infants' milk. There is no more certain and prompt relief in many cases of sourness, indigestion, biliousness or nausea. Most digestive disturbances succumb to this perfect anti-acid. Talk to your doctor and you may find that Phillips Milk of Magnesia is all your stomach needs.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Ask your druggist for Weldona Tablets. Book describing rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

"O, Gee!—Grandma's Coming Downstairs—Rheumatism's Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

FOOL ERRANT
[Continued from page seventy-seven]

"That's not enough. On the other hand, any considerable sum might be an embarrassment to you. I think"—he paused to consider—"I think you may reasonably be supposed to have a friend whom you can touch for a fiver." He took five extremely crumpled notes out of a very battered pocketbook. "You needn't say thank you—it's not a personal matter."

To Hugo's surprise he found himself shaking hands.

"Good luck, Hugo," said Mr. Smith. Then he looked over his shoulder. "Wish him good luck, Ananias."

Ananias lifted his wings and displayed their rose-colored lining.

"*Vaya con Dios,*" he observed a trifle morosely.

HUGO returned to his lodgings, and was met by Mrs. Miles in a state of agitated dignity.

"If you'd come this way, Mr. Ross. If it's not troubling you too much, there's a matter I'd like for to speak about."

She led the way into her sitting room and shut the door. It was a dingy room with a large round mahogany table in the middle of it, and a suite covered in green plush ranged round the walls. One of the green chairs was drawn up to the table. Ella Miles sat on the edge of it, looking the picture of misery. Her eyes were red, and so was the tip of her little sharp nose; she held a sodden green handkerchief in one hand and sniffed into it.

"*Well* you may!" said Mrs. Miles, addressing her in awful tones. "*Well* you may, Ella my girl! And you that wrote 'Least said, soonest mended' in your copybook times and times under my very own blessed eyes!"

Ella sniffed and gazed tearfully at Hugo. She was a little slip of a thing, small-featured and pale. She looked younger than her seventeen years.

"Look at her!" said Mrs. Miles. "Look at her, Mr. Ross—a-setting there and sniffing instead of holding her tongue when she hadn't no call to talk!"

"What's the m-m-matter?"

"That's what I asked you in here to tell. You hadn't been gone more than half an hour, when a gentleman comes to the door and asks for you."

She turned on Ella Miles. "He asked for Mr. Ross, didn't he?"

"Yes, h'aunt."

"And what call, Ella my girl, had you to say anything more than what Mr. Ross was out? I ask you *that,* Ella Miles!"

Ella sniffed.

"A bad end is what you'll come to—same as any girl'll come to as stands gossiping on doorsteps."

"'Twasn't the doorstep," said Ella with a gasp.

"PASSAGES is *worse,*" said Mrs. Miles. "And gossip is what's brought many a girl to her ruin—as I hope and trust you won't find out." She turned to Hugo. "Hacker was the name."

"Hacker!"

"Said he'd took a chance of finding you, seeing as how you'd mentioned where you'd been living afore. And then he asks if he can write a note, and he writes it. And Ella she stands there a-gossiping, and a-gossiping, while he done it."

"Oh, *h'aunt!*"

"Don't you go answering me, Ella Miles! Well, Mr. Ross, I come down the stairs, and I heard him say as bold as brass: 'And is the foreign gentleman a friend of yours?'

"And Ella she giggles and says, 'I don't know, I'm sure.' And what I don't know is how I kep' myself from going in and giving her what for—only I thought I'd get to the bottom of her goings-on, so I waited.

"And that there Hacker asks her if she ever heard you a-talking to the foreigner, and she ups and says she heard him offering to buy something off of you this morning, and she ups and says she wondered you didn't say 'Yes' straight away, because you was pore enough and that there Miller seemed to want whatever it was pretty bad. And with that I opens the door, and I comes in, and I gives her a *look.*"

"Oh, *h'aunt!*"

"And I says to that there Hacker, '*Good* morning, sir,' and he up and went, and I told Ella what I thought about her—and here's your note, Mr. Ross."

Hugo tore it open. It was quite short.

DEAR ROSS:

We are staying another day, so don't hurry back if it doesn't suit you. I was passing, and took a chance of finding you.

Yours,
J. HACKER.

He turned back to Ella.

"I s-say, Ella, d'you mind telling me how you and Hacker came to be talking about Miller?"

"And mind you answer truthful, Ella my girl," said Mrs. Miles.

"MR. MILLER come down the stairs," she said in an injured voice. "It wasn't my fault he come down the stairs, and it wasn't my fault if Mr. Hacker asked me who he was, and I didn't see no harm in saying he was a foreign gentleman. And then Mr. Hacker asked me was you and him friends, and I didn't see no harm in what I said. I only wish somebody would say they didn't mind what they paid for something as belonged to *me.*"

"Listen to her!" said Mrs. Miles.

Hugo went upstairs and considered.

Hacker wanted him to stay in town—he wouldn't have taken the trouble to come round if he hadn't wanted him to stay.

At the first glance, then, it would be better not to stay. Hacker probably wanted to compromise him with Miller. Already Ella would be able to say that she had heard Miller offer him money.

Hugo considered.

The mischief was already done. As he read the situation, it was no good running away; he had to run into danger as the only possible road to safety, and the one thing that he must not do was to show that he suspected anything.

The slightest sign of awareness, and his one asset went by the board.

They thought him a mug, and they must without fail go on thinking him a mug; it was his one chance of bringing anything off.

He began to think about Loveday. He really had been a mug not to follow Cissy.

He wanted to see Loveday very badly; he wanted to hear what she had to tell him; and he wanted to tell her that she mustn't stay with Cissy, and—well, he just wanted to see her.

It was high time Hugo thought about Loveday, for she was headed straight for danger. Stay with him as he tries to save her. Watch for Part Five of this story, next week.

"What kind of a job has Mr. Ross got? Did he pay his rent?"

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

APRIL SHOWERS

April showers bring May flowers—
Spring is here with zest:
Wrigley's after every meal
Will help your food digest!

Wrigley Rhymes.

Real happiness is the sum of many small joys. **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT** is one of these joys. Its benefits smooth out so many little troubles, **WRIGLEY'S** has become a *big* factor in human happiness.

Nerves, mouth, teeth, throat and stomach smile when you get a package of **WRIGLEY'S.**

Costs little—benefits much.

You are invited to tune in on the WRIGLEY REVIEW *thirty stations NBC system Friday evenings. 9 Eastern; 8 Central; 7 Mountain; 6 Pacific time.*

Rain or Shine . . .
The Flavor Lasts

J-9

Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

"I'm a 'Lucky Girl' because I've found a new way to keep my figure trim. Whenever the desire for a sweet tempts me, I light up a Lucky Strike. It's remarkable how nicely the toasted flavor of Luckies satisfies me. Toasting has taken out all impurities—all that is left is the thrilling Lucky aroma. I certainly am lucky to be 'The Lucky Girl.'"

Rosalie Adele Nelson
The Original Lucky Poster Girl

"It's toasted"—No Throat Irritation—No Cough